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DAVIDSON'S
UNIVERSAL MELODIST,

CONSISTING OF

THE MUSIC AND WORDS

OF

POPULAR, STANDARD, AND ORIGINAL SONGS, &c.

ARRANGED SO AS TO BE EQUALLY ADAPTED FOR

THE SIGHT-SINGER,
THE PERFORMER ON THE FLUTE, CORNOPEAN, ACCORDION,
VIOLIN, OR OTHER TREBLE INSTRUMENT.

VOL. I.

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P R E F A C E.

The appearance of such a volume as this is of itself conclusive evidence of the progress made in this country, within the last few years, in the cultivation and appreciation of the science of Music. Till the delusion was dispelled by the appearance and triumphant success of "The Musical Treasury," the musical public had been accustomed to rate themselves as so insignificant a section of the public at large, as to be induced to believe that while the greater class, from its immensity, could be supplied with literature of a high order at a price almost nominal, the lesser one was so limited in number, that nothing short of shillings for the quantity of paper and print vaded to others for their peace, could possibly repay those who were magnanimous enough to minister to their circumscribed demands;—and this notion continued to prevail for a length of years, although there is hardly in England at this time a respectable house which does not count a Piano-forte in its inventory of furniture. At length, however, appeared "The Musical Treasury," with the declared object of furnishing the Piano-fortist with Songs at Threepence each, instead of Eighteenpence; Quadrilles at Threepence, instead of Three Shillings; Overtures and Waltzes at Sixpence, instead of from Three to Five Shillings each; and all other Pieces in like ratio. The ancients of the Music Trade took their first exception to the intruder on the ground that Cheap Music could not be correct, forgetting, or not choosing to admit, that correctness is a matter of capacity, not of expense—that the cost of engraving, paper, and printing, is the same for incorrect as for correct work;—and this insinuation no doubt had its influence among small minds, till the intellectual began to compare the cheap with the dear Music, when they were rewarded by the discovery of the fact, that the one was as far above the other in general accuracy as it was below it in price. This point unwillingly conceded, the next assertion was, that correct Music at such a price must result in the ruin of those foolhardy enough to produce it. The production, however, has continued on to the extent of considerably more than 400 different Pieces, the proprietor has demonstrated the capability of paying largely out of small profits, by engaging on the work whatever talent he has thought likely to advance its ultimate importance; and "The Musical Treasury" is now the self-chosen medium of bringing before the public the writings of some of the most esteemed composers of the day—Mr. Henry Russell alone having contributed to it above Sixty of his popular Songs and Scenes.

It is the experience derived from this speculation that has given rise to the following pages. A few years ago the project would not only have failed for want of support, but the mechanical means of accomplishing it did not exist. The old-fashioned style of printing from dirty pewter-plates, clumsily punched, is wholly at variance with the production of a handsome library volume; and the uneducated character of the poor people employed in punching pewter-plates is an utter denial to their producing the literary portions of Vocal Music in a condition at all satisfactory to educated persons. Until lately, Music Type, also, was so imperfect, that its inefficiency was hardly counterbalanced by the more scholastic character of all Music Printing emanating from Letter-Press Printers, as distinguished from the Printer from pewter plates. But, through the enterprise of the English Type-Founders, the Letter-Press Printer is now supplied with Music Type perfectly capable of delineating every mark and direction required for the most recondite compositions; and, although the first cost of Music thus produced, instead of being cheaper, as those interested against the system would wish to be believed, amounts to about five times as much as that created under the older system, its mathematical precision and elegance recommend it so strongly, and its great durability holds out a prospect of profit, if not large at first, yet so long-continuing, that the Publisher has felt himself justified in incurring the great outlay necessarily occasioned in the collecting, revising, and printing of above 800 Songs, with the Music adapted alike for the Vocalist and the Performer on most Treble Instruments, and in laying them before the Musical World at the unprecedented price of Eight Shillings, in an elegant and durable binding.

Another volume of similar dimensions will follow in due course, extending the collection to above 1600 Songs, printed into volumes suitable for the shelves of the library, yet easily portable to musical unions. Simultaneously, the Publisher's Edition of "The Songs of Charles Dibdin" is reprinted for the fifth time, with numerous additions in the Musical Department—the paper, typography, and dimensions corresponding with those of this volume, and care being taken that none of the Songs of either work shall appear in the other; so that, whilst each has an entirety in itself, the subscriber to the whole will not be taumured with any thing in duplicate.

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DAVIDSON'S
UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

COME, BROTHERS, AROUSE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Finace.

The musical score consists of a single staff of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes. The vocal line is continuous, with lyrics placed below the staff. The lyrics are as follows:

Come, bro-thers, a - rouse, let the owl go to rest; O! the sum - mer sun's
in the sky; The bee's on the wing, and the hawk's in his nest, And the
ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by— and the ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by. Our
mo - ther, the world, a good mo - ther is she, Says to toll is to wel-come her
fare; Some boun - ty she hangs us on ev - sry tree, And bless - es us
in the sweet air. O! - - - come, bro-thers, a - rouse! let the owl go to rest; O! the
sum - mer sun's in the sky; The bee's on its wing, and the hawk's in his nest,
and the ri - ver runs mer-ri-ly by— and the ri - ver runs mer - ri-ly
by. Come, dance, lads— come, dance, lads,— oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh! Come,
dance, lads— Come, dance, lads— come, dance, come, dance a - way, a - way, a -
way, a - way a - way, a - way, oh! oh! ——————
And this is the life for a man, a man, The prince may boast if he can, he can,
And this is the life for me: But he never was half so free.
Our mother, the world, &c.

STAY, TRAVELLER, STAY.

From the Opera of *La Donna del Lago*, by Rossini.*Andantino.*

Stay, tra - vel - ler, stay, speed not a - way; The snow is fall - ing fast; The
 prowling wolf now seeks his prey; All Na - ture's charms seem lost. The lone - ly road that
 thou wouldst tread The rob - ber's haunt for years has been: Then stay, and pillow thy fair head With -
 and bid.
 in the cot of Al - der - mein. Oh! tra - vel - ler, stay; speed not a - way: The
 snow is fall - ing fast; The prowling wolf now seeks his prey; All Nature's charms seem lost.
 No daisy fare my cot contains,
 With wealth I ne'er was bles - s'd;
 Though small my store, still what remains
 Thou'rt welcome to, my guest.
 Oh! tra - vel - ler, stay, &c.

Ah! 'twas on such a night as this
 My aged granda're spirit fled;
 Then stay—or thou like him may miss
 Thy path, be robb'd, and left for dead.
 Oh! tra - vel - ler stay, &c.

WHEN FORC'D FROM DEAR HEBE TO GO.

The Poetry from Shenstone's *Pastorals*, the Music by Dr. Arne.*Andante con Espressione.*

When forc'd from dear He-be to go, What an-guish I felt at my heart! And I thought, but it
 might not be so, She was sor - ry to see me de-part. She cast such a lan - guish-ing view, My
 path I could scarce-ly dis - cerne; So sweet - ly she bade me a - dieu, I
 thought that she bade me re - turn,— I thought that she bade me re - turn.
 I thought she might like to retire
 To the grove I had labour'd to rear;
 For whatever I heard her admire,
 I hasten'd and planted it there.
 Her voice such a pleasure conveys,
 So much I her accents adore,
 Let her speak, and whatever she says,
 'm sure still to love her the more.

And now, ere I haste to the plain,
 Come, shepherds, and talk of her ways;
 I could lay down my life for the swain
 That would sing me a song in her praise.
 While he sings, may the maids of the town
 Come flocking, and listen awhile;
 Nor on him let Hebe once frown.—
 But I cannot allow her to smile.

To see, when my charmer goes by,
Some Hermits peep out of his cell;
How he thinks of his youth with a sigh,
How fondly he wishes her well.
On him she may smile if she please,
'Twill warm the cold bosom of age;
But cease, gentle Hebe, oh I cease,—
Such softness will ruin the sage.

I've stol'n from no flow'rets that grow
To paint the dear charms I approve;
For what can a blossom bestow,
So sweet, so delightful as love.
I sing in a rustic way,
A Shepherd, and one of the throng;
Yet Hebe approves of my lay;—
Go, Poets, and envy my song.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Edition of his Songs.

Con Animæ.

We were boys to - ge - ther, And never can for - get The school-house near the
 hea-ther, In child-hood where we met; Nor the green home, to mem -'ry dear, Its
 sorrows and its joys, Which call'd the transient smile or tear, When you and I were boys.
 We were youths together,
 And castles built in air!
 Your heart was like a feather,
 While mine was dash'd with care!
 To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
 To me it brought alloy,
 Ne'er imag'd in the primrose time
 When you and I were boys.
 We're old men together!
 The friends we lov'd of yore,
 With leaves of Autumn weather,
 Are gone for ever more!
 How bleas'd to aye the impulse giv'a,
 The hope time ne'er destroys,
 Which led our thoughts from earth to heav'n,
 When you and I were boys.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Favorite Jacobite Song, supposed to have been written by a Lady of Aberdeenshire.

Allegro.

My love was born in A-berdeen, The bon-niest lad that e'er was seen; But
 now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade. Oh!
 he's a rant-ing rov-ing blade! Oh! he's a brisk and a bonny lad! Be-
 tide what may, my heart is glad To see my lad with his white cockade.
 O, leese no on the philabeg,
 The hairy hough, and garter'd leg!
 But aye the thing that glads my e'e,
 Is the white cockade aboon the tree.
 Oh! he's a ranting roving blade, &c.
 I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
 My rippling-kane, and spinning-wheel,
 To buy my lad a tartan plaid,

▲ braid-sword, and a white cockade.
 Oh! he's a ranting roving blade, &c.
 I'll sell my rokely and my tow,
 My gudd gray mare, and hawket cow,
 That every loyal Buchan lad
 May tak' the field wi' his white cockade.
 Oh! he's a ranting roving blade, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

MY HEART'S ON THE RHINE.

German Song, the Music by W. Speyer—the English Translation by G. Soane, A.B.—Published with the German and English by Davidson.

Moderato Virace.

My heart's on the Rhine, by its im - age still mock'd; My
 heart's on the Rhine, where my era-dle was rock'd. My heart's on the
 Rhine, where my era-dle was rock'd; Where my youth was so bles'd, and my
 friends ev - er he,—where my youth was so bles'd, and my friends ev - er
 be, And the maid I so lov'd is yet think-ing of me; And joy - ous I've
 revel - d in mu-sic and wine. Where-so - ev - er I go, where-so
 ev - er I gu, my heart, my heart's on the Rhine!

I greet thee, thou river, green, golden, and wide;
 Ye hamlets and castles that frown on the tide—
 Ye harvests that wave in the valley below—
 Ye vine-cover'd hills in the sun-light that glow—
 Ye caverns so cool, and ye forests of pine,—
 Wheresoever I go, my heart's on the Rhine!

I greet thee, O life, with a passionate soul,
 In revel, or soog, or the full flowing bowl;—
 I greet thee, brave race; all unrivall'd are you,—
 Ye women so lovely, ye men ever true!
 O! may you still prosper, fair land of the vine!
 Wheresoever I go, my heart's on the Rhine!

THE LAUGHING SONG.

From the Opera of *Der Freyshut*; the Music by C. M. Von Weber, the Words by George Soane, A.B.
 Published by Davidson.

Vivace.

What's the use of all this think-ing, Till the wes - ry spi - rit's
 sink-ing? Bet-ter passes time by far, Sing-ing, laugh-ing, ha, ha, ha! sing-ing, laugh-ing,
 ha, ha! sing-ing, laugh-ing,
 sing-ing, laugh-ing! Bet-ter passes time by far, sing - ing, laugh-ing, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 When the dream of life is over, That the plan is better far,
 What does wisdom then discover? Singing, laughing, ha, ha, ha! &c.

LUCY NEAL.

As sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.—Published by Davidson.

I was born in A - la - ba - ma,—My mas-sa name was Besale: He us'd to own a
yal-ler gal, her name was Lu-cy Neal. My mas-sa he did sell me,—for fear that I should
steal, Which caus'd a se-pa-ra-tion ob my-self and Lu-cy Neal. O! poor Lu-cy
Neal, O! poor Lu-cy Neal! If I had you by my side, how hap-py I should feel!

One night de Niggers gabe a ball; Miss Lucy
danc'd a reel—
Dere was no darkie in de hall could dance like
Lucy Neal.
She us'd to go out wid us, picking cotton in de
field;
And dere's where fust I fell in lub wid my sweet
Lucy Neal. O! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Miss Lucy she was taken ill, how bad it makes me
feel!—
De doctors' dey did gib her up—alas! poor Lucy
Neal!

One morn I got a letter, and jet black was de seal.
It was do'ounce-ment ob de death ob poor Miss
Lucy Neal. O! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

Dey bore her from my bosom, but de wound dey
cannot heal;
And my heart, my heart is breaking, for I lub'd
sweet Lucy Neal.
O! yes, and when I'm dying, and dark visions
round me steal,
De last low murmur ob dis life shall be, sweet
Lucy Neal. O! poor Lucy Neal, &c.

THE FINE OLD COLOUR'D GENTLEMAN.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.
Moderato.

In Ten-nes-see, as I've heard say, dere once did us'd to dwell A fine old colour'd
gen-tle-man, and dis Nig-ger know'd him well: Dey us'd to call him Sam-bo, or some-thing near de
name; And de rea-son why dey call'd him so, was be-cause it was his name. So come a-long, my
dar-ling, be-cause you know me well,—O! come a-long, my dar-ling, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha
He had a good old banjo, and well he kept it
strung;
And he us'd to sing de good old song, ob 'Go it
while you're young;'
He sung so long, and sung so loud, dat he scar'd
de pigs and goats,
For he often took a pint of yeast, to raise his up-
per notes. So come along, my darling, &c.

When dis nigger took a snooze, 'twas in a nigger
crowd,
And he us'd to keep dem all awake, because he
slept so loud;
Den de niggers held an inquest, when dey heard ob
his deat,
And de verdic' ob de jury was, he died for want
of breff. So come along, my darling, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Recitative.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and a' the kyeat hame, And a' the weary wairld to sleep are
gane, The wae's n' my heart fall in showers from my e'e, While my gude
man sleeps sound by me. Young Ja - mie lo'ed me weel, And sought me for his bride, But
sawing a crown he had naithing else be - side: To mak' the crown a pound, my Jamie went to
sea, And the crown and the pound werr' baith for me. He had nae been gane a
year and a day, When my Father brake his arm, and our cow wasstole away; My Mither she fell
sick, and Jamie at the sea. And said Robin Gray cam' a court-ing to me.

My faither cou'd na work, my mither cou'd na spin
I tol'd day and night, but their bread I could na
win :
Auld Rob mainteinst'd 'em baith, and wi' tears in
[his ee.]
Saik, ' Jeanie, for their sakes, oh marry me.'
My heart it said nae, for I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew hard, and the ship was a wrack—
The ship was a wrack, why did na Jamie dee?
Or why was I spared to cry, Wae's me!

My faither urg'd me sair, my mither did na speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break :
They giv'd him my hand, though my heart was at

So Auld Robin Gray is guideman to me !
I had nae been a wife a week but four,
When, sitting sae mournfully out a' my door,
I saw my Jamie's wrath, for I cou'd na think it.
Till he said, ' I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.'
Sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say—
We took but a kiss, and tare oursets away :
I wish I were dead, but I am na lik' to dee,—
Oh, why was I born to say, Wae's me !
I gang like a ghast, and I care not to spin ;
I dare na think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
So I will do my best a gude wife to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Song.

Gin a bo-dy meet a body Comin' thro' the rye; Gin a body kiss a body, Need a bo-dy cry ?
Ilka lassie has a laddie, Ne'er aane has I; But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the war' am I ?

Gin a body meet a body, Comin' frae the well; Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body tell ? Gin a body meet a body, Comin' frae the town ;	Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body drown ? Ilka lassie, &c. Ilka Jeny has her Jocky, Ne'er a ane has I; But a' the lads they lo'e me weel, And what the war' am I ? Ilka lassie, &c.
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DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

MEET ME IN THE GROVE.

The Words by G. L. Saunders; the Music by S. D. Saunders, of the Academie Royal, Paris.
Published by Davidson.

Su - san dear, I'm on - ly thine ; Then meet me in the grove, Where the ro-ses
gen - ty blow, And lis - ten to my love. Su - san, when the world's at rest,
ad lib.

meet me, meet me, where The night-in-gals still builds her nest, De - void of guile or
care. Su - san dear, I'm on - ly thine ! Then meet me in the
grove, Where the ro-ses gen - ty blow, And lis - ten to my love.

Susan dear, my love return,
And meet me there to-night,
To chase away the rising sighs
That now my moments blight.

Susan, I am whousy thine !
Then meet me at the bow'r,
Where the modest eglantine
Clasps the rosy flow'r.

Susan dear, believe me true !
And meet me in the grove,
Where the roses gently blow,
Emblems of her I love.

THE MINIATURE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

William was hold-ing in his hand The like - ness of his wife,
Fresh, as if touch'd by fai-ry wand, With beau - ty, grace, and life; He
al-most thought it spoke; He gau'd up - on the trea-sure still ab -
sorb'd, de - light-ed, and a maz'd, To view the ar - tist's skill.

* This picture is yourself, dear Jane—
'Twas drawn to nature true;
I've kin'd it o'er and o'er again,
It is so much like you.'

* And has it kiss'd you back, my dear ?
Why, no, my love,' said he—
'Then, William, it is very clear
'Tis not at all like me !'

THE THORN.

Composed by Sheld.—Published by Davidson.

Andante.

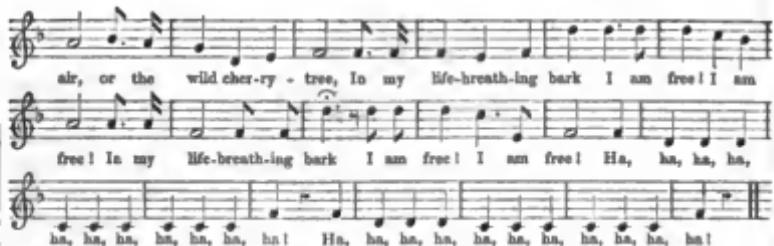
From the white - blossom'd sloe My dear Chloe re-quest-ed A sprig, her fair
breast to a - dorn — From the white-blossom'd sloe My dear Chloe request-ed A
With Energy.
sprig, her fair breast to a - dorn : 'No, by Heavens!' I exclaim'd, 'may I
Tenderly.
perish, If e - ver I plant in that bo-som a thorn; No, by Heavens! I ex -
claim'd, 'may I pe-riah, If e - ver I plant in that bo - som a thorn.'
When I show'd her the ring, and implo'red her to marry, 'Yes, I'll consent,' she replied 'if you'll promise
She blush'd like the dawning of morn :— That no jealous rival shall laugh me to scorn.'

I'M A FLOAT!

The Music composed by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

With animation.

I'm a - float, I'm a - float, what mat-ters it where, So the deep sea's be -
low me, a - bove the pure air? I have row'd thro' the world on thy bo-som, brave
sea, and I hail thee my home, and the grave of the free! I have been where the
trum-pet-shap'd cloud has come down, And has threat'ned our back with its ter - ri - ble
frown; But the great God pro - tect - ed, His shield-arm was firm, And the wa - ter-spout
burst just a - stem or a - stern. O! I'm hap - pi - er far, on the broad bil - low's
foam, Than the lord - ling who boasts the gay pa - lace his home As bird in the



I have watch'd when the voice of the power of
might
Has call'd forth the storm in the dead of the night;
When the lightning's broad flashes were gleaming
around,
And a mighty voice spake in the thunder-ton'd
sound.
But the sun in his glory arises again,
And his mantle of splendour throws o'er the wide
main;—

O! beautiful ocean, I'm wedded to thee,—
A rich dowry is mine, I'm a child of the sea!
For, rock'd in the cradle and rear'd on thy
breast,
Where so well as with thee could I take my last
rest;
And while life be spar'd me, my sea-song shall be,
I'm afloat, I'm afloat, I am free!—
Ha, ha, ha, &c.

ELIZA COOK'S SONG FOR THE YACHT CLUBS, TO THE SAME MUSIC.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, and my home has no bound;
There's no wall of dark limit to circle me round;
Far away na the wave, I look back to the shore,
With a heart that scarce heeds if I see it no more.

She rides in the sunshine with pinions of snow,
But like shaft in the quiver she's ready to go;
Gently breathe on her wings, she is up from her
nest,
And right onward she starts with a foam-cleaving

breast.

She will turn with a touch when the waters are

blue!
There are things of rare speed, but my own little
ark

wild,

Runs a beautiful race, in the day or the dark!

Like an Arab steed rul'd by a fair-handed child.

On, on through the tide! let the wind do its worst;
Let the lightning leap out, and the thunder-cloud
burst;

She is fast—she is free—as that Arab can be,

Up, up with my flag, there's no thing that I love
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

And is firm in the storm as a young forest tree.

I'm afloat, I'm afloat, in my own little boat;
My home has no bound, in the day or the dark;
Up, up with my flag! there's no thing that I love
Like my own little cruiser, the gallant Sea-Dove!

SUNSHINE ON THY PATHWAY.

Andante. Irish Melody, to the Air, 'Tho' the last glimpse of Erin.'

Sun - shine on thy path-way, My e - hou - eyed Jane! Where e - ver you
wan - der, O'er moun - tain or main, Smooth be - - the cur - rent That
wafts thee from me, And soft blow the breezes When thou 'rt on the seal
Lightly, dear maiden,
Thy bosom may prize
The vows of my breathing,
The glance of my eyes;
Lightly thy heart may
Bound gaily and free,
Whilst mine must, uneasy,
Ache sadly for thee.

Yet blessings upon thee,
My light-footed fair,
Though for me or my fate
You confess not a care:
The star that in yonder
Bright heaven I see,
Is as lov'd of my soul,
Though it beam not for me.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

O! WHA IS SHE THAT LO'ES ME.

Words by Robert Burns.

Andante con espressione.

O wha is she that lo'es me, And has my heart a keep-ing? O! sweet is she that lo'es me, As
dews o' sum-mer weep-ing, In tears the rose-bud sleep-ing, O that's the lais-sie o' my heart, My
lais-sie e-ver dear-er! O, that's the queen o' wo man kind, And ne'er a one to peer her i
If thou shalt meet a laasie If thou hadst heard her talk-ing, If thou hast met this fair one,
In grace and beauty charming, And thy atten-tions plighted, When fras' her thou hast part-ed,
That e'en thy chosen lassie, That like body talk-ing, If every other fair one
Erewhile thy breast see warming, But her, by thee is slight-ed, But her thou hast deserted,
Had ne'er sic powers alurming, And thou art all delighted, And thou art broken-hearted,
O, that's the lais-sie, &c. O, that's the lais-sie, &c. O, that's the lais-sie, &c.

O, THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE.

Words by Robert Burns.

Allegretto.

O, this is no my ain lais-sie, Fair tho' the lassie be; O, wee ken I my
ain lais-sie,— Kind love is in her e'e. I see a form, I see a face, Ye
wee' may win the fairest place; It wants to me the witching grace, The kind love, that's in her e'e.
O, this is no my sin, &c.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, & tall, A thief sae pawkle is my Jean, It may escape the courtly sparks,
And lang has had my heart in thrall, She'll steal a blink by a' unseen, It may escape the learned clerks,
And eye it charms my vera saul, But gieg as light are lovern' e'en, But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her e'e. When kind love is in the e'e. The kind love that's in her e'e.
O, this is no my sin, &c. O, this is no my sin, &c. O, this is no my sin, &c.

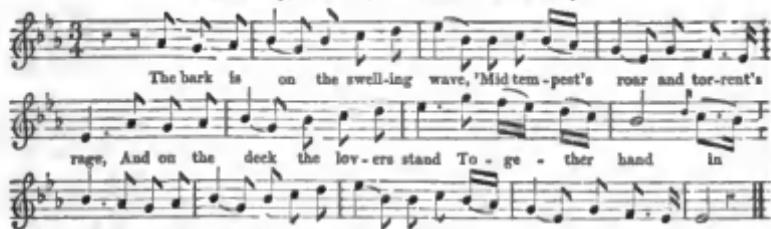
LEWIE GORDON.

O! send Lew-i Gor-don name, And the lad I win-na name: Tho' his back be
at the wa', Here's to him that's far a - wa'. Oh! bon my High-land man,
Oh! my bonny Highland man, Well wou'd I my true love ken, Amang ten thousand Highland men.
The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star,—
You'd take him for the God of war,—
Oh! bon my Highland. &c.

Oh, to see his tartan tress,
Bonnet blue, and haigh-heil'd shoes,
Philabeg shoon his knee:—
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'
Oh! bon my Highland, &c.

THE BARK IS ON THE SWELLING WAVE.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'St. Lazarus and the Lady.'



The bark is on the swelling wave, 'Mid tem-pest's roar and tor-rent's
rage, And on the deck the lov-ers stand To - ge - ther hand in
hand : Her sun-ny locks, his ra-v'en hair, Are float-ing in the stormy air.
In Italy's bright land of flowers,
They spent their young and ardent hours ;
An instant ! and their tomb will be
Beneath the dark blue sea ;—
But the worst horrors death can bring
Will only make them closer cling.

'Tis pass'd ! the weltering waves now clasp
That fated vessel in their grasp !
'Mid human mis-ery's piercing cry,
Their lips gave one fond sigh ;
And, form in form entwin'd, they sleep
In the blue bosom of the deep.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh ! should you e'er meet with Kate Kearney, Who lives near the lakes of Killarney, Of her
dark eyes be-ware, For love's witch-ing won-Lies hid in the glance of Kate Kearney.
For those eyes, so seductively beaming,
Will kill ere of mischief you're dreaming ;
And who dares to view
Her cheek's rosy hue,
Must die by the spell of Kate Kearney !
At eve should you meet this Kate Kearney,
On the balm-breathing banks of Killarney,
Of her smile, oh ! beware,
For fatal's the snare
Conceal'd in the smile of Kate Kearney !
Though her hair o'er her snowy neck's streaming,
Her looks with simplicity teeming,
Beware ere you sip
The balm from her lip,
For fatal's the breath of Kate Kearney !

O ! N E V E R M O R E.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'The Harp that once.'

O ! ne - ver more up - on this heart The sun of joy will glow; No
more the pitying tear shall start, For morn or other's woe : The source of smiles and tears is dry, And
feeling's found decays ; There's nothing now can meet my eye On which I'd wish to gaze.
The blandishments of life that lit
My hopes when youth was wild
He've vanish'd : would they'd linger'd yet,
And I was still a child !
Oh ! for those happy hours of peace
When trifles gave delight,
Mis-sorrow bade those raptures cease,
Or malice brought her blight !

Those joys I never more must know,
But mem'ry pictures yet
The blisses that I must forego,
But never can forget.
Hope flatters still within its urn,
And cools my burning brain ;
In dreams my bosom still will burn,
And echo joy again.

THE STREAMLET.

A Ballad, composed by Mr. Shield.

Adante.

The stream - let that flow'd round her cot, All the charms, all the charms of my Em - l - ly
 knew; How oft has its course been for - got, While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear im - age to
 view! How oft has its course been forgot, While it paus'd, while it paus'd her dear image to view!
 Believe me, the fond silver tide Till, silently swelling with pride.
 Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize; It reflected her back to the skies.

WHEN ARE MEAD AND WATER FAIREST.

To the Music of "Viel in Roma," in Bellini's Opera of Norma; by George Soane, A.B.
Published by Davidson.*Moderato.*

When are mead and wa - ter faire - est, Open - ing bud and bloo - som
 ra - rest? When is heaven's blue the bright-est? Night most love - ly day the
 light-est? 'Tis with her we love be - side us, When the world is far a -
 way: At her voice each sound is w - sic, Brightens at her smile the day.
 When is winged time the fleetest? 'Tis when she we love first whispers
 When does ev'ry pause seem sweetest? That we have not lov'd in vain;
 When does even winter's wildness 'Tis when merry bells are telling
 Please us more than summer's mildness? Hours too sweet to come again.

CAN'T YOU DANCE THE POLKA?

Adapted to the Music of the Cracovienne, by S. D. Saunders.—Published by Davidson.

'Tis sweet on sum-mer eve to rove A-down the ri-ver Tol-ka; But oh! it is a
 sweeter thing, By far, to dance the Pol-ka. Can't you dance the Polka? Won't you dance the
 Pol-ka? The joys of earth are lit - tie worth, Un - less you dance the Pol - ka.
 Young ladies wanting husbands true, Now, married folks of each degree,
 O! you must dance the Polka; If your children you would see
 And bachelors, if you would woo, Happy, prosperous, and free,
 Why you must dance the Polka. Pray teach them all the Polka.
 Can't you dance, &c. Can't you dance, &c.

I LOVE THE NIGHT.

Words by G. P. Morris; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Crescendo a allegro.

I love the night, when the moon beams bright On flow'rs that drink the dew; When
 cas-cades shout as the stars peep out, From boundless fields of blue; But dear-er far than
 ad lib.
 moon or star, Or flow'rs of gau-dy hue, Or gurgling trills of moun-tain rills, I
 love, I love, love you! I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, love
 you! I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, I love, love you!
 I love to stray, at the close of the day,
 Through groves of linden-trees;
 When gushing notes from song-birds' throats
 Laden the perfum'd breeze;

I love the night, the glorious night,
 When hearts beat warm and true;
 But, far above the night, I love,
 I love, I love, love you!

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

To the Air, 'Oft in the Stilly Night.'

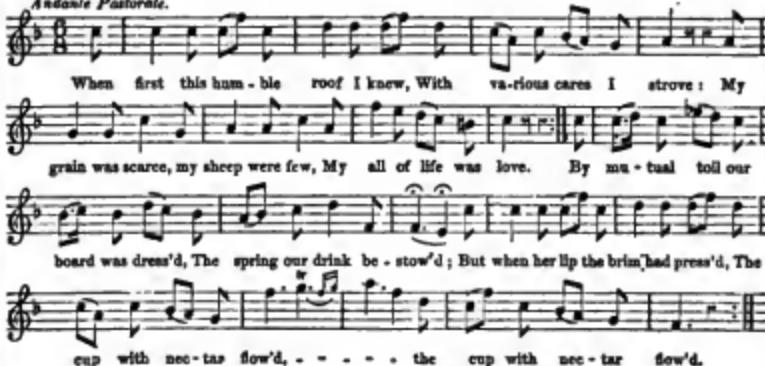
Tempo di Marcia.

March to the bat - tle - field,—The foe is now be - fore us, Each heart is
 free-dom's shield, And Heav'n is smil - ing o'er us. The woes and pains, the
 gall-ing chains, that kept our spir - its un - der, In proud dis-dain we've broke a-goin, And
 burst each link a - sun - der! March to the bat - tle - field,—The foe is now be
 ad lib.
 fore us, Each heart is free-dom's shield, And Heav'n is smil - ing o'er us.

Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor like, degrade her?

Our hallow'd cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant pow'r sustaining.
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die our rights maintaining.
 March to the battle-field, &c.

WHEN FIRST THIS HUMBLE ROOF I KNEW.

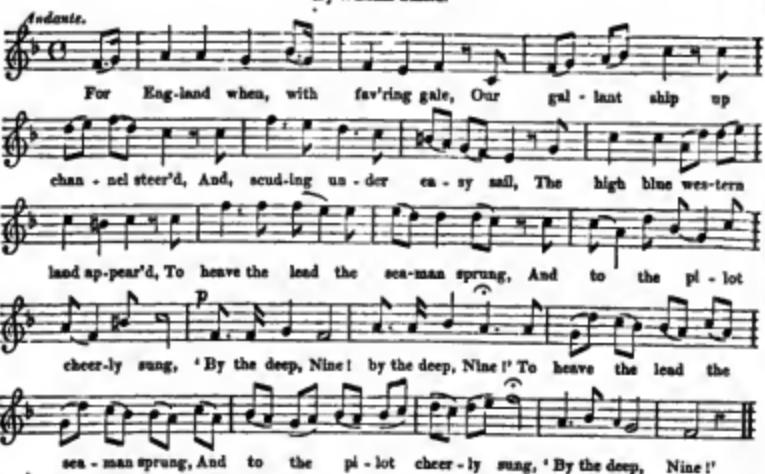
Andante Pastorale.

Content and peace this dwelling shar'd,
Nn nither ghest came nigh.—
In them was giv'n, though gold was spar'd
What gold could never buy :

No value has the splendid lot,
But has the means to prove,
That, from the castle to the cot,
The all of life is love.

THE HEAVING OF THE LEAD.

By William Shield.



And, bearing up to gain the port,
Some well-known object kept in view,—
An abbey tower, an harbour, fort,
Or beacon, to the vessel true;
While off the lead the seaman sung,
And to the pilot cheerily sang,
'By the mark, Seven!'

And, as the much-lov'd shore we near,
With transport we behold the roof
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
Of faith and love a matchless proof;
The lead once more the seaman sung,
And to the watchful pilot sang,
'Quarter less Five.'

Cheerfully.

YOU TELL ME, DEAR GIRL.

You tell me, dear girl, that I'm given to rove; That I sport with each lass on the green; That I
join in the dance and sing son-nets of love, And still with the fair-est I'm seen, With my
hey der-ry down, and my hey down der-ry, Round the green mea-dows so blithe and so mer-ry! My
songs are of plea-sure and beau-ty, 'tis true, But I ne-ver lov'd a-ny, I ne-ver lov'd a-ny, I
ne-ver lov'd a-ny, dear Ma-ry, but you! but I ne-ver lov'd a-ny, dear Ma-ry, but you.

Though Phillis and Nancy are nam'd in my song. With my hey derry down, and my hey down derry;
Yet my thoughts shall still wander to you; 'Round the green meadows, so blithe and so merry;
Nor to Phillis or Nancy my raptures belong. With black, brown, and fur, I have frolic'd, 'tis true;
But to you and you only they're due. But I never lov'd a-ny, dear Ma-ry, &c.

OH! COULD I BID THE DAYS RETURN.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'When first I met thee.'

Allegretto.

Oh! could I bid the days re-turn That once with joys were glow-ing, Ere
first from sor-row's e-boon urn The hit-ter stream was flow-ing, And choose from all the
va-ried light Of pleasures pure and ma-ny, But one to make my path-way bright, 'Twould
be the smile of Fan-ny! Still, still that beam-ing smile 'Mid mea-ry's joys I
num-ber; Oft, oft I meet it while My eyes are clos'd in slum-ber.

'Tis ever thus: In vain we view

But like the sun, in that pure clime,

The hope we nourish'd blossom,
When, bright in bloom and bath'd in dew,
it fades upon the bosom.Where night is daylight mellow'd;
Beneath the holy touch of time,Ob! Fanny i thy fond smiles of bliss,
Thy tears of tender sweetnes,
Beasm'd all too bright for me to guess,
That such would be their fleetness.Thy loss has long been hallow'd.
And now beyond the bliss most bright,
If earth for me has say,
I prize the pure and calm delightAt morn those smiles were mine,
In light and love unclouded;
At eve that form divine
In death was darkly shrouded.Of thinking of my Fanny.
My vesper star! my love!
My soul to thee was giv'n;
Ob! plead for it above,

And summon it to heav'n!

ALL TO ASTONISH THE BROWNS.

As sung by Henry Russell.

There liv'd, and may be living still, In one of the streets about town, A re-
spec-ta-ble man, who was call'd By the neigh-bour-hood, 'Gen-tle-man Brown.' Ve-ry
of-ten grand par-ties he gave, At which in cham-paign you might drown; Nay, he
put such a dash,—all the street Were Jeal-ous of Gen-tle-man Brown,
The Cags, who resided next door,
Were ever in sniers and in frowns,
And bursting with spleen, when they saw
Such fine goings-on at the Browns.
One night Mrs. C. said to Caggs,
'Some husbands are such stingy clowns,
Or they would give diners and balls,
And show off as well as the Browns.'
'Consider my income,' said Caggs;
'Don't talk in that way, Mr. C.
I warrant I'd make it suffice,
If you would but leave it to me:
Last Monday, I saw well enough,
When the tradesmen were going their rounds,
Although they had money from us,
I'm sure they had none from the Browns.'
Caggs submitted to his better half,—
Or rather two-thirds, I should say;
And she soon sent her orders about,
Determined to make a display.
Her daughters were full of delight:
On Sunday they sported new gowns,
And exclaimed, as they strutted to church,
'O! sha'n't we astonish the Browns!'
Preparations were made for a feast—
Tinted cards, highly glazed and emboss'd,
Invited the neighbours, who came,
And many in wonder were lost.

Champagne, claret, ices, milk-punch,
And cakes ornamented with crowns;
Soups, jellies, and scented pastilles—
And all to astonish the Browns.
One party soon drew on another;
And then, to continue the game,
As the Browns to the races were going,
The Cags must, of course, do the same.
'Lawk! how very surpris'd they will be,
When they see us appear on the Downs!
We will go in a carriage and four,
And we shall so astonish the Browns.'
Whatever was done by the B's,
The C's tried to do more than equal;
But, as they had not the same means,
They fail'd, as you'll see by the sequel.
They were fain'd to run off from the street,
As fortune look'd on them with frowns;
And, what was more galling than all,
It didn't astonish the Browns.
My tale I'll conclude with a proverb,
In which there's a good deal of sense;—
Your pounds may be left to themselves,
If you will but take care of the pence.
In this you'll discover my moral,
A moral worth mitres and crowns—
If you wish to save silver and gold,
You must always take care of the brown.

FRESH AND STRONG THE BREEZE IS BLOWING.

By Dr. Arne.

Andante.

Fresh and strong the breeze is blow-ing, As you ship at an-chor rides; Sali-en waves in-ces-sant
flow-ing, Rude-ly dash a-gainst her sides: So my heart, its course im-pe-ded, Beats in my per-tur-bed
breast: Doubts like waves by waves suc-ceed-ed, Rise, and still de-ny it rest.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Crescendo.

This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un-bid-den start; With faint'-ring lip and
throbbing brow, I press it to my heart. For me-ny gen-e - ra-tions past Here is our
fam'-ly tree: My mother's hands this Bi - ble clasp'd; She, dy-ing, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names those records bear!
Who round the hearth-stone us'd to close,
After the evening pray'r,
And speak of what this volume said,
In tones my heart would thrill;—
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!
My father read this holy book,
To brothers, sisters, dear;—
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear!—

Her angel face!—I see it yet!
What thronging mem'ries come!—
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!
Thou truest friend man ever knew
Till constancy I've tried;
When all were false I fow-ad thee true,
My counsellor and gu'ide:
The mines of earth no treasures give
From me this book could buy;
For, teaching me the way to live,
It teaches how to die!

OPEN THY LATTICE, LOVE.

A Serenade, composed by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

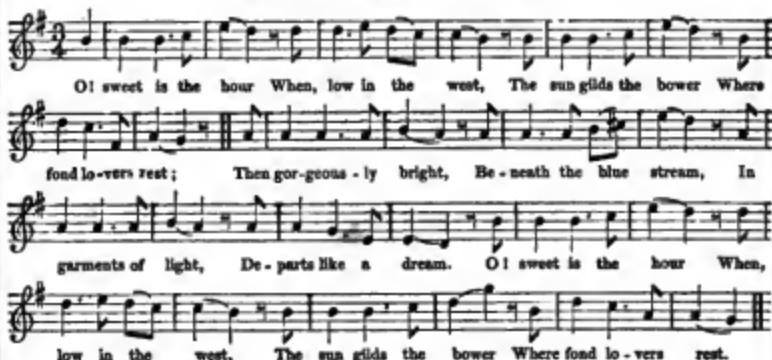
O-pen thy lat-tice, love,— lis-ten to me: The cool bal-my breeze is a -
broad on the sea; The stars are all keep-ing their vi-gils a - bove, And naught is a -
wake but the spi-rit of love. Ere morn's ro-sy blush tips the hills with its
ray, A-way o'er the wa-ters, a-way and a-way! Then o-pen thy lattice, love,
lis-ten to me, While the moon lights the sky, and the breezecurls the sea; While the moon lights the
sky, and the breezecurls the sea; While the moon lights the sky, and the breezecurls the sea!

Open thy lattice, love.—listen to me:
In the voyage of life, love our pilot will be;
He'll sit at the helm, wherever werove,
And steer by the loadstar he kindled above!

His gem-circled pinnace will cut the bright spray,
Or skim like a bird o'er the waters away!
Then open thy lattice, love,—listen to me,
While the moon lights the sky, and the breeze
curls the sea!

O! SWEET IS THE HOUR.

Spanish Melody.—Published by Chappell.

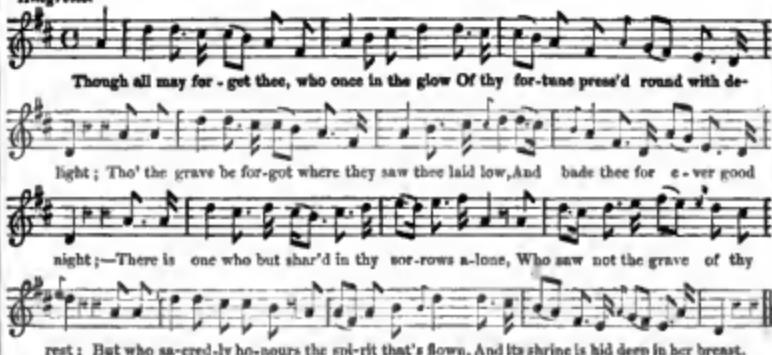


O! sweet and serene the spell that beguiles,
 When night's subtle queen more tenderly smiles:
 The coldest are coy—the wildest are grave—
 The sad feel a joy loud mirth never gave!
 O! sweet is the hour, &c.

The spirits of love, to hallow the time,
 From the regions above, pour music sublime;
 Their harmonies cheer the dull gloom of the night,
 And wake the sweet tear of voiceless delight.
 O! the sweet hour, &c.

THOUGH ALL MAY FORGET THEE.

Irish Melody, by Leman Rede, to the Air, 'When he who adores thee.'

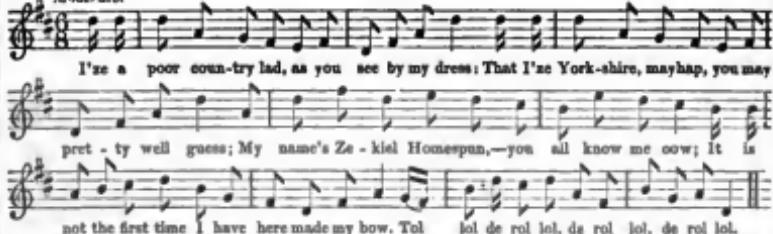
Allegretto.

She remembers thy sights, as they breath'd on her
 ear,
 In the accents of sorrow and pain;
 And feels that thy suff'ring have made thee more
 dear
 Than any will e'er be again.
 She would have thee once more, with the waste of
 thy woe,
 With feelings of fondness and pride;
 But, since that is a thought she must ever forego—
 She would joy to lay down by thy side.

Then, though all may forget thee, who once in the
 glow
 Of thy fortune press'd round with delight;
 Though the grave be forgot where they saw thee
 laid low,
 And bade thee for ever good night;—
 That one who for thee could resign ev'ry dream,
 That from youth and ambition arise,
 Will still think on thee here, as her life's dearest
 beam,
 And her beacon of worlds in the skies.

ZEKIEL HOMESPUN'S TRIP TO TOWN.

Published by Preston.

Moderato.

To London I comb'd upon bus'ness, d'y'e see,
But coastriv'd to make pleasure and bus'ness agree;
For when I gets back wi' our chaps on the green,
They'll be sure to be axing me what I ha' seen.
Now, having in town but a short time to stay,
Thinks I, while the sun shines I'd better make hay;
So I ax'd what the play were?—They told me, by
gum,
'Twas a very fine tragedy, call'd 'Tommy Thumb.'
To Yorkshire, I'd oft heard our knowing ones say,
That a very good moral was learn'd from a play,
And that tragedy boasted of language so fine;
So I thought that as how it might help me wi' mine.
Well, the curtain drew up, and the first to appear

Were two gentlemen dress'd, to be sure, mortal
queer:
Says one.—'To the king this petition I'll shew,'
Then the other to him answer'd, 'Do, Doodle, do.'
Io next scene were the king and the queen on their
throne,
To whom the petition was presently shown;
But King Arthur from Doodle indignantly shrunk,
'For,' says he, 'tis our pleasure this day to get
drunk.'

So thinks I to myself, an' that's what you're about,
There's a-sa ou-na-ness for me, sure, to see the play out.
To my own native parts I will quickly go down,—
I can learn to get drunk there as well as in town.

WHEN TIME STEALS OUR YEARS AWAY.

Music and Words by T. Moore, Esq.



Come, Chlo-e, fill the genial bowl—
I drink to love and thee!
Thou never canst decay in soul,—
Thou'll still be young for me.
And as thy lips the tear-drops chase,
Which on my cheek they find,
So hope shall steal away the trace
Which sorrow leaves behind.
Then fill the bowl! away with gloom!
Our joy shall always last;

For hope shall brighten days to come,
And mem'-ry gild the past.
But mark, at thought of future years,
When love shall lose its soul,
My Chlo-e drops her timid tears—
They mingle with my bowl!
How like this bowl of wine, my fair,
Our loving life shall fleet!
Tho' tears may sometimes mingle there,
The draught will still be sweet!
Then fill the cup, &c.

WHEN BLUST'RING WINDS ARE HEARD TO BLOW.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

Andante.

When blust'ring winds are heard to blow, - And foam-ing sur - ges rage be-
low, When than-der rat - tles in the sky, And fierce the nim - ble - light'nings fly,
My ten - der bo - som beats with pain, For Wil-liam on the rag - ing main,
My ten - der bo - som beats with pain, For Wil-liam on the rag - ing main.

Though courage fills his manly breast,
Yet he, alas! may be distress'd,
For rocks and quicksands may appear,
To wreck my joy, my only dear;—
My tender bosom beats with pain,
For William on the raging main.
Yet Providence may crown his toll,
To meet his Naney with a smile,
When safely he shall come oo shore,

Then all my trouble may be o'er;
Till then, alas! I must feel pain,
For William oo the raging main.
Ye waves propitious gently sweep,
Along the surface of the deep,
Ye billows swift and kindly flaw,
To ease my anxious bosom's woes;
Till his return, I must feel pain,
For William on the raging main.

WHEN FLOW'R'S AGAIN THEIR DAY-LIGHT BLOOM.

Music by Steibelt; Poetry by J. A. Wade.

Gravoso.

Wheo flow'r's a-gain their day-light bloom, Close in dew-y sleep; When moon-light
shows the dis-tant dome, Glane-ing o'er the deep; When scarce is heard the ev'-ning
tide, Soft mur'm'ring to the shore. Or e-cho of a leaf that sigh'd To breeze that
fann'd it o'er: Then Love will row my bark a-long, O'er the star-ry sea; And
then my well-knowno ves - per song Shall sweet - ly breathe for thee.

But farewell now,—the morning ray
Rises o'er the deep;
If we could make the moonlight stay,
How long the sun would sleep!

O! yes—but now, unwelcome light,
He makes thy window close;
But love, 'twill open soon, at night,
When next the vi'let blows.
And then I'll row, &c.

DANCE, BOATMAN, DANCE.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Spring is bloom-ing o-ver earth, Dis de time for joy and mirth; Del-phins and
por-poise wal-low in de brine, Lil-ly birds sing in de glad sun-shine:
Dance, boat-man, dance; O i dance, boat-man, dance; When stars burn bright, By the
fire-fly's light, Till the ear-li-est dawn of de morn-ing. Boat-man dance, boat-man sing,
Boat-man he do eb'-ry ting. Re, row, a-way we go; go-ing down de ri-ber on de O-hi-o!
Re row, a-way we go, Go-ing down de ri-ver on de O-hi-o!
Alleghany mountains terrible high,—get at de top
you touch de sky;
Merry 'neath dere shadow, sitting on a log, boat-
man sing and drink him grog.
Drink, boatman, drink,—drink, boatman, drink;
Drink all night wid a heart so light,
But take care ob your head in de mornin'.
Boatman sing, boatman drink,—daylight dawa,
starlight wink. Re row, away we go, &c.
Boatman he's de lady's man,—none can mas-
hub as de boatman can;
I never saw a pretty gal in all my life, but she
was nick'd for de boatman's wife.
Court, boatman, court,—court, boatman, court;

We court all night by de glow-worm's light,
And are off to de church in de mornin'.
Boatman court, boatman tink, boatman dance,
boatman drink. Re row, away we go, &c.
In de log-hut Rose stay,—tink ob her boatman
far away;
Piccaninies play about de floor,—p'raps ten or
twelve on 'em, p'raps many more.
Lub, Rosa, lub,—lub boatman's wife;
Dream, young bride, him by your side,
And weep when you wake in de mornin'.
Boatman brave, boatman true; boatman got no
hub but you. Re row, away we go, &c.

IN INFANCY OUR HOPES AND FEARS.

By Dr. Arne.

Andante.

In in-fan-ty our hopes and fears Were to each o-ther known, And
friend-ship, in our ri-per years, Has twin'd our hearts in one, — Has
twin'd our hearts in one. O! clear him, then, from this of-fence; Thy
love, thy du-t-y prove; Re-store him with that in-no-cence which first in-
spir'd my — love which first in-spir'd my love.

REST, WARRIOR, REST.

Music by Michael Kelly.

Moderato.

Ho comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,—He comes thro' the storm and the
dark-ness of night; For rest and for re-fuge now fain to im-plore, The war-rior bends
low at the cot-ta-ger's door: Pale, pale, pale is his cheek, there's a
gash on his brow! His locks o'er his shoul-ders dis-tract-ed-ly flow! And the
fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye, Like a lan-gui-sh-ing lamp that just
flash-es to die.

Rest, war - rior, rest!

Rest, war - rior, rest!

Sunk in silence and sleep in the cottager's bed, O! then Hope's fond dreams chase the battles array,
Oblivion shall visit the war-wear'y head; And sweet Love to his home guides the warrior's way;
Perchance he may dream, but the vision shall tell, All the calm joys of peace to his head shall yield rest:
Of his lady love's bō'r, and her latest farewell. Ah! warrior, wake not, such slumber is bles'd.

Rest, warrior, rest, &c.

MY MOTHER BIDS ME BIND MY HAIR.

Music by Haydn.

Allegretto.

My mo - ther bids me bind my hair With bands of ro - sy hue, Tie
up my sleeves with rib-bons rare, And lace my bod-dice blue; Tie up my
sleeves with rib-bons rare, And lace, and lace my bod-dice blue. For
why,' she cries, 'sit still and weep, While others dance and play?' A-las! I scarce can
go or creep, While Lu-bin is a-way! A-las! I scarce can go or creep, While
Lu - him is a-way! While Lu-bin is a-way, is a-way, is a-way!
Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near:
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear:

And while I spin my fixen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

THE LOVER'S LUTE.

Irish Melody, to the Air, 'The Minstrel Boy.'

With Expression.

Her lover's lute, that so often woke With thrill-ing tones to call her, Met
 Em-ma's eyes un - tun'd and broke, And it turn'd her pale cheek pa - ler.
 'Harp of love!' she soft - ly sigh'd, 'Thy mas - ter light - ly flies thee; His
 heart beats high to war - like pride, Mina on - ly lives to prize thee.'
 But yet again, as so oft before,
 She heard its notes so tender;
 When her warrior-youth return'd once more,
 His country's best defender;

And sang—'How well is he repaid,
 Who, from toil of war returning,
 Beholds in eyes like thine, sweet maid,
 Love's brightest warmest welcome surging!

PEACEFUL SLUMB'RING ON THE OCEAN.

Composed by Storace.

Andante.

Peace-ful slum - b'ring on the o - cean, Sea - men fear no dan - ger nigh,—The
 wind and waves, in sea - tie motion, Soothe them with their lul - la - by; Lul - la - by,
 lul - la - by, lul - la - by; Soothe them with their lul - la - by, lul - la - by.
 Is the wind tempestuous blowing, The guileless heart, its boon bestowing,
 Still no danger they descrie; Soothes them with its lullaby—
 Lullaby, lullaby, &c.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

Composed by Shield.

Ere a-round the huge oak, that o'er - sha-dows yon mill, The fond l - vy had dar'd to en -
 twine; Ere the church was ru - in that nods on the hill, or the
 rook built his nest on the pine, Or the rook built his nest on the pine.
 Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
 Since my forefathers toil'd in the field ;
 And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
 Is the same which my grandfather till'd.

He, dyng, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
 Which unsullied descended to me ; [shame,
 For my child I've preserv'd it, unblemish'd with
 And it still from a scot shall go free.

LOVE'S RITORNELLA.

Words by J. R. Planché; Music by T. Cooke.—Published by Chappell.

'Geo - tie Zi - tel - la, whi - ther a - way ? Love's Ri - tor - nel - la,
 list, while I play.' 'No ! I have lin - ger'd too long on the road,-
 Night is ad - vanc - ing, The Bri-gand's a - broad; Lone - ly Zi - tel - la hath
 too much to fear; Love's Ri - tor - nel - la she may not hear.'

'Charming Zitella, why should'st thou care ?
 Night is not darker than thy raven hair;
 And those bright eyes if the Brigand should see,
 Then art thou the robber, the captive is he.'
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear;
 Love's Ritornella tarry and hear.'

'Simplic Zitella, beware ! oh ! beware !
 List ye no ditty, grant ye no prayer !
 To your light footsteps let terror add wings—
 'Tis Massaroni himself who now sings—
 Gentle Zitella, banish thy fear ;
 Love's Ritornella tarry and hear.'

TO THE DAISY.

To the Music of 'Ah ! vello a mi Ritorna,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma ; by George Soane, B.A.
 Published by Davidson.

Allegro.

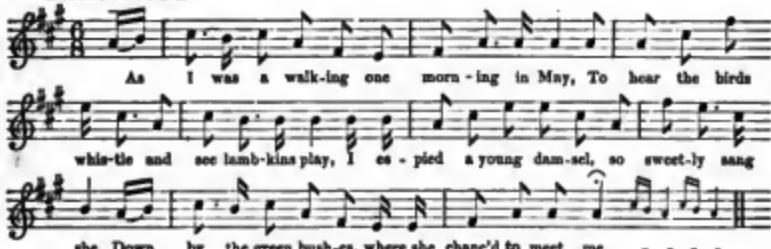
Pale Del - ey, gentlest flower That grows in mead or bow - er, Or wel-comes A-pril
 shower When cue - koos loud - ly sing; Thy modest form - dis -
 clo - - see More grace than lord - - ly ro - - ses, Or vi - olet
 that re - po - ses Up - - on - - - the breast of spring, - -
 - - up - on - - - - - the breast of spring.

Repine not, gentle daisy,
 That none are found to praise thee.
 Or from thy lowness raise thee—
 Far longer is thy time;

While rose and tulips vying,
 To am'rous breezes sighing,
 Are pull'd, and, oh ! are dying,
 All in their early prime.

THE GREEN BUSHES.

An Old Irish Melody, as sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam in the popular Drama. —Published by Davidson.
Andante Moderate.



* O! why are you loitering here, pretty maid ?
* I'm waiting for my true love, softly she said :—
* Shall I be your true love, and will you agree
To love your own true love and folly with me ?
* I'll give you fine bavers, and fine silken gowns.—
* I'll give you smart petticoats, flounce'd to the
ground ;—
I'll buy you fine jewels, and live but for thee,
If you'll have your own true love, and folly with me ?
* I want none of your bavers, nor fine silks or
hose,—
For I'm not so poor as to marry for clothes ;

But if you'll be constant and true unto me,
I'll have my own true love, and marry with thee.
* Come, let us be going, kind Sir, if you please—
O! let us be going from under these trees ;
Down by the green bushes, where he thinks to
meet me.'

And when he came there and found she was gone,
He look'd very sheepish, and cried quite forlorn,—
* She's gone with another, and forsaken me,
And left the green bushes, where she vow'd to
meet me.'

DANDY JIM OF CAROLINE.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

The music consists of three staves of musical notation in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are as follows:

I heard old mas - sa say of late, South Ca - ro - li - na was de state Where a
lub - ly nig-ger'll cut a shine, Like Dan - dy Jim ob Ca - ro - line : — Yes, my old
mas - sa told me so, 'You'm de hand - som - est Nig - ger in de coun - try, O !' I
look in de glass, it's true I fine : None like Dan - dy Jim ob Ca - ro - line !
I dress myself in de long tail blue,
As well-bred Nig - ger gemme do;
My hat what 'em call de Lillyshaller—
Creation connd'a't find its foller.
I'm sure de hatter told me so,
And de deuce is in it if he didn't know.
De giggling gals cry, 'How divine
Is Dandy Jim ob Caroline !'

White beauty's but skin-deep alone,
De sicker's go right thro' to de bone ;
She's as jibly black as you can find,
And her heel sticks out a foot behind ;
For de shoemaker told me so,—
She's eighteen inches from de heel to de toe,
She's form'd by Nature to be thine,
Great Dandy Jim from Caroline.

My pantaloon's a tartan check,
A yaller fogie-am round my neck :—
In my patent boots Prg set her face,
And was fairly rooted to de place.
Indeed, Miss Peggy told me so,
Dere wan't such a heel in de country, oh !
Says she, 'I'm your's, if you am mine,
Dear Dandy Jim ob Caroline.'

I marry her, and soon shall see
Elegant ladies d'image ob me ;
De gals shall show, in form and face,
Mammy's beauty—daddy's grace,--
My expectation tell me so,
We'll hab four and twenty little nigs all in a row,
Boys and gals almost divine,
Like Dandy Jim ob Caroline.

THE TEAR.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by G. J. Godan.

S. Andante Affettuoso.

When friend-ship or love our sym-pa-thies move, When truth in a glance should ap-
pear, The lips may beguile with a dim-ple or smile, But the test of af-fection's a
tear. Too oft is a smile but the hy-po-crite's wile, To mask de-testa-tion or
fear: Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-telling eye Is dimm'd for a time with a tear,
tear, a tear - - - Is dimm'd for a time with a tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the region of night, May no marble bestow the splendour of woe,
And my corse shall remain on its bier, Which the children of vanity rear;
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes consume, No fiction of fame shall blazon my name.—
O! monsters their dust with a tear.

All I ask, all I wish, is a tear!

HELEN.

Irish Melody by Leman Redé, to the Air of Moore's 'Meeting of the Waters.'

S. Scherzando

A ca-va-lier gallop'd in haste o'er the glade, And his steed and his
master were gai-ly ar-ray'd, And bright was his form, and blithe was his air; In his
hat was seen flow-ing the gift of his fair, In his hat was seen flow-ing the gift of his fair.

And Helen look'd out from her window that night,
And he wav'd his gay plumes, when the maid was
in sight;
Clapping spurs to his steed, swiftly onward he
press'd,—
In a moment he fold'd the fair to his breast.

And tip meeting lip, there as mately they clung.
Their eyes glowing rapture, spoke more than the
tongue;
While her breath panting quickly, in sighs only
spoke
The echoes of rapture his presence awoke.

The morning beam'd brightly, the cavalier's
steed
Flew lightly along o'er the dew-spangled mead;
But never again came that knight, and no more
Wears the maiden the smile which that ev'ning
she wore.

She weeps not, but looks from her lattice all
day,
On the road where the cavalier wended his way;
In vain her heart throbs, or her bosom may
burn,—
That knight and those blisses will never return!

NO MORE SHALL I SEEK IN THE RED FIELD OF DANGER.

Irish Melody—"Tis gone and for ever.

No more shall I seek, in the red field of danger, The phan-tom of honour, the
 hopes that be-tray: I will roam like a pil-grim, and ask of the stranger The
 crust and the cup that will serve for the day. For how have I found all my
 daeings re-coded? And how have my life-wounds and love been re-ward-ed? And where is that
 one who, had she but ap-plaud-ed, Had brighten'd in-grati-tude's drear-i-est way?
 That chosen of all—that best beam of my glory,
 Who promised to light me to heaven's own shrine,
 Has thrown the first blight on the dawn of my
 story.
 And with'er'd the wreath that she taught me to
 twine.
 On I vain was the hope that she kindlied so brightly,
 And which rose 'mid the stars that watch'd over me
 nightily:
 She has cast off the chain that but fetter'd her
 lightly,
 And left all its weight and its chillness on me.

No matter! when years shall have sadden'd her
 spirits,
 And taught her how false is the flatterer's breath,
 Sad, deserted, declining, she'll think of my merits—
 She'll seek me, perhaps—she must seek me in
 death!
 She will ask—they will tell her, when hope from
 life parted,
 One heart-burst escaped, and one burning tear
 Then, silent and lone, I went forth broken-hearted,
 To seek some lone spot that might serve for a
 grave.

NEVER ASK WHERE RADIANT SUMMER FLIES.

The Words by W. Dodsworth, Esq.; the Music by James Ionæ.—Published by Davidson.

Ne'er ask where radiant Sum-mer flies, When win-try tempests cloud the skies: Un-
 mark'd the sea-sons may depart, For love makes summer, makes sum-mer in my heart.
 Ask me not where the sun-beam goes, When fades its lus-tre from the rose: -
 Ro-ses and sun-light far more bright In thy sweet face for me - u-nite.
 Ask me not why unheeded sing
 The linnets in the laughing spring:
 Love's syren notes mine ears enchain,
 And thus the warblers pipe in vain.

Nor ask why lovers deem the hue
 Of maidens' eyes is deepest blue:
 To mortal men from Jove was given
 To bask in light deriv'd from heav'n.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

Andante.

'Twas on a sim-mer's af-ter noon, A wi' be-fore the sun ga'd down, My las-sie wi' a
 braw new gown Cam o'er the hill to Gow-rie. The rose-bud, ting'd wi' morn-ing show'r, Bloom'd
 fresh with-in the sun-nie bow'r, But Ma-ry was the fair-est flow'r that e-ver bloom'd in Gow-rie.
 I had na thought to do her wrang,
 But round her waist my arm I flang,
 And said, 'My las-sie, will ye gang
 To view the Carse o' Gowrie?—
 I'll tak ye to my father's ha',
 In yon green field beside the sha',
 And mak ye lady o' them a',
 The bravest wife in Gowrie.

 Soft kisses on her lips I laid—
 The blush upon her cheek soon spread—
 She whisper'd modestly and said,
 'I'll gang wi' ye to Gowrie.'
 The auld folks soon ga'd their consent,
 And to Mess John we quickly went,
 Wha tied us to our hearts' content;—
 And now she's Lady Gowrie.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

The Words by Robert Burns.—Published by Davidson.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine, Wear hoddern gray an' a' that, Gle-fools they sit, and
 knaves their wine,— A man's a man for a' that; For a' that, an' a' that, Their
 tin-sel show, an' a' that; An honest man, tho' ne'er so poor, Is chief o' men, for a' that.
 Wha wad for honest poverty Ye see you birkis, ca'd a lord, A king can mak a belted knight,
 Hang down their heads, an' a' that, Wha struts and stares, and a' that; A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
 The coward slave we pass him by, Tho' hundreds worship at his word, But an honest man's above his might;
 And dare be poor for a' that, He's but a coof, for a' that, Guid faith! he manans fa' that;
 For a' that, an' a' that, For a' that, an' a' that, For a' that, an' a' that,
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that: His ribbon, star, an' a' that: Their dignities, an' a' that:
 The rank is but the guineas'stamp, The man of independent mind The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 The man's the gowd, for a' that. He looks an' laughs at a' that. Are higher ranks than a' that.

MY HEART IS SAIR.

Written on the model of a Jacobite Song, 'The Somebody' of which was the Old Chevalier.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,— My heart is sair for somebo-dy! O! I could wake a
 win-ter night, A' for the sake o' some-bo-dy! O! hon for some-bo-dy, O! hey for
 some-bo-dy! I could range the world a-round, For the sake o' some-bo-dy.
 Ye pow'r's that smile on virtues love, Fra lika danger keep him free,
 O! sweetly smile on somebody; And send me safe my somebody.
 O! hon, for somebody, &c.

WHY ASKS MY FAIR ONE?

Canzonet, by Haydn.

Allegretto.

Why asks my fair one if I love? Why, why, why asks my fair one if I love? Those
eyes so pierc-ing bright Can ev - ry doubt of that remove, And need no o - ther
light, And need no o - ther light, And need no o - ther light. Those
eyes full well do know my heart, And all its work-ings see, E'er since they
play'd the conq'-ror's part, And I no more was free, And I no more was
free; E'er since they play'd the conq'-ror's part. And I no more was free, And
I no more was free, And I no more was free, And I no more was free.

DESPAIR.

Canzonet, by Haydn.

Allegro.

The an-guish of my burst - ing heart Till now my tongue hath ne'er be-tray'd,
Till now my tongue hath ne'er be - tray'd; De - pair at length re -
veals the smart, Des - pair at length re-reveals the smart, No time can
cure, no hope can aid, no hope can aid; Des - pair at
length re-reveals the smart, No time can cure, no hope can aid.
My sorrows verging to the grave,
No more shall pain thy gentle breast;
Think death gives freedom to the slave,
Nor mourn for me when I'm at rest.
Yet, if at eve you chance to stray
Where silent sleeps the peaceful dead,

Give to your kind compassion way,
Nor check the tears by pity shed.
Whene'er the precious dew-drop falls
I ne'er can know, I ne'er can see;
And, if sad thought my fate recalls,
A sigh may rise unheard by me.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

O I haes seen great ones, and sat in great ha's, Mang lords and mang in - dies, a'
co-ver'd wi' braws; But a sight sae de-light - fu', I trow, I ne'er spied, As the
bon - nie blithe blink o' my ain fire - side, My ain fire - side, my
ain fire - side, As the bon - nie blithe blink o' my ain fire - side.

Ance mair, Heavens be praise'd I round my ain heart -
some ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae force now upon me, to seem wae or gladd, —
I may laugh when I'm merry, and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
C. sweet is the bilak o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There's nae half so sure as ane's ain fireside.—
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O i sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.



MY BOSOM FLOWER.

Original Scottish Song; the Music by James Pearman.—Published by Davidson.

Andante.

In my wee ha' there blooms a flower, An' tho' the gar - den rose is
bon ny, An' buxus wi' beau - ty mo - ny a bow - er, Mine blos - soms
sweet - er far than - cov. Tho' fair - est flow'r's maun fade an'
fa', It ne - ver times its scent - ed blos - som; Through sum - mer's
rain or win - ter's snaw, It breathes its fra - grant in my bo - som.

I tend my flow'r wi' caany care,—
It wants nae mair than love an' duty
To shield its buds and blossoms fair,
For, O! neglect would blight its beauty.
And would ye ken this matchless flower,
Its just my ain unchanging Mary,
Wha mak's my hame a bonny bower,
Where peace and love delight to tarry.

It is not in the blooming cheek
That time will change, and years maun wither;
Nor in the wriching e'e yr'll seek
To match my flower wi' ony ither:
But O! it's in the deep, deep heart,—
The bonny bloom that changes never;
The ties that death alone can part,
The love that time nor tides can sever.

BRIAN BORU.

The words arranged expressly for this work, to an Irish Melody, "Garry Owen."

O! Kil-mur-ry Mc-Mahon's a place you would bless, Where whis-key costs
no-thing, and but-ter-milk less; And it's near to that same is a neat lit-tle spot, Where my
gran-fa-ther's grand-fa-ther dwelt in his cot; Whose chil-dren, from Den-nis to
Te-rence and Pat, Each stuck up a peg for a tra-vel-ler's hat. For 'twas land of their
own, where the murphies first grew, And they all were des-cend-ed from Bri-an Bo-ru.

In our garden, to charm both the eye and the nose,
Nature always seemed dressed in her holyday
clothes; [brou'ed]
And, so sweet was the smell of the whiskey we
That a pig in the parlour would sometimes intrude!
Then, at the Assizes, I've ta'en up a broom,
To leather a cow from the counsellor's room;
For we let off a chamber, as other folks do,
Who may not be descended from Brian Boru.

But sweetest of all was that beautiful maid,
At the door of whose cabin I've oft left my spade
From the window she'd peep, like a sly fairy elf,
Crying—"Mister Kilrooney, get out wid yourself!
If you stop till I open the wicket, my dear,
I'll be making a noise which nobody can hear:
Then I always behaved as all gentlemen do,
Who, like me, are descended from Brian Boru.

THE BETTER LAND.

Published by Z. T. Parday.

I hear thee speak of the bet-ter land,—Thou call'st it, chil-dren, a
hap-py band.' Mo-ther, O! where is that ra-diant shore? Shall we not
seek it, and weep no more? Is it where the flow'r of the o-range
blows, And the fire-flies glance thro' the myr-tle boughs?—^{a piace.} Not
there, not there! my child!—not there, not there! my child!

^a Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?

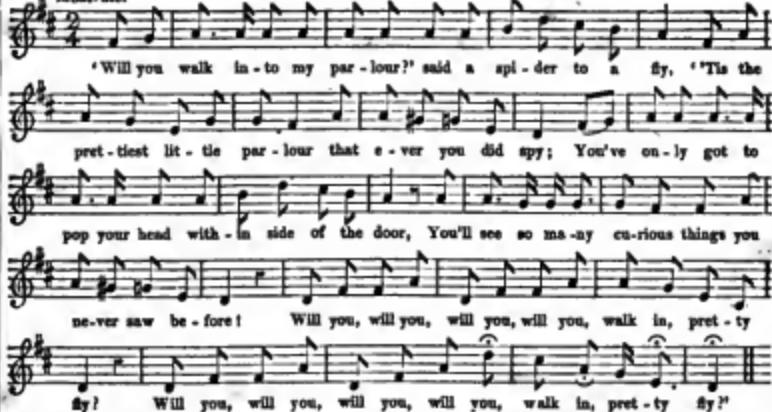
"Not there, not there! my child!"

^b Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy;
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there!
Time may not breathe on its fadless bloom;—
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;—
It is there, It is there! my child!

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

As sung by Henry Russell.

Moderato.



'Will you grant me one sweet kiss?' said the spider
 to the fly.—

To taste your charming lips, I've a cu - ri - o - si - ty.'
 Said the fly, 'If once our lips did meet, a wager I
 would lay,

Of ten to one, you would not after let them come
 away.' Will you, will you? &c.

'If you won't kiss, will you shake hands?' said the
 spider to the fly, [sigh.]

'Before you leave me to myself, to sorrow and to
 Says the fly, 'There's nothing handsome unto you
 belongs,—

I declare you should not touch me with a pair of
 tongs.' Will you, will you? &c.

'What handsome wings you've got,' said the spider
 to the fly:—

'If I had such a pair, I in the air would fly! —

'Tis useless all my wishing, and only idle talk;
 You can fly up in the air, while I'm obliged to walk.'

Will you, will you? &c.

'For the last time now I ask you, will you walk in,
 pretty fly?' by.'

'No, if I do, may I be shot—I'm off, so now good
 Then up he springs—but both his wings were in the
 web caught fast; [you safe at last.]

The spider laugh'd, 'Ha, ha! my boy, I've caught
 Will you, will you? &c.

'And pray how are you now?' said the spider to
 the fly.— [buy]

'You fools will never wisdom get, unless you dearly
 'Tis vanity that ever makes repentance come too late,
 And you who into cobwebs run surely deserve your
 fate!' Will you, will you? &c.



MAID MARIAN'S SONG.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con moto.

ad lib. Where does the clear stream clear - est flow? At the foot of some lone hill; Gushing,
bub-bling, at its will, All 'twixt banks of live-liest green, On - ly by the wan-d'r'er
Allegretto Grazioso.
seen, Or the child who cha-ses there Sum-mer in - sects thro' the air. Then, far from
me the ci - ty be,—The wood my home, still let me roam; Then far from me the ci - ty
Dim. a Ritard.
be,— The wood my home, Still let me roam, let me roam, let me roam, In freedom 'neath the
ad lib. greenwood tree; Let me roam, let me roam in free-dom 'neath the green - - wood tree.
Where does the fresh wind freshest blow?
On the mountain, he whose head
In the blast uncovered
Seems to love and woo the storm,

Sporting with his rugged form,
Or upon the flowing mead,
Where the flocks unnoted feed?
Then far from me, &c.,

WALK ALONG, JOHN.

Negro Melody by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's uniform Edition of his Compositions.

John-ay Brock from Chicka - law, De strang-est chap I eb - er saw, Put his coat on a -
fore his shirt, I de-clare, 'Cos he had no shirt to wear. So walk a-long, John,
walk along, John, walk along, John, all thro' de town; Walk a-long, John, all thro' de town.
Boss gave him out to feed de hoss,
He eat 'em himself, and massa cross:—
"What Dobbins had?" said Boss.—" You fat! Noting at all, and not quite dat!"
Walk along, John, &c.
Boss going out to a place of note,
Orders John to beat his coat;
What you tink John do dat minit?
Beats de coat wid de masses in it.
Walk along, John, &c.
John took turnips to feed de sheep,
But gib 'em instead green 'bacca-leaf:—

'What you do wid turnips, hangry glutton?'
'Keep em till I get some mutton!'
Walk along, John, &c.
Johnny lay on de railroad track,
De engine come slap on his back;
John didn't ery, nor wince, nor whine,
But cried, 'Do dat again, you'll hurt my spine!'
Boss gave John a pound ob tea,
A sort ob stuff he nebbur did see;
Jhnny couldn't make tea by any means,
But put it in de pot, and boil'd it like green!
Walk along, John, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O!

The Words by Burns.

Allegretto.

There's naught but care on ev'-ry han', In ev'-ry hour that pas-sea, O! What sig-ni-fies the
life o' man, An' twere not for the las-ses, O! Green grow the rashes, O! Green grow the
rashes, O! The sweetest hours that e'er I spent Were spent amang the las-ses, O!
The warly race may riches chase,
An' riches still may fly them, O!
An' thought at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!
Green grow, &c.
Gie me a canny hour at c'en,
My arms about my dearie, O!
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
My a' gang tapsalteirie, O!
Green grow, &c.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest works she classes, O!
Her 'prestice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the las-ses, O!
Green grow, &c.

O! SCOTLAND, MY COUNTRY.

Music by John Davy.

Allegretto.

O! Scotland, my coun-try, since mair shall I view Your
streams all sae clear, and your moun-tains sae blue: All lands I ha-
tra - vell'd to me are the same, But the land of my
birth, and the land of my hame: To E - gypt fare - well, And her
sands a' sae bare, Where fell A - ber - eom - bie, the pride of the
war. O! Scot - land, my coun - try, his loss ye man mourn -
And the lads that gang'd wi' him, nae mair to re - turn.
Oh I mither, dear mither, wi' joy witt thou greet,
When first thy auld een thy poor Sandy shall meet;
And Nannie, dear lassie, thy blushest will rise,
When I press thy soft breast as you sink in
surprise.

Come, lassie, g' on singing, de'e'l tak the wares,
Behold thy sin lad coom'd wi' siller and scars;
Naught has tempted thy sojer his love to resign,
And his love and his siller, dear lassie, are thine!

COME, MY FRIENDS.

A Bacchanalian Song, to the Music of 'The Druids' March' in Norma, by Bellini; the Words by G. Sonne, B.A.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

Come, my friends, let's be merr-y to-night;— Who can say what will chance to -
morrow? Let us feast till light On our mirth is bright: There will be time e -
nough for care; There will be time e - nough for sor - row, When the
sun breaks the va - pour of air. Till it comes, from the night we will
bor - row All her stars, and her moon so fair. Fill them, all, and fill
up to the brim,— In the joys of the wine - cup we'll swim; Here's a
health to our friends—hip! bur - rah! Here's a health to the fair ones— Huz - ra!

May we meet when this day comes again,
Not one of our numbers be missing;
All as free from pain, in our laughing vein,
Light of heart as the bird on bough.

Ere it comes, full many an hour
May have plough'd deep its care on our brow;
Yet again, in our festal bower,
We'll forget and be bless'd as now.
Fill then, all, &c.

O! WHAT A CHARMING FELLOW.

O! what care I for mam or dad! Why, let them scold and
bel - - low; For, while I live, I'll love my lad, He's such a charmin -
fel - low! The last fair day, in you - der green, The youth he dane'd so
well, O! So spruce a lad was ne - ver seen, as my sweet charm-ing fel - low.

The fair was over, night was come,
The lad was somewhat mellow;
Says he, 'My dear, I'll see you home.'
I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright;
Says he, 'My sweetest Nelly,

I'll kiss you here by this good light.'
O! what a charming fellow.
* You rogue,' says I, 'you've stopp'd my breath;
Ye bells, ring out my knell, O!
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

O! 'TIS LOVE.

Adapted by Henry Phillips to the favorite French Air, 'C'est L'Amour.'

O! 'tis Love, 'tis Love, 'tis Love, Of which all feel the smart: High and low can
ne'er fore-go The pow'r of Cu-pid's dart. When Love's first thought by
Miss in teens, She feels, but can't tell how: It pic-tures to her bliss-ful scenes Of
all who kindly bow;—The heart that's made to feel Its sym-pa-the-tic
charms, To o-thers can re-veal A cure for Love's a-larms.
What fills the blooming maid with joy,
When kindly she's caress'd?
Though care may oft her mind annoy,
Still Love 'tis makes her bless'd;
What makes the widow blith and gay—
A thousand fears impart—
Still think with pleasure on that day
When first she lost her heart?
With hope she's still inspired,
While fancy holds to view;
The time her bosom fired,—
That time she'd fair renew.
O! 'tis Love, &c.

The miser he may count his pelf,
And prize his gold in store—
If caught by Love, he feels himself
Still wanting something more;
Alike, old maids advanced in years
Love's power would fain deride;
But oft bemoan their lot in tears,
And wish themselves a bride.—
Thus, Love's an endless bower—
With him there's no decay—
All feel its sov'reign power—
E'er Cupid holds the sway.
O! 'tis Love, &c.

THE FISHER-BOY.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; — O!
mer-ri-ly, O! the Fish-er-boy sings, Right glad that his la-bour's done; O!
mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, O! The nets are spread out to the sun; — O!
mer-ri-ly, O! the Fish-er-boy sings, Right glad that his la-bour's done. Hap-py and

WHEN WILLIAM AT EVE-

By Shield,

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal part is in common time, treble clef, and G major. The piano accompaniment is in common time, bass clef, and G major. The lyrics are: "When William at eve meets me down at the stile, How sweet is the night-in-gale's song! When William at eve meets me down at the stile, How sweet is the night-in-gale's song! Of the day I for-get all the la-bour and toil, While the moon plays you branch-es a-mong, While the moon plays, While the moon plays you branch-es a-mong." The music consists of two staves of five-line notation.

By her beams, without blushing, I bore him com-
plain,
And believ'd ev'ry word of his song ;

You know not how sweet 'tis to love the dear
swain,
While the moon plays you branches among !

THE GALVANIC RING.

By Leman Reda, to the Irish Melody of Moore's 'O! Nothing in Life can sadden us.'—
Published by Davidson.

Lively

Dear heart! how this world is pro-gress-ing! For sci-ence is soar-ing on
won-der-ful wings; But the won-der of won-ders is be-yond all ex - press-ing's The
ma-gi - cal touch of the Gal - va - nic Rings. Talk a - boot Bro-die, and Con-per, and
Lis-ton. Of surgeons' Hv-ge-ian and Me-di - cal Hall,—They're fi-nish'd, and roll'd up; for
this I in - sist on, A Gal - va - nic ge-nius has ruin - d them all.

When Sir James Graham brought in his medical
bill, he
Inflicted on doctors a terrible sting;
But their fears sink to nothing, are futile and
silly,—
Their regular ruin 's the Galvanic Ring.
'Tis fam'd thro' Great Britain, thro' France, and
thro' Flanders,
From London to Leith; and of this be assur'd,
If a maid has the mumps, or a mare has the
glanders,
Ring finger or fetlock, they're easily cur'd.
Dear heart, &c.

Miss Dobb's fell in love with a lanky Lieutenant—
His conduct was really by no means the thing;
But she blushingly owns that on last Sunday
se'night
He made the *assards* by the aid of a ring.
Deputy Dubbins, whose wife ran away from him,
Leaving him not the least trace of her track,
Has made the dame vow she will never more stray
from him—
He put on the ring, and it soon brought her back.
Dear heart, &c.

Both bipeds and quadrupeds, women and weazels,
Conf as the great charm of this wonderful
thing;
E'en pigs may be cur'd that are 'down with the
measles,'
If you put thro' their noses the Galvanic Ring.
Gout, palsy, pleurisy, all other ill pains,
It cures on the instant, and banishes woes;
My own little darlings were cur'd of the chil-blains,
Simply by putting some rings on their toes.
Dear heart, &c.

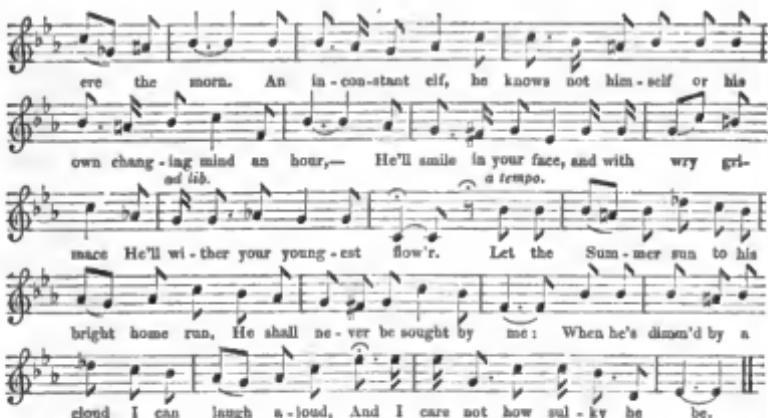
The peer and the peasant, the churchman, the
layman,
From powerful Peel to the famous Tom Spring;
Batty's troop, from his tragical dame to his
gay-ma'am,
Alike are desirous to bold up the ring.
Come, ladies, who're lonely in widow weeds moping,
Signling all night in a husbandless bed;
Come maidens who're blushing, and sighing, and
hoping,
Buy but a ring, you may speedily wed.
Dear heart, &c.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published
in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Grainando con Animæ.

care not for Spring! On his sic - kis wing Let the blos-soms and buds be
borne: He woos them a - main with his treach-er - ous rain, And he scat-ters them



A mild harvest night, by the tranquil light
Of the modest and gentle moon,
Has a far sweeter sheen for me, I ween,
Than the broad and unblushing moon.
But every leaf awakens my grief,
As it lieth beneath the tree :

So let autumn air be never so fair,
It by no means agrees with me.

Let the summer sun, &c.

But my song I troll out, far Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold :
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas ev'n.

We'll usher him in with a merry din,
That shall gladden his joyous heart,
And we'll keep him up, while there's bit or sup,
And in fellowship good we'll part.

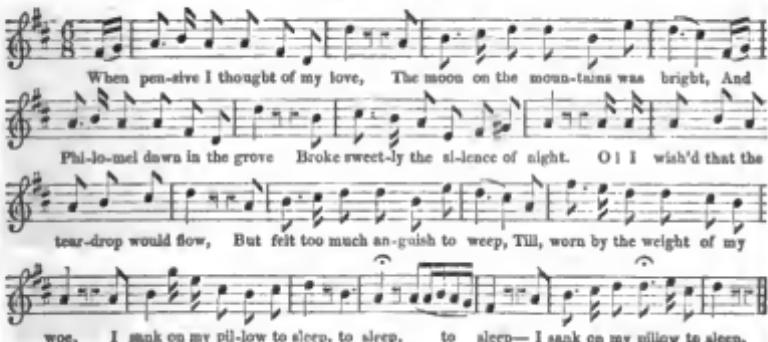
Let the summer sun, &c.

In his fine honest pride, he scorns to hide
One jot of his hard-winter scars :
They're no disgrace, for there's much the same traces
On the cheeks of our bravest lads.
Then again I sing, till the roof doth ring,
And it echoes from wall to wall —
To the stout old wight, fair welcome to-night,
As the king of the seasons all !

Let the summer sun, &c.

WHEN PENSIVE I THOUGHT ON MY LOVE.

By Michael Kelly.



Methought that my love, as I lay,
His ringlets all clotted with gore,
In the paleness of death seem'd to say —
"Alas ! we must never meet more !

Yes, yes, my belov'd, we must part,
The steel of my rival prov'd true,
The assassin has struck on that heart
Which beats with such fervour for you !"

BONNY BET, SWEET BLOSSOM.

Composed by Shielid.

No more I'll court the town-bred fair, Whn shines in ar - ti - ficial beau-ty; For
na-tive charms with - out can-pare Claim all my love, res - pect, and du - ty.
O! my bon-ny, bon-ny Bet, sweet blossom, O! my bon-ny, bon-ny Bet, sweet blossom.
Were I a king, so proud to wear thee, From off the ver - dant lawn I'd
bear thee, To grace thy faith - ful lov'er's bo-som! O! my bonny, bonny Bet.
Yet, ask me where those beauties lie,
I cannot say in smile or dimple,
In blooming cheek or radiant eye,—
"Tis happy nature, wild and simple.
O! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.
Let dainty beaux for ladies pine,
And sigh in numbers trite and common:—
Ye gods! nae darling wish be mine,
And all I ask is lovely woman!
O! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.
Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,
Like thy bright eye, with pleasure dancing;
My heaven art thou—so take my soul,
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing!
O! my bonny, bonny Bet, &c.

THE WASHING-DAY.

To the Air, 'There's nae Luck about the House.'

The sky with clouds was o - ver-cast, The rain be - gan to fall;
My wife she whipp'd the chil - dren, Who rais'd a pret - ty squall; She
baule me, with a frown - ing look, To get out of the way; O! the
deuce a bit of com - fort's here, Up - on a wash - ing - day! For 'tis
thump, thump, scrub, scrub, scold, scold, a - way! O! the
deuce a bit of com - fort's here, Up - on a wash - ing - day.

My Kate she is a bonny wife,
There's none so free from evil,
Except upon a washing-day,
And then she is the devil!
The very kittens on the hearth,
They dare not even play;
Away they jump, with many a thump,
Upon the washing-day.
For 'tis thump, thump, &c.

I met a friend, who asked me,—
"How long's poor Kate been dead?"
Lamenting the good creature gone,
And sorry I was wed.
To such a scolding vixen, while
He had been far away;
The truth it was he chanc'd to come
Upon a washing-day.
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

I ask'd him, then, to stay and dine:
"Come, come," quoth I, "oddsbuds!
I'll no denial take,—you must,
Though Kate be in the suds!"
But what we had to dine upon,
In truth I cannot say;

But I think he'll never come again
Upon a washing-day!
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

On that sad morning, when I rise,
I put a fervent prayer
To all the gods, that it may be
Throughout the day quite fair!
That not a cap or handkerchief
May in the ditch be laid;
For should it happen so, egad,
I get a broken head!
When 'tis scrub, scrub, &c.

Old Homer sang a royal wash,
Down by a crystal river,
For dabbling in the palace-halls
The king permitted never;
On high Olympus, beauty's queen
Such troubles well may scout,
While Jove and Juno, with their train,
Put all their washing out.
Ah! happy gods! they fear no sound
Of thump and scold away;
But smile to view the perils of
A mortal washing-day!

SONG OF THE MARINERS.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Editions of his Compositions.

Choose ye who will earth's dazzling bow'rs, But the great and glorious sea be ours; Give
us, give us the dolphin's home, With the speed-ing keel and splashing foam! Right
mer-ry are we as the sound bark springs On her lone-ly track, like a crea-ture of
wings, O! the ma-ri-n'er's life is blithe and gay! The
wind is fair, and the ship's on her way, We are the free, the free!
We are the free! We are the free, the free! We are the free!

We love the perilous sea because
It will not bend to man or his laws;
It ever hath roll'd, the uncontroll'd;
It cannot be warp'd to fashion or mould.
We are not so apt to forget our God,
As those who dwell on the dry safe sod;
And the chafing tide, as it rolls and swells,
Hath a deeper sound than the old church bells—
We are the free! &c.

'Tis here we may sink 'mid the deluge and blast,
But we cope with the strong, and are quell'd by the
vast;
And a noble wreath is the founder'd wreck,
Tho' no incense may burn, and no flow'r may deck.
We need no stately fun'rel-car,
But, tangled with weeds and lash'd to a spar,
Down, down below we mariners go,
While thunders volley and hurricanes blow—
We are the free! &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

W A L Y, W A L Y.

Ancient Scotch Song.

Andantino Piatino.

O I waly, waly up the bank, And waly down the brae, And waly by you
burn - a-side, Where I and my love wont to gae I lean'd my back un-to an alik, I thought it was a
true - ty tree; But first it bow'd, and syne it brake, And sae did my true love to me.
O I waly, waly I love is bonnie,
A little time, while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
O I wherefore should I buse my head?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair?
For my true love has me farsook,
And says he'll never love me mair.

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be warm'd by me;
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
O! Mart'ns wind, when wilt thou blow,
And shake the green leaves off the tree?
O! gentle Death, when wilt thou come,
And tak that life that wearis me?

LET US HASTE 'TO KELVIN GROVE.

Let us haste to Kel-vin grove, bonny lassie, O! Through its ma-zes let us
rove, bonny lassie, O! Where the rose In all its pride paints the hol-low din-gle side, Where the
mid-night fa-ries glide, bonny lassie, O! We will wan-der by the mill, bonny
lassie, O! To the cot be-side the rill, bonny lassie, O! Where the
glens re-bound the call of the lof-ty wa-ter-fall, Thro' the moun-tain's rock-y
hall, bonny lassie, O! Thro' the moun-tain's rock-y hall, bonny lassie, O!

Then we'll up to yonder glade, bonny lassie, O!
Where so oft beneath the shade, bonny lassie, O!
With the songsters in the grove,
We have told our tale of love,
And have sportive garlands wove, bonny lassie, O!
O I soon must bid adieu, bonny lassie, O!
To this fairy scene and you, bonny lassie, O!
In the streamlet winding clear,
To the fragrant scented bier,
E'en to thee, of all most dear, bonny lassie, O!

For the frowns of fortune hour, bonny lassie, O!
On thy lover at this hour, bonny lassie, O!
Ere the golden orb of day
Wake the warblers on the spray,
From this land I must away, bonny lassie, O!
And when on a distant shore, bonny lassie, O!
Should I fall 'midst battle's roar, bonny lassie, O!
Wilt thou, Julia, when you hear,
Of thy lover on his bier,
To his mem'ry drop a tear, bonny lassie, O!

O! NO, MY LOVE, NO

Words by G. M. Lewis; Music by M. Kelly.—Published by Davidson.

Expression.

While I hang on your bo-som dis-tract-ed to leave you, High swells my sad
heart, and fast my tears flow; Yet think not of cold-ness they fall to ac-
cuse you—Did I ev-er up-braid you? O! no, my love, no! I own it would
please me at home could you tar-ry, Nor e'er feel a wish from Ma-ri-a to
go: But if it gives plea-sure to you, my dear Har-ry, Shall I blame your de-
par-ture? O! no, my love, no! Shall I blame your de-par-ture? O! no, my love, no!

Nor ever, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,
That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying;
Do you think I suspect you? O! no, my love, no!

I believe you too kind for one moment to grieve me,
Or to plant in a heart that adores you, such woe;
Yet should you dishonour my truth and deceive me—
Should I e'er cease to love you? O! no, my love, no!

GENTLE YOUTH, AH! TELL ME WHY?

By Dr. Arne.

Moderato.

Gen-tle youth, ah! tell me why Still you force me thus to fly? Cease, O! cease to
per-so-vero— Speak not what I must not hear; Speak not what I
must not hear. To my heart its ease re-store; Go! and ne-ver
see me more! To my heart its ease re-store; Go! and ne-ver
see me more! Go! and ne-ver see me more!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THE MAY-QUEEN,—PART I.

The Poetry by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.; the Music by W. Dempster.—Published by permission by Davidson.

Allegretto con Firence.

You must wake and call me ear-ly, call me ear-ly, Mo-ther dear : To-mor-row'll be the
 hap-piest time of all the glad New - Year, Of all the glad New - Year, Mo-ther, the
 mad-dest, mer-riest day ; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mo-ther,—I'm to be Queen o' the May !
 There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine ;
 There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline : But none so fair as Little Alice in all the land, they say :
 So I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to be Queen o' the May.
 I sleep so sound all night, Mother, that I shall never wake, [Break : If you do not call me loud when the day begins to But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay : For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to be Queen o' the May.
 Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green, [the Queen ; And you'll be there too, Mother, to see me made

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, Mo-ther dear, — [New Year ; To-morrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad To-mor-row'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, Mother,—I'm to be Queen o' the May

THE MAY-QUEEN,—PART II.

The Poetry by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.; the Music by W. Dempster.—Published by permission by Davidson.

Andante.

If you're wak-ing, call me ear-ly, call me ear-ly, Mo-ther dear, For I would see the sun rise up - on the glad New - Year — It is the last New - Year - that e-ver I shall see ; Then you may lay me low in the mould, and think no more of me. To-night I saw the sun set : he set and left behind I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out the good Old Year, the dear old time, and all my on high : peace of mind ; I long to see a flower so before the day I die ! And the New Year's coming up, Mother,—but I When the flowers come again, Mother, beneath shall never see [tree. You'll never see me more in the long gray fields The blossom on the black-thorn, the leaf upon the at night : Last May we made a crown of flow'rs ; we had a cool, merry day : When from the dry dark wold the summer airs go Beneath the hawthorn on the green, they made On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the me Queen of May ; bulrush in the pool. And we danc'd about the may-pole, and in the hazel copse, Good night, sweet Mother : call me before the day Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white is born.— chimasy-tops. All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn : There's not a flow'r on all the hills ; the frost is But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-on the pane : Year.— I only wish to live till the snow-drops come again : So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, Mother dear.

WHY CHIME THE BELLS SO MERRILY?

Poetry by J. P. Phillips; Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

Why chime the bells so mer - ri - ly? Why seem ye all so gay? Is
it be-cause the New-year's come, and the old has pass'd a-way? O! can ye look up
on the past and feel an sor-row now, That thus ye sing so joy - ous - ly, and
smiles light ev' - ry brow? O! if ye can be hilthe and gay, the song troll gal - ly
on, And the hur - den be, the New-year's come, and the Old - year's gone; and the
bur - den be, the New - year's coms, and the Old - year's gone.

The old man gazes on the mirth,
He smiles not like the rest;
He sits in silence by the hearth,
And seems with grief oppress'd.
He sees not in the merry throng
The child who was his pride;
He listens for her joyous song—
She is not by his side!
But scarce a twelvemonth she was there,
And now he is alone;
Yet still ye sing, the New-year's come,
And the Old-year's gone.

Dance on, dance na! be hilthe and gay,
Nor pause to think the while,
That, ere this year has pass'd away
Ye, too, may cease to smile:
For Time, in his resistless flight,
Brings changes sad and drear,
The many hopes of youth to blight
With ev'ry coming year;—
But still be happy while ye may,
And let the dance go on;
Still, gayly sing, the New-year's come,
And the Old-year's gone.

FAR, FAR FROM ME.

Composed by M. P. King.

Andante.

Far, far from me my lov - er flies, A faith - less lov - er he; In
vain my tears, in vain my sighs, No long - er trus to me. He
seeks, he seeks an - a - ther. He seeks, he seeks an - o - ther. Nu inn - ger, inn - ger
true to me, He seeks, he seeks an - a - ther, He seeks, he seeks an - a - ther.
Lie still, my heart; an longer grieve;
Nn pangs to him betray:

Who taught you those sad sighs to heave,
Then laughing went away,
To seek another.

WHERE'S THE HEART SO COLD?

The Words by Miss M. L. Rode, to an Irish Melody, Moore's 'All that's Bright must fade.'

Where's the heart so cold, Thy harp could not a - waken ! Hear thy sto - ry told, Nor
 feel its pul - ses sha - ken ! When a - mid the strings, Thy ma - gic fin - gers stray - ing, If
 that thou hadst but wings, We'd think an an - gel play - ing ! When we hear thy tale Of
 woe and vir - tue giv - en, We feel thou can't not fail To yet be one in Hea - ven.
 Then let sighs less deep, Mean'ry vainly tries All thy many woes
 O'er thy lip come stealing ; To speak to thee of error, — To thee were only given,
 Be the tear you weep Hope beyond the skies To prove how purely glows
 Fraught with balmier healing ! Huahes every terror. The flame that mounts to Heaven.

FORGIVE THE MUSE THAT SLUMBER'D.

Irish Melody; Poetry by Leman Rode to Moore's Air 'I'd Mourn the Hopes,' &c.

Allegretto.

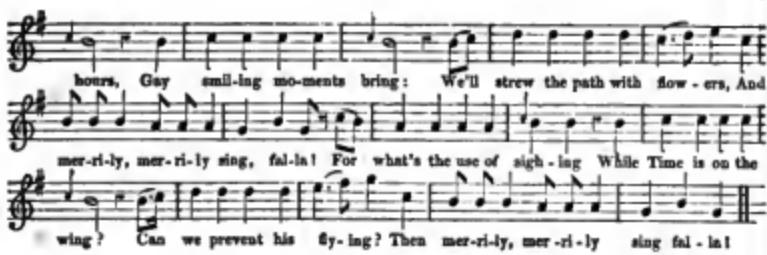
For - give the muse that slum - ber'd Up - on thy dear, thy na - tal day, Nor
 think that 'tis un-num - ber'd A - mong the first that claim her lay ; And
 though she wants the fra - grance Of glow - ing fan - cy's beam di - vine, Af -
 fection's flow'rs of fra - grance A - round her bum - ble harp en - twine.
 Those flowers have been shaded Tho' sorrow's tears oft drew them,
 By cypress - boughs from sunny skies ; Bright joy shall shake them off to-day,
 Yet still they bloom unfaded, As thou, if thou couldst view them,
 Tho' adverse winds around them rise. With smiles would kiss them all away.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

Composed by Mozart.

Moderato

A - way with me - lan - cho - ly, Nor dole - ful changes ring On
 life and human fel - ly, But mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly sing, fal la! Come on, ye ro - sy



HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

Written and Composed by Richard Brinsford Sheridan.—Published as Song and Chorus by Davidson.
With Spirit.

Here's to the maiden of bash-ful fif - teen! Here's to the wi-dow of fif - ty!
Here's to the faun-tling ex - tra-vagant quean! And here's to the house-wife that's thrif - ty!

Let the toast pass; drink to the lass; I war-rant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.
Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize!
Now to the maid who has none, sir!
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!
Let the toast, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow!
Now to her that's as brown as a berry!

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe!
And here's to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast, &c.

Let 'em be clumsy or let 'em be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
Fill up your glasses,—huz, fill to the brim,
And let us s'en toast them together!

Let the toast, &c.

COME, LOVE, TO ME

Serenade, Published by Davidson.

Come, love, to me: the ves-per star Shines bright and clear a - bove: I've
wan-der'd, sweet, iv's wan-der'd far, To sing my faith - ful love. That
star, tho' bright, shines but at night, And fades at morn - ing's ray: Not so my
love,— 'twill con-stant prove, Shines aye, nor fade a - way.

The moon-queen gently sports her ray
Upon thy scented bower;
The sephrys kiss, in sportive play,
Thy perfume-breathing flower.

Another hour thy fav'rite flow'r
Will droop and die, alas!
My love, for thee, aye fresh shall be,
Nor like a flow'r pass. Come, love, &c.

I AM A YOUNG MAN THAT'S MOST HIGHLY RESPECTABLE.

Words by Lemian Rede, Esq., to the Air of 'The Irish Washerwoman.'

I am a young man that's most high - ly re - spec - ta - ble; My na - ture's gen -
teel, and my feel-lags sus-cep - ti - ble: I want a fa - ther, a mo - ther, an aunt,—In
Fine.

short, I can't tell what re - la - tions I want. I want an un - cle, with plen - ty of
tip-pe - ry; I want a tai - lor to find me in frip - pe - ry; I want parks and
Da capo al Fine.

mannans, want vil - lae and groonds, Want ra - eers and han - ters, want fox - es and hounds.
I want a tandem to splash to the races now;
I want a roadster that's good in his paces now;
I want smart footmen, a tiger—but, bounds! I
scarcely can keep all my wants within bounds.
I want a wife, with a villa to bring her to;
I want a valet that's down to a thing or two;
I want to be shown to each swellidess haunt;—
In short, I can't tell you one-half that I want.
I am a young man, &c.

I want education, but that's nothing new, you know;
An office of profit, and nothing to do, you know;
I want moustachios adorning my face,
A title, a fortune, and parliament place;
I want admiration, and frolic, and blisses, too,
Soft sighs, soft tears, soft glances, and kisses, too;—
I want all these things, and you may depend on't,
I really can't tell you one-half that I want.

I am a young man, &c.

O! IT WASN'T FOR ME THAT I HEARD THE BELLS RINGING.

Composed by Whitaker.

Allegretto.

I went to the fair with a heart all so mer - ry, Sing hey down, ho down,
der - ry down dee; And I bought a gay rib - bon as red as a cher - ry, For the
girl I lov'd best, and who vow'd to love me. I re - turn'd from the fair, ga - ly
whistling and sing - ing. My true lovers' knot I in tri - umph was bringing; O! it was n't for
me that I heard the bells ring - ing; Sing, hey down, ho down, der - ry down dee. O! it
wasn't for me that I heard the bells ring - ing; Sing hey down, ho down, der - ry down dee.
I found she was false, tho' she promised me fairly, My true lovers' knot I away am now flinging;
Sing hey down, ho down, derry down dee; I've done with the sex—will live single and singing,
But women, I trow, are like weathercocks, rarely
Ne're fix'd to one point, so coquettish they be.

O! it wasn't for me, &c.

BREATHE NOT AGAIN THAT DREADFUL WORD.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Irish Melody, Moore's 'Whene'er I see those smiling eyes.'

Affetuoso.

Breathe not a - gain that dread - ful word, That from your lip so
late - ly fell, Which then my ear with hor - ror heard.— It
woke like dy-ing pas - sion's knell! Chas' not the dear de - lu - sive dream, Which
now has dull'd my heart so long; Let not thy harp for -
sake the theme in which it breath'd the sool of song.

Still smile, my love, as when the dream
Of passion woke that sunny ray,
Which melted, like the western beam,
When daylight fades in dew away.
Let my adoring eyes perceive
The smile you gave, when love was young;
Still let thy playful fancy weave
The tale on which, entranc'd, I've hung.

Tell me you love, and let me see
The truth in thy dissolving glance:
Turn, turn that languid eye to me,
And let its light my soul entrance!—
But if that bles' you now refuse,
Ad love no more can wake those charms,
O! take me, then, and let me lose
Existence in thy faithless arms.

WHY DOES EMMELINE WANDER?

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by M. W. Balfe.—Published by Davidson.

Andante.

Why does Em - me - line wan - der, so lone and so pale, While night
winds are blow-ing through the fo-rest and vale? While the moon's light is cloud-ed,
slum-ber so cold the streams; Earth in dark-ness, too, shrouded; no star kind-ly
gleams. While the moon's light is cloud-ed, slum-ber so cold the streams;
Earth in dark - ness, too, cloud - ed; no star kind - ly gleams.

*Tis her babe now is sleeping
'Neath the yew-tree's dull shade.
Death soon dropp'd her flower-
Ah! it bloom'd hot to fade.

Day will brush off the dew-drops
From the blue vi'llet's eye;
But no morn-ing will ever
A mother's tears dry!

WHAT SHALL I DO?

By H. Purcell.

Andante.

What shall I do to show how much I love her: How many millions of
sighs can suf - fice? That which wins o - thers' hearts ne - ver can
move her; Those com-mon me-thods of love she'll des - pise. I will love
more than man e'er lov'd be - fore me, Gaze on her all the day, Dream
of her all the night, Till, for her own sake, at last she'll im -
plore me To love - her less, - To pre - servs - our de - light

LOVE AMONG THE ROSES.

By J. C. Doyle.

Young Love flew to the Pa-phian bow'r, And ga - ther'd sweets from
ma - ny a bow'r; From ro-ses and sweet jen - sa-mine, The li - ly, and the
eg - lan - tine. The Gra - ces there were cull - ing po - ses, The Gra - ces
there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a - mong the ro-ses, Young
Love a - mong the ro - ses, Love a - mong the ro - ses; The
Gra - ces there were cull-ing po-ses, And found young Love a - mong the ro-ses.
O! happy day, O! joyous hour!
Compose a wreath of every flow'r;
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever,
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.

Eternal spring the wreath composes,
Content is Love among the roses!
Young Love among the roses, &c.

WE TARS HAVE A MAXIM.

Allegretto.

We Tars have a max-im, your ho-nours, d'ye see, To live in the same way we
 fight: We ne-ver give in, and, when run-ning a lee, We pipe hands the ves-sel to
 right, We pipe hands the ves-sel to right. It may do for a lub-ber to
 sui - vel and that, If by chance on a shoal he be cast; But a Tar a-mong
 break-ers, or thrown on a flat, But a Tar a-mong break-ers, or thrown on a flat, Pulls a-
 way, tug and tug, to the last; With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
 fol de rol lol de rol la. With a yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
 yeo, hip, yeo, yeo, hip, Fol lol de rol lol de rol le.

This life, as we're told, is a kind of a cruise,
 In which storms and calms take their turn :
 If it storm, why we bustle, if calm then we boose,
 All taunt from the stem to the stern ;

Our Captain, who in our own ilago would speak,
 Would say, to the cable stick fast,
 And, whether the anchor be cast or a-peak,
 Pull away, tug and tug, to the last.

With a yeo, yeo, yeo, &c.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

Music by a Lady.

Audette.

On the banks of Al - lan wa-ter, When the sweet spring time did fall, Was the
 mill-er's love-ly daugh-ter, Fair-est of them all. For his bride a sol-dier sought her, And a
 wia-ning tongue had he ; On the banks of Al - lan water, None so gay as she !
 On the banks of Allan water
 When brown autumn spread its store,
 There I saw the miller's daughter,
 But she smil'd no more :
 For the summer grief had brought her,
 And her soldier false was he, —
 On the banks of Allan water
 None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan water
 When the winter snow fell fast,
 Still was seen the miller's daughter ;
 Chilling blew the blast,
 But the miller's lovely daughter
 Both from cold and care was free ; —
 On the banks of Allan water
 There a corse lay she.

THE SOLDIER AND HIS BRIDE.

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's cheap and uniform Edition of his Compositions.
Moderato.

She heard the fight was over, And won the wreath of fame, When
 tidings from her lover With his good war steed came: To guard her safe-ly
 to his tent, The red-men of the woods were sent; They led her where sweet wa-ters gush,
 Un-der the pine-tree bough! The to-ma-hawk is rais'd to crush—'Tis bu-ried in her
 brow— She sleeps, she sleeps, be -neath that pine-tree now!
 Her broken-hearted lover
 In hopeless conflict died;
 The forest leaves now cover
 That soldier and his bride.
 The frown of the Great Spirit fell
 Upon the Red Men, like a spell;

MINSTREL, STRIKE THE HARP.

The Music to the 'Da Coust,' in Bellini's Opera of Norma, by G. Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

Min-strel, strike the harp that alu - bers; Let it gush in sweet-est muu -
 bers, Gently as the stream-let flow-ing, When the winds of spring are blow-ing. Sing to
 me no theans of glo - ry, Nor the wild Bac - chan - te's sto - ry, Nor the
 sex-man for his plea-sure, Brav - ing Death be - low, a - bove;— Tune for
 me a gold - en mea-sure, All in praise of love, young love,— Tune for
 me a gold - en mea-sure, All in praise of love, young love.
 Minstrel, while your gentle finger
 On the gold wire seems to linger,
 Dreams of other days come o'er me,
 Like a volume spread before me,
 Where I read the thoughts I cherish,
 Joys that only came to perish;

Yet go on, go on, I pray thee;—
 Though I flutter like a dove,
 In her lonely prison pining,
 Sing me still of love, young love!
 In her lonely prison pining,
 Sing me still of love, young love!

TELL HER I'LL LOVE HER.

Composed by Shield.

Moderato.

Tell her I'll love her while the clouds drop rain, Or while there's
wa-ter in the path-less main! Tell her I'll love her till this life is
o'er, And then my ghost shall vi - sit this sweet shore! Tell her I'll love her till this
life is o'er, And then my ghost shall vi - sit, shall vi - sit this sweet shore!

Tell her, I only ask she'll think of me,—
I'll love her while there's salt within the sea!

Tell her all this, tell it o'er and o'er,—
The anchor weighs, or I would tell her more.

WILL NOBODY MARRY ME?

The Words by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Vivace.

Heigh-o! for a husband! Heigh - o! There's dan-ger in lon-ger de - lay! Shall I
ne - ver a - gain have a beau? Will no - bo - dy mar - ry me, pray? I be-
gin to feel strange, I de - clare— With beau - ty my pros-pcts will fade; I'd
give my-self up to de - spair, If I thought I should die an old maid! Heigh-
ol for a hus - band, heigh - ol Will no - bo - dy mar - ry me, say? Will
ad lib.
no - bo - dy, no - bo - dy? no! Will no - bo - dy, no - bo - dy? no!

These men are the plague of my life!
'Tis hard from so many to choose:
Should any one wish for a wife,
Could I have the heart to refuse?
I don't know, for none have propos'd:—
O! dear me! I'm frighten'd, I vow—
Good gracious! who ever suppos'd
That I should be single till now!
Heigho! &c.

I once cut the beans in a huff;
I thought it a sin and a shame,
That nae man had spirit enough
To ask me to alter my name.
So I turn'd up my nose at the short,
And roll'd up my eyes at the tall;
But, then, I just did it in sport
And now I've no lover at all!
Heigho! &c.

DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY.

Composed by W. T. Parke.

What can I do? what can I say? I'm tear'd to death sin - cere - ly,
 And by a man too, night and day, Who's sure - ly mad or near - ly, Who's
 sure - ly mad or near-ly. Yet, thus I cry, and oft have said,— How can you
 plague and wor - rv' Yet thus I cry, and oft have said,— How can you plague and
 wor-ry; 'Tis time e - nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry; 'Tis
 time e-nough as yet to wed, Don't be in such a hur - ry.
 But all I say, or all I do,
 Avails, I own, but rarely;
 He's tearing, tearing me, 'tis true,
 And that both late and early.
 O! yes, and though I often cry,
 It is in vain to worry;
 I'll not be serv'd so,—no, not I—
 Don't be in such a hurry.

And yet the truth, since 'tmust be so.
 It is in vain to smother;
 So, when last night he said he'd go,
 And vow'd he'd wed another,—
 Surprise'd, alarm'd, I know not how,
 While quite o'ercome with fury,
 I cried—'I'm yours—will you leave me now?
 O! you're not in such a hurry!'

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER'S WIND.

Poetry by Shakespeare; Music by Dr. Arne.

Audazine.

Blow, blow, thou win-ter's wind, Thou art not so un - kind, thou art not so un -
 kind as man's in - gra - ti - tude. Thy tooth is not so keen, - be - cause thou
 art not seen; thy tooth is not so keen, because thou art not seen, Al -
 though thy breath be rude, although thy breath be
 rude, al - though thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,—
 Then dost not bite so nigh,
 As benefits forgot.

Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friends rememb'r'd not.

BY RHINE'S BLUE WATERS.

The Words by G. Soane, A.B.; the Music from *Fra Diavolo*, by Anber, to the Air 'On yonder Rock reclining.'—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

By Rhine's blue wa-ters sleep-ing, Up - on the bank the min - strel lay; The
 billows, rip - pling, creep-ing, A - bout his slum-bers play. A* voice from out the
 wa-ters sings sweet-ly on his sleep - ing ear, 'Come to me, my min-strel dear, Be -
 neath the wa-ters clear;— love - ly our grots and beau-ti-ful to see, The floors all bright with
 pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me. Love - ly our grots, and beau - ti -
 ful to see, The floors all bright, with pearls so white; Come then, love, come then, love, come to me.
 Come to me, Come to me, Come to me,

The boy from sleep awaking,
 Gaz'd long and fondly on the stream;
 Strange longings then came o'er him,
 The echoes of his dream:
 And where the sun was falling
 Upon the waters deep and blue,
 Grots and meadows met his view,
 And flowers of ev'ry hue;
 Wildly then throb'd his breast with hope and fear,
 Still seems him near that voice so clear:
 'Come, my love, come to me.'

Then deeper heav'd his bosom,
 As if beneath the waters fair
 A paradise were lying,
 And beauty call'd him there.
 The perfume of those flowers,
 Upon the aching sense they cause,
 And still the voice rung on the same:
 'O ! come, my love, to me !'
 Madly he plung'd where deep the waters be,
 And wildly cried, 'My bride ! my bride !
 Yes, I come, love, to thee !'

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Cansonnet by Haydn—Words by Shakspere.

Largo assai con Expressione.

She ne - ver told her love, she ne - ver told her love! But let con -
 ceal - ment, like a worm i' th' bud, feed on her da - mask
 cheek. She sat, like Pa - tience on a mon - u - ment, smil - ing
 mi - er at grief! Smil - ing, smil - ing at grief!

O! SAY NOT WOMAN'S HEART IS BOUGHT.

O! say not wo-man's heart is bought With vain and emp-ty treasure! O! say not wo-man's
 heart is caught By ev'-ry i - die plea-sure! When first her gen-ble bo-som knows Love's
 flame, it wan-ders never; Deep in her heart the pas-sion glows, Deep in her heart the
 pas-sion glows; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; She
 loves and loves for ev-er; She loves, and loves for ev-er; Deep
 in her heart the pas-sion glows, She loves and loves for ev-er.
 O! say not woman's false as fair—
 That like the bee she ranges,
 Still seeking flow'rs more sweet and rare,
 As fickle fancy changes;—

Ah, no! the love that first can warm,
 Will leave her bosom never;
 No second passion e'er can charm—
 She loves, and loves for ever.

THE WANDERER.

By Thomas Dibdin.

Animato.

Come, lads, here's good luck to the pur-ser, As long as he finds us in
 grog, And tho' growlers say times can't be wor-ser, We'll keep up hi-la-ri-ty's log.
 Tho' a rolling stone, cy-nics may tell us, Is fam'd for not ga-ther-ing moss; its
 ab-sence to wan-der-ing fel-lows Like us can be scarce deem'd a loss, While thro'
 each change of scene, 'tis our no-tion, For air, health, and plea-sure to roam; And we
 oft drink in Port on the o-cean, 'The Wan-der-er al-ways at Home.'

The shims o'er the surge like a fairy,
With wonder while land-tubbers gaze,—
No lady so lightsome and airy,
Is smarter than she is in stays.
So ship-shape she graces the water,
Each tar she's the love, pride, and joy;
And love, too, has boarded her quarter,
For she's sometimes attach'd to a buoy.
Thro' each change, &c.

You may talk of the breeze and the battle,
For neither has she any fears;
Were great guns to blow, or shot rattle,
She'd meet them with so many cheers.
'Tis alike whether beating or running,
There is none can this craft overtake;
They may try all their steering andunning,
But they'll soon be asleep in her wake.
Thro' each change, &c.

She's placid and calm in fair weather,
Or when storms seem her hell to o'erwhelm;
She rides o'er the waves like a feather,
And cheerfully answers her helm.
With idleness ever untainted,
A housewife from taffrail to bows,

With the Needles she's not unacquainted;
And no dairy-maid knows more of cows.
Thro' each change, &c.

When once she down channel was thrashing,
A French frigate design'd her a treat,
But at beating quite failed, though so dashing,
Then tried running, and there too got beat.
Than the Crapaud's craft none was completer,
While sail after sail up he crowds,
But the little brig, laughing, dead beat her,
For she was alive in her shrouds.

Thro' each change, &c.

Then fill, fill again, and again, boys;
The Wanderer claims your regards,—
Her skipper, her officers, men, boys,
Hull, rigging, masts, canvas, and yards.
On her helmsman and hands safe relying,
Mischance may she ever avoid,—
May she ever come off 'colours flying,'
And always by fortune be buoyed:
And, while through new scenes 'tis our notion
For air, health, and pleasure to roam,
We'll oft drink in port on the ocean—
"The Wanderer always at home!"

THE PLOUGH-BOY.

A flax-en head-ed cow-boy, as sim-pie as may be, And
next a mer-ry plough-boy, I whis-tled o'er the lea; But now a sun-ny
foot-man, I strut in wor-sted lace, And soon I'll be a but-ler, And
wag my jolly face: When stew-ard I'm pro-mo-ted, I'll saip a tradesman's
bill, My mas-ter's cof-fers emp-ty, my poc-kets for to fill. When
roll-ing in my char-iot, So great a man I'll be, So great a man, so great a man, so
great a man I'll be, You'll for-get the lit-tle plough-boy that whis-tled o'er the
lea, You'll for-get the lit-tle plough-boy that whis-tled o'er the lea.

I'll buy votes at elections, and when I've made the
peif, [myself;
I'll stand poll for the parliament, and then vote in
Whatever's good for me, sir, I never will oppose—
When all my ayes are sold off, why then I'll sell
my noes.

I'll joke, harangue, and paragraph—with speeches
charm the ear; [a peer;
And when I'm tired on my legs, then I'll sit down
In court or city honour, so great a man I'll be,
You'll forget the lit-tle plough-boy that whistled
o'er the lea.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Sacred Song, the Poetry by Mrs. Willard; the Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.
Slow, and with expression.

Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep; Se-
 cure I rest up-on the wave,— Far thou, O Lord, hast pow-er to save; I
 know thou wilt not alight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall; And
 calm and peace-ful shall I sleep,— Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep; And
 calm and peace-ful shall I sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.
 And such the trust that still were mine,
 Though stormy winds sweep o'er the brine;
 Or though the tempest's fiery breath
 Rou'sd me from slumber to wreck and death.

In ocean-cave still safe with thee,
 The germ of immortality,
 And calm and peaceful, will I sleep,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS.

Composed by Percy, with an Additional Verse by James Powell, Esq.

Audiente.

Your Mol-ly has ne-ver been false she de-clares, Since last time we parted at
 Wap-ping old stairs, When I swore that I still would con-tin-ue the same, And
 gave you the bac-co - box mark'd with my name, And gave you the bac-co - box
 mark'd with my name: When I pass'd a whole fort-night be-tween decks with you, Did I
 e'er give a kiss, Then, to one of your crew? To be use-ful and kind with my
 Tho-mas I stay'd, For his trou-sers I wash'd, and his grog too I made.

Though you promis'd last Sunday to walk in the mall
 With Susan from Deptford, and likewise with Sal,
 In silence I stood your unkindness to hear,
 And only upbraided my Tom with a tear. [prud'?]
 Why should Sal or should Susan than me be more
 For the heart that is true, Tom, should ne'er be despi'd?
 Then be constant and kind, nor your Mol-ly forsake;
 Still your trousers I'll wash, and your grog, too, I'll
 make.

⁴ Dear Molly! cried Tom, as she heav'd a deep sigh,
 And the crystalline tear stood afloat in each eye,
 'I prithee, my love, my unkindness forgive,
 And I ne'er more will slight thee, as long na live:
 Neither Susan nor Sal shall again grieve my dear.
 No more from thine eye will thy Tom force a tear:
 Then be ebrious and gay, nor thy Thomas forsake,
 But his trousers still wash, and his grog too I'll
 make.'

THE DEEP BLUE WAVE.

Words by F. S. Wallis, Esq.—Music by Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

The deep blue wave is roll-ing past, As on the beach I stand; The lit-tle bark
yields to the blast, And strains to reach the land; A sig-nal flag now mounts on high,
Boom goes the warn-ing gun; And man - ny an eye and anx-i-ous sigh Now press in forward
run, And ma - ny an eye and anx - ious sigh Now press in for-ward run.
The bark rides boldiy o'er each wave,
That sports in frolic fun;
Before her prow is seen to have
The light of setting sun.

The deep blue wave has roll'd its last,
As on the beach I stand;
The little bark needs not the blast,
For now she's gain'd the land.

THE LILY.

Poetry by J. W. Leslie, Esq.; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato

There is a sweet pale flow-er, That off un-bred-ed blows, And round its na-tive
so-li-tude Its balmy perfume throws. It blooms not in the garden, Nor decks the gay par-
terre; It owns no cul - ti - va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair; It
owns no cul - ti - va-tion, But 'tis fra-grant as it's fair. No gaudy tints a-dorn it, Nor
paint-ed beau-ties rise To daz-zle its be - hold-ers, Or court ad - mi-ring eyes: Like
un-pretending me-rit, Neg-lect-ed and un - seen, Its pearly drops lie fold-ed in a
vest of hum-bie green, Its pearl-y drops lie fold-ed in a vest of hum-bie green.

In maiden guise and bashfulness Thou art a frail and tender thing,
Its modest form it rears; Though beautiful and wild,
It lives in Nature's wilderness— And, 'midst a lovely sisterhood,
Exists on Nature's tears; Art Nature's darling child:
And, like some child of Charity, I love thee not a whit the less
Unwarm'd by genial fires, That thou art wan and pale—
Just breathes its fragrant gratitud- I greet thy coming, mourn thy loss—
In sighs, and then expires' Sweet Lily of the Vale.

LOST GERTRUDE.

Poetry by Thomas C. Brabant, Esq.; Music by F. H. S. Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

Andante non Troppo.

Earth, to thy bosom, take in peace This gentle flower of yes-ter-day; But
take not then that morn-o-ry Which Eng'rath sad-ly past de-cay: She
stood a lone, our hope, our pride; We lov'd her in that ham-let rude. A-
hs! In vain, for she is gone, And love hath lost its own Ger-trude!
Fair clust'ring round the lower'd vine,
Which leads the slope to this soft rill,
Our rustic daughter led the dance,
Herself the fairest 'midst them still:
And now, with blinding tears, they tell
How Death's cold garment doth intrude
On that pale form, and hide the broun.
We lov'd so well in our Gertrude.

Ab I how with dewy feet she trod
The early summiit, where pale hues lay:
And light, which o'er her close-bound hair
Betray'd the slowly-mounting day!
Our village youths have ceas'd from toil,
Save where she rests with tears they've strew'd,
And flow'r whose drooping odours sigh
A low farewell to lost Gertrude!

TUBAL CAIN.

Poetry by Charles Mackay; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Jefferys.

Allegro Moderato.

Old Tu-bal Cain was a man of might, In the days when Earth was young; By the
ferce red light of his fur-nace bright, The strokes of his ham-mer rung; And he
lift-ed high his braw-ny hand On the i-ron glow-ing clear, Till the *ad lib*
sparks rush'd out in scar-let rout, As he fashion'd the sword and spear; - - And he
sang, 'Hur-ra for my han-di-work! Hur-ra for the spear and sword! Hur-
ra for the hand that shall wield them well, For he shall be king and lord!'
To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade.
As the crown of his own desire;

And be made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of the forest free;

And they sang, ' Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath giv'n us strength anew—
Hurra for the smith i' burrs for the fire i'
And burrs for the metal true !'

But a sudden change came o'er his head
Ere the setting of the sun ;
And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain
For the evil he had done :

He saw that men with rage and hate
Made war upon their kind,
And the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind ;

And he said, ' Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man !'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smoulder'd low :

But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bar'd his strong right arm for wark,
While the quick flames mounted high ;

And he sang, ' Hurra for my handiwork !'
And the red sparks lit the air,—
' Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'
And he fashon'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship join'd their hands,— [wall,
Hang the sword in the hall, and the spear on the
And plough'd the willing lands ;

And sang, ' Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Our stalwart good friend is he ;
And for the ploughshare and the plough,
To him our praise shall be.

But while oppressing lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword.'

SMILE ON, FOR THY YOUNG DAY IS DAWNING.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Music of an Irish Melody, Moore's 'Sing, Sing.'

Allegretto.

Smile on, for thy young day is dawn-ing ; The world beams for thee in its
bright-est of hours ; Warm gleams are be - fit - ting the morn - ing. When
rap-ture bursts forth, like the sun up - on flow - 'n. Bright as the sky is thine
eye's brill - ant beam - ing ; Light bounds thine heart, as the roe on the moun-tain ;
Calm flow thy thoughts, as the sum-mer lake stream - ing. Spark-ling in joy, like the
spray from the foun - tain. Smile on : soon time will a - wa - ken Thy
bo - som from peace, to o'er - whelm it in sad - ness ; Then it rise a - lone and far -
sa - ken, To feel the world's tem - pest, its wrath and its mad - ness.

Young dreams, like the bright intus* growing,
Arise from the stream when the sun kisses ocean,
Bed in his beams, whilst the waters are glowing,
All warm with his smiles in their tremulous motion.
As the cold eve draws in darkness around it,
The flowers of the earth from the sunbeam must
sever,

The lotus awakes from the bright spell that boundit,
And vanishes 'neath the dark waters for ever.
Smile on, for thy young day is dawning ;
Bask while you may in jay's roseate light :
For soon yna'll relinquish your morning,
And sink in the cares of the world's gloomy
night.

* An Egyptian flower that rises above the stream at sunrise, and sinks at sunset.

THE SPIRIT AND THE STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook, to the Music of 'The Old Arm Chair,' composed by Henry Russell.
Audiente con Expressione.

The banks of the ri - ver were love - ly and bright, As the blos - soms and
boughs met the sum - mer noon - light; The moss hid the flow - er, the
tree screen'd the moss, And the wil - low's thick tre - ses fell sweep - ing a-cross: But
Time took his way on those green banks at last, And pull'd up the
flow'r's and trees as be pass'd;— He stretch'd his cold hand—the white
cot-tage was down, And the spring - y moss wi - ther'd be -neath his stern frown.
He trampled the woodbine, and blotted all trace
Of the willow so lov'd for its wave-kissing grace;
But he touch'd not the river—that still might be
round.
Just the same as when beautiful green banks were
The heart, like that water, may quicken and glow,
While rare beauty is seen on the furrowless brow;
It may gayly expand where Love twineth a bow'r,
And faithfully picture the branch and the flow'r.
But Time will soon plough up the forehead so sleek.
He will whiten the dark hair, and shadow the cheek;
The charms that once dazzled will dazzle no more,
But the heart, like the water, shines on as before.
The tide gushes fast, all as fresh and as fair

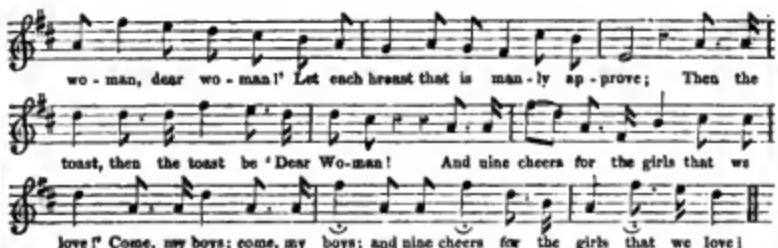
As it did when the elder and lily were there;
The change that has come o'er the place of its course
Has not lessend its ripple, or alter'd its source.
And the heart that is beating with Nature and Truth
May outlive some dear images mirror'd in youth:
Some wrecks may be round it, but none e'er shall
find
Its deep feelings less quick, or its yearnings less
kind.
O! the green banks may fade, and the brown locas
turn gray,
But the stream and the spirit shall gleam on their
For the heart that is warm, and the tide that is
free,
Glide onward unchang'd to Eternity's sea.

HURRAH FOR THE GIRL OF OUR HEARTS.

Vienes.

Composed by J. Blewitt.

I've a toast now to give, which, as long as I live, Should my locks with bright
sil - ver be crown'd, 'Tis a toast more than wine, or friend-ship I prize, And with
cheers will go round and go round: It is not the land of my birth, Nor the
he - roes in bat-tie that fall, Nor the monarch we love and re - vere; But dear
Wmman, the pride of us all! Then the toast then the toast let, 'Dear



Bright, bright are the dreams of our earliest years,
And sweet are the scenes of our youth;
But brighter fond woman before us appears,
And sweeter her love and her truth.

Her voice is the trumpet of gladness,—
Who hears must the summons obey;
Her tear-drop o'erwhelms us with sadness,
But 'tis transport to chase it away.
Then the toast, &c.

OLD DAN TUCKER.

Negro Melody by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's uniform Edition of his Compositions.

I came a-cross de o-cean wide, To live wid a gemman on t'o-der side; 'Xpected to breakfast,
dine, and sup, When wid dese harsh words he chaw'd me up:— 'Git out ob de way,
Git out ob de way, Git out ob de way, Ole Dan Tuc-ker; You're too late to come to supper!"
I see a yellow bush-a-belle,
But when I come my lab to tell,
And all de paungs she causes me,
What you tink she answer me?
Get out oh do way, &c.
Sheep and de hog are in de paster,
I go to kill one for de master;
When I kill him dead as a nit,
Dey won't let me hab a hit,—
But said, Git out oh de way, &c.
I 'fraid I don't look well a-dancing,
'Cos my legs too much a shantin':
'Rub 'em well wid gin and water,
Soon come straight,'—so says de doctor.
Git out oh de way, &c.

"But den, Massa Doctor," ole Dan quieker
Say, "What de good oh wasting de liquor?"
So I swig de gin to wet my trottle,
Den I rub my leg wid de bottle.
Git out oh de way, &c.

I go to dance so hard one night,
I dance myself clean out one night;
Next mornin' early my head was found
Sticking upright, an' my body in de ground.
Git out oh de way, &c.

When I ran away one moonlight night,
De proclamation describe me right:
His legs is thin, his ankles fat,—
He has but one eye, and he squints wid dat.
Git out oh de way, &c.

THE FOLLOWING MAY BE SUBSTITUTED AS ENCORE VERSES.

On Nigger hill, as I heard tell,
A darkey woman us'd to dwell,
From New Orleans I think she came,
And Misses Tucker was her name.
Git out oh de way, Misses Tucker, &c.

Misses Tucker is eighty-nine,—
Her hair hangs down like a bunch ob twine,—
Her nose sticks out, her eyes stick in,—
Her under-lip hangs ober her chin.
Git out oh de way, &c.

Misses Tucker and my aunt Sally,
Day live down in Jawbone Alley,

Name ou de house, and knocker ou de door,
De first house oher de grocery store.
Git out oh de way, &c.

When Misses Tucker goes to bed,
She puts a nightcap on her head;
She blows out de light, and shuts up her eyes,
And don't git up till de sun does rise.
Git out oh de way, &c.

Misses Tucker's short and fat,—
Her face is black as my old hat,—
De white ob her eye you can see in da dark—
Her eyeballs shine like de candle-spark.
Git out oh de way, &c.

WHEN MY VERY FIRST DAY.

Composed by Kelly.

Allegretto.

When my ve - ry first day to the field I had got, I dia - co-ver'd great
 na-tu - ral parts as a shot: My span - iel had put up a snipe from a bog; I
 miss'd it, I vow, but I brought down the dog. Down, down, down,
 der - ry der - ry down, der - ry down, down, down, der - ry, der - ry down.
 So keen my first hunt, I brush'd over the grounds,
 I decidedly distance'd the fox and the hounds;
 And I leap'd my first hedge with so earnest a mind,
 That I left a fine gehling I rode on behind.
 Down, derry down.
 But time and experience have render'd me cool,
 And I counsel young sportsmen to think of this rule:
 When you go out a shooting, don't shoot your dog
 dead;
 And in riding a horse, don't fly over his head.
 Down, derry down.

BUD NOT YET, YE GENTLE FLOWERS.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B., to the Music of 'E l'Assiria,' in Verdi's Opera of Nabucodonosor, or Nine.—Published by Davidson.

Audace e Sincere.

O! bud not yet, ye gen - - tle flow - ers, Nor trust those winds, those sun -
 my show - ers: They but tempt you, to de - stroy you, to de -
 stroy you; They but tempt you, to de - stroy you, to de - stroy you! In your
 beds a - while en - joy you, en - joy you, 'Tis not Spring's warm air
 in - vite you, But a false and in - rid
 ray Lie be - hind a frost, to blight, to blight you, Gen - the
 bow'rs, gen - tie flow'rs, gen - tie flow'rs, gen - tie flow'rs.
 O! wait till May, Spring's youngest daughter,
 In robe of blue, and eyes of laughter,
 Soon shall call you from your slumber.
 While the stars in countless number

Fill the Heav'n above to greet you;
 And upon the earth below
 Frolic zephyrs haste to meet you—
 Gentle flowers, gentle flowers!

OUR WAY ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con Animæ.

Spring has vi'-lets blue, all he-spent with dew, And the summer's song rings cheer -ly;—And
 win-ter is chill, yet I love him still, For he ne'er to me looks wea-ri - ly, As
 sing-ing we go, Our way a - cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! Our way a - cross the
 moun-tains; ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! When winds are loud, and the gath'-ring cloud
 Pour-eth the show-er, drea-ri - ly, How it glad-dens the eye if the fire we
^{ad lib.}
 spy, From the cot-tage bla-zing mer - ri - ly, O! When our way is past, and the
 fire at last Gives a wel-come home right glow-ing-ly, More ple-a-sant the shout of the
 storm with-out, While the wine is streaming flow-ing-ly. Then sing-ing we go, Our way a -
 cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! Our way a - cross the mountains, ho! ho! ho! ho!
 ho! Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!
 ho! Our way a - cross the moun-tains, ho! ho! ho! ho! ho!

Ah! it still is far, like some distant star,
 Yet it beameth out right pleasantly;
 Our bosoms they swell, and we hope full well
 That we shall be there presently.

The ground is white, and through the night
 Cometh the squall so gustily;
 The sleet drives thick, and the rain falls thick
 But our hearts best high and lustily.
 O! now our way is past, &c.

HEAR ME, LOVE.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B., to the Music of 'Through the Forests,' in Weber's Opera of Der Freyschütz.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

Hear me, love— a mo-ment hear me; Let us not in an-ger part;
Wounds like this too oft are fa-tal,— Such a way-ward thing's the heart; Wounds like
this too oft are fa-tal,— Such a way-ward thing's the heart.
If a word were i-dly spo-ken, Oh! for-give it, and for-get; Be these tears the
to-ken, Ne-ver did my will of-fend then yet; Ne-
ver
did my will of-fend thee yet; ne-ver did my will of-
feed thee— Ne-ver, O! ne-ver did my will of-fend thee yet.
Turn not, sweet, in anger from me,— Yes, I see I am for-given!
Think it was the cause of love; Tells that smile what lips disdain;
By thine own bright eyes I swear it, Such a smile, by Heav'n! tempts me,
Brighter than the stars above. Then, almost to sin again.

I'M GOIN' OBER DE MOUNTAIN.

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

De queer-est chap I e-ber see Was Nig-ger Jack of Ten-nes-see:
His nose was fat, his cheeks were thin, And his un-der lip hung
o-ber his chin— Re, ro, my true love; Do come a-long, my dar-ling: I'm go-ing
for to leave you; Don't let our part-ing grieve you. Yha, yha, yha, yha, yha, yha,
yha, yha, yha, yha, yha! Come a-long, my dar-ling, o-ber de moun-tain!

Jack buying hoses did engage,
Look'd in dere ears to tell dere age;
Thought a donkey better and stronger,
'Cos him ears were so much longer.
Re, ro, my true love, &c.
Boss gave him sov'reign ; Jacky said,
I'd rather have a crown instead ;
A crown him bigger, and not suspicious—
Dem yaller coin 'un look so bilious.'
Re, ro, my true love, &c.
Jack was sent for doctor's stuff,
Thought 'twas rum, and swallow'd enough,
Got so bad he roar wid pains out,

Took up a knife to blow him brains out.
Re, ro, my true love, &c.
One morning Jack, as sure as you're born,
Dug for taters in a field o' corn ;
Put on a red coat at a berrin',
And fish'd in de pond to catch red herring.
Re, ro, my true love, &c.
One morning, when dis nigger rose,
He put him mittens on him toes,—
Clean'd him teeth wid an apple-scoop,
And shav'd hisself wid an iron hoop.
Re, ro, my true love, &c.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

Andante.

Composed by W. Shield.

The bil - let-doux O! didst thou bear To my Lo - ren - za, love - ly maid ? I
see how look'd the mo - dest fair, I hear the gen - tle things she said. The
man-ting blood her cheek for - sakes, But quick re-turns the ro - sy hue; With
trem - bling haste the seal she breaks, And reads my ten - der bil - let - boux.
The billet-doux when I receive,
I press it to my throbbing heart;
Sweet words ! I cry, such joys you give,
Oh ! never, never, thence depart.

NOT MARRIED YET.

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

I'm sin - gle yet! I'm sin - gle yet! And years have flown since I came
out! In vain I sigh— In vain I fret! Ye gods! ys gods! what, what, what are the men a -
bout? I vow I'm twen-ty! O! ye powr's! A spin-ster's lot is hard to
bear! On earth a - lone to pass ber hours, And af - ter - wards lead apes down there!
No offer yet! no offer yet!
I'm sure I cannot make it out—
For ev'ry beam my cap I set :
What, what, what are the men about?
They don't propose ! they won't propose !
For fear, perhaps, I'd not say, ' Yes !'—
I wish they'd try—for, Hen'r'n knows,
I'm th'rd of sing'e blessedness !

Not married yet I not married yet!
Heigho! alas! and well-a-day!
A hand of snow, an eye of jet,
Are all I have to give away.
They say, ' She's pretty, but, alas !'
With hand extended, thus they shout:
' She has no cash !' and by they pass—
' Ye gods ! what are the men about ?'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

O! MY LOVE'S LIKE THE RED, RED ROSE.

Andantino.

O! my love's like the red, red rose, That's new - ly sprang in June: O! my
love's like the me - lo - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As fair art thou, my
bon - nie lass, So deep in love am I,—And I will love thee still, my dear, Till
a' the seas gang dry, Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, Till a' the seas gang
dry. O! I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt w/ the sun,—
O! I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

Then fare thee weel, my only love
And fare thee weel, awhile;
And I will come again, my love,
Thou 'twere ten thousand mile.

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

Moderato.

Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling,— O!
Char - lie is my dar - ling, the yung Che - va - lier. 'Twas on a Mon - day
morn - ing, Right ear - ly in the year, When Char - lie came to our town, The
young Che - va - lier! O! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my
dar - ling; O! Char - lie is my dar - ling, The young Che - va - lier!
As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear;
And a' the folk came running out,
To meet the Chevalier.
O! Charlie, &c.
Wi' Highland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores long and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
O! Charlie, &c.

Now ha'd awa', ye Lowland loon,
And court nae lasses here,—
The Highland man's come back again
Wi' the young Chevalier.
O! Charlie, &c.
And it's up yon heath'ry mountain,
And down yon craggy glen,
We dare nae go a milking,
For Charlie and his men.
O! Charlie, &c.

THE BRAVE IRISH BOY.

Moderately.

'Twas down by the stream - let that creeps through the shade, On a bank of sweet
vio - lets I saw the brown maid; Her hair it flow'd wild - ly, her
breast heav'd a sigh, And the tears, as she sang, fell in drops from her eye. And
hast thou, then, left me, O! Pa - trick un - kind, Uo - true to thy
true love, la - con - stant as wind: With thee I'd have wan - der'd, o'er
known o - ther joy Than beam'd in the smile of my brave I - rish boy.

'Tis true he has left me, but sure be'll return
To the land of his fathers, nor leave me to mourn:
The heart that is brave no inconstancy knowe,
Though honour compels it to coquer our foes.

Then why should I grieve me? Though time linger
slow,
Its motion is certain as waters that flow:
With him, theo, I'll wander, nor know other joy
Than the presence and smile of my brave Irish boy.

OLE BULL AND OLD DAN TUCKER.

As sung by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

White folks, I will sing to you A good old song— It is quite oew— A -
bout Ole Bull and Old Dan Tuc-ker, Who play'd a match for an oyster sup-per;—
Hand de ban - jo down to play. Who beat Ole Bull from de Nor-way, Who
tuck de shies from Pa - ga - ni-ni— We am de boye from Old Vir - gin-oy.
Ole Bull came'to town to play—
Five hundred dollars for a day;
The women run, and I ran too,
To hear him fiddle up something new.
Hand de banjo, &c.

When first his fiddle 'gan to speak,
De people dey all went to sleep;
He gave his bow a mighty hawl,
He made dem all wake up and squall!
Hand de banjo, &c.

They play'd together at Chatham Street,
Each other'e time they tried to beat:
Some went for Dan, and some for Bull,
The house was crowded ram jam full.
Hand de banjo, &c.

If you want to hear good play,
Just call for Dan from Old Virginny,
Who beat Ole Bull from de Norway,
Who tuck de shine from Paganini.
Hand de banjo, &c.

WHY DON'T YOU COME, LOVE?

Poetry by J. W. Leslie; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

Lightly and Cheerfully.

Why don't you come, love? ev'-ning is near: Why don't you come, love?
 true love is here. Night's heralds are just peep-ing From their domes of a-gare
 bright; The waves are gay-ly leap-ing 'Neath the moonbeam's all - v'ry light. Why don't you
 come? Why don't you come, love? Ev'-ning is near: Why don't you come, love?
 True love is here. Why don't you come, love? Why don't you come? Why don't you
 come? Why don't you come, love? Why, love, why don't you come?
 Dost thou forget, love,
 This is the hour
 When we last met, love,
 Near thine own bower?
 The nightingale is wailing
 From the bosom of the rose,
 The moonlight fast is paling,
 And later still it grows.
 Why don't you come, love?
 Ev'-ning is near;
 Why don't you come, love?
 True love is here.
 Why don't you come? &c.

THE WELSH HARPER.

Composed by T. Smith.

O - ver the sun - ny hills I stray, Tu-ning ma-ny a rus - tic lay; And sometimes
 in the sha-dow - y vales I sing of love and bat - tie tales. Mer - ri - ly
 thus I spend my life: Tho' poor, my breast is free from strife; The blithe old har - per call'd am
 I, In the Welsh vales 'mid moun-tains high, In the Welsh vales 'mid moun-tains high.
 Sometimes, before a castle-gate,
 I song a battle I relate,
 Or how a lord in shepherd's guise
 Sought favour in a maiden's eyes:
 With rich and poor a welcome guest,
 No ears intrude upon my breast.
 The blithe old harper, &c.

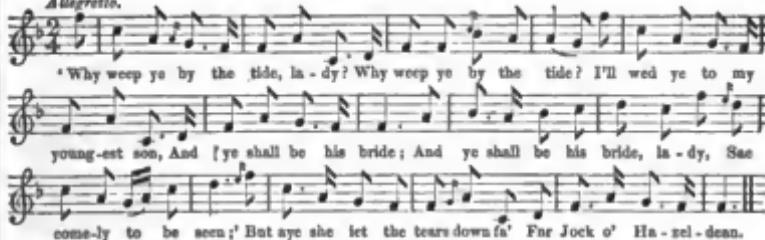
When Sol illumines the western sky,
 And ev'-ning zephyrs softly sigh,
 Ofttimes on village-green I play,
 While round me dance the rustics gay;
 And oft, when veil'd by sable light,
 The wand'ring shepherds I delight.
 The blithe old harper, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Allegretto.



* Now let that wilful grief be done,

And you, the foremost of them a',

And dry that check so pale:

Shall ride, our forest queen!

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

But aye she let, &c.

And lord of Langley dale;

The kirk was deck'd at morning tide,

His step is first in peaceful ha',

The tapers glimmer'd fair;

His sword in battle keen.'

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

But aye she let, &c.

A chain o' gold ye shall not lack,

And dame and knight were there.

Nor braid to bind your hair,

They sought her both by bow'r and ha'—

Nor mettl'd bound, nor manag'd hawk,

The lady was not seen:

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

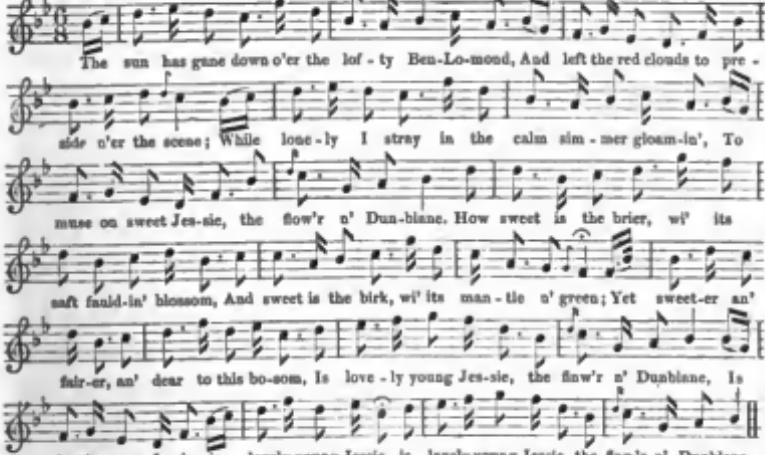
She's o'er the border and awa'

Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' DUNBLANE.

Composed by R. A. Smith.

Andante.



She's modest as any, an' blithe as she's bonny,

is lovely young Jessie, the flow'r n' Dunblane.

For guileless simplicty marks her its aim;

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!

An' far be the villain, divested o' feeling,

The sports o' the city seem'd foolish and value;

Who'd blight in its bloom the sweet flow'r of

I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,

Dunblane.

Till charm'd wi' sweet Jessie the flow'r o' Dun-

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'en-

Though mine were the station o' stiffest grandeur,

Thou'rt dear to the echoes n' Calderwood glen :

Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain.

See dear to this bosom, see artless and winsome,

An' reckon as naething the height o' its grandeur,

Charming young Jessie, the flow'r of Dunblane.

If wanting sweet Jessie, the flow'r n' Dunblane

JULIA TO THE WOOD-ROBIN.

Composed by Spofforth.

1st time.

Stay, sweet en-chant-er of the grove, Leave not so soon thy na-tive tree;

2nd time.

tree. O! war-ble still those notes of love, While my fond heart re-sponds to thee; O!

warble still those notes of love, While my fond heart re-sponds to thee.

Rest thy soft bosom on the spray,
Till chilly autumn frowns severe;
Then charm me with those notes of love,
And I will answer with a tear.

But, soon as spring, enwreath'd with flow'rs,
Comes dancing o'er the new-dress'd plain,
Returns, and cheer thy natal bow'rs,
My Robin, with those notes again.

COME, FILL THE CUP.

Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato Vivace.

Come, fill the cup, nor fear to sip The gen'-rous, gen'-rous ru - by wine; Let
love-ly wo-man's ro - sy lip Pro - tect, pro - tect the sa - cred vine! The
cheer-ful cup in - spires the heart with friend - ship's sun - ny, sun - ny glow; In
mod-rate draught, it doth im - part To wit a spark-ling, spark-ling flow. Come,
fill the cup, nor fear to sip the gen'-rous, gen'-rous ru - by wine; Let
love-ly wo-man's ro - sy lip Pro - tect, pro - tect the sa - cred vine.

Come, fill the cup! the regal draught
For ill was ne'er design'd;
The temp'rature will avoid the shaft
Excess may leave behind.
With grateful care the rare old vine
Was rear'd by Nature's hand;
Let not in vain its tendrils twine,
Its juicy buds expand.

Come, fill the cup! &c.

Come, fill the cup! nor dream that harm
Incipient lurks within!
We pledge along the social charm,
But guard against the sin.
Come, drain the cup! and leave awhile
Dull care to take its flight;
While lovely woman's gentle smile
Illumes the shades of night.

Come, drain the cup! &c.

A TRAVELLER STOPP'D AT A WIDOW'S GATE.

A tra - vel - ler stopp'd at a widow's gate; She kept an inn, and he want-ed to
 bait, she kept an inn, and he want-ed to bait; But the wi - dow she slight-ed her
 guest, But the wi - dow she slight-ed her guest: For when na-ture was making an
 ug - ly race, She cer - tain - ly mould - ed the tra - vel - ler's face, As a
 sam - ple for all the rest, As a sam - ple for all the rest.

The chambermaid's sides they were ready to crack,
 When she saw his queer nose and the hump on his
 back—

A hump isn't handsome, no doubt:
 And, though 'tis confess'd, that the prejudice goes
 Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,
 Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.

A bagfull of gold on the table he laid,
 'T had a wond'rous effect on the widow and maid,
 And they quickly grew marv'ously civil :

The money immediately alter'd the case,—
 They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout,
 and his face,

Though he still might have frighten'd the devil.
 He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,
 And stopp'd on his horse at the door like a snack;
 While the landlady, touching the chink,
 Cried, 'Sir, should you travel this country again,
 I heartily hope that the sweetest of men
 Will stop at the widow's to drink!'

BELIEVE NOT THE TALES THEY HAVE TOLD THEE OF ME.

Poetry by Leigh Cliffe; Music by Henry Russell.

Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Affettuoso.

Be - lieve not the tales they have told thee of me; My heart beats as tru - ly, as
 fad - ly, as free; And, though ma - lie as - sail, with her false-hoods, my name, Through
 life thou wilt find me in spi - rit the same. Ah! be - lieve that in me, day and
 dark - ness will find One proud in his spi - rit as con - stant in mind.

Let those who delight to inflict the sad pain
 On a heart that in faith ne'er can wander aga -
 in, Know that whispering Hope, still unwilling to stray,
 Has driven Despair from this bosom away, [kind,
 And that she, in her fondness, smil'd sweetly and
 On the proudest to wait, most constant in mind.

O! mem'ry! may never thy blossoms decay, [way;
 Though tempests should scatter life's treasures a -
 The past days of pleasure reflected by thee,
 Are now the sole solace the world hath left me :
 Ah! yet still one fond bosom is faithful and kind
 To one proud in his spirit as constant in mind

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

An old English Air.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato e con Spirito.

Here's a health to the Queen, and a last-ing peace; To fac-tion an end, to
wealth in-crease! Come, let's drink it while we have breath, For there's no drink-ing
af-ter death; And be that will this health de-ny, Down a-mong the dead men,
down a-mong the dead men, down, down, down a-mong the dead men let him lie.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless women-hating crew;
And they that women's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

May love and wise their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign!
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford!
And they that woe'st with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

YOUNG ELLEN LORAIN.

Composed by Alexander Lee.

When I part-ed from E-rin, heart-bro-ken to leave thee, I dream'd not of falsehood, young
El-len Lo-rain! I thought, though but wo-man, thou wouldst not de-cieve me.—Ah!
why art thou faith-less, young El-len Lo-rain? I lov'd thee in sor-row, I
sought thee in dan-ger, And dear was the pe-ri, and sweet was the pain; But
now is thy look as the look of a stranger,—Ah! why art thou faithless, young El-len Lo-rain!
O! thou wert the vision that brighten'd my pillow, O! speak not to me—in those eyes I discover
The star of my darkness, young Ellen Lorain; The wrongs thou hast done me, young Ellen Lo-
As the bloom to the rose, as the sun to the bellow, raine!
Thou can'st to myslumber, young Ellen Lorain! Go, rest in the arms of a happier lover;
Thou'llt think of me yet, when the false world de- Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Lorain!
ceives thee, The moments of rapture, the vow and the token,
And friends of gay fortune lock cold on thy wane; They thrill in my bosom, and burn in my brain!
When the sheen of thy cheek like the summer-light Go, false one, and laugh at the heart thou hast
leaves thee, [raine!] broken;—
Thou'llt think how I lov'd thee, young Ellen Lo- Go, lovely, but faithless, young Ellen Lorain!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

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OLD KING TIME.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Editions of his Compositions.

Quasi Allegro.

I wear not the pur - ple or earth-born kings, Nor the state - ly er-mine of
lord - ly things; But monarch and courtier, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo-ry and
bend to me, But mon-arch and cour-ter, tho' great they be, Must fall from their glo-ry and
bend to me. My scep-tre is gem-less; yet who can say, They will not come un-der its
migh-ty sway? Ye may learn who I am—there's the pass - ing chime and the dial to
be-rald me— Old King Time! Ha, hal Old King Time! Ha, ha,
hal Ha, ha, ha, hal Old King Time! Ha, hal Old King Time! Ha, ha!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming and eyes all light;
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brou,
On the deep-worn furrows and locks of snow.
Who laughs at my power?—The young and the gay;
But they dream not how closely I track their way.
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not smile at what Time hath done.

Ha, hal Old King Time!

I eat thro' treasures with moth and rust;
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And break the battlement, stone from stone.
Work on at your cities and temples, proud man,—
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
But the marble shall crumble, the pillars shall fall,
And Time, Old Time, will be King after all.

Ha, hal Old King Time!

THE WIG, THE HAT, AND THE CANE.

By the side of a mur - mur-ing stream An el - der - ly gen - tle-man sat: On the
top of his head was his wig, And a - top of his wig was his hat.
The wind it blew high and blew strong,
As the elderly gentleman sat,
And bore from his head in a trice,
And plung'd in the river, his hat.
The gentleman then took his cane,
Which lay by his side as he sat;
And he drop'd in the river his wig,
In attempting to get out his hat.
His breast it grew cold with despair,
And full in his eye madness sat;

So he flung in the river his cane,
To swim with his wig and his hat.
Cool reflection at length came across,
While this elderly gentleman sat;
So he thought he would follow the stream,
And look for his cane, wig, and hat.
His head, being thicker than common,
O'er-balanc'd the rest of his fat,
And in plump'd this son of a woman,
To follow his wig, cane, and hat.

LADY OF NIGHT.

Poetry by Mrs. Price; Music by H. Oakley.—Published by Tolkien.

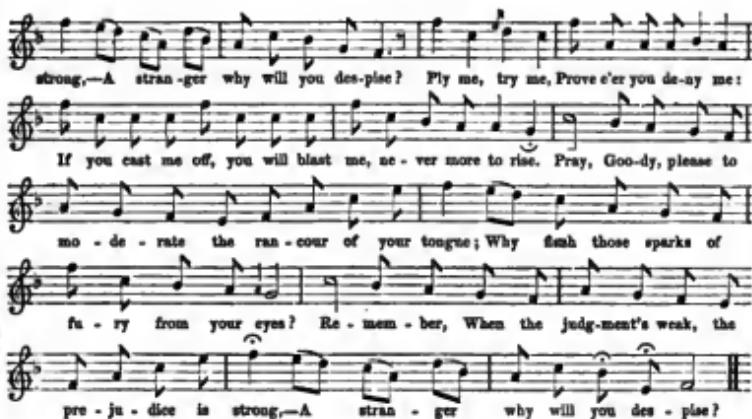
Andante.

La - dy of night, Lead me thy light! Shed thy soft beams o-ver streamlet and
tree: While ro - ses are sleep-ing, And night-dews are weep-ing, And El - la is
keep-ing her foot-steps for me, And El - la is keep-ing her foot-steps for
me. Send me thy light, La - dy of night! The bright flow'res of day, in the
sun's gold-en ray, With their o - dour will pay The light heart that is free: But more do I
prize Soft ev'n-ing's sighs, When El - la's bright eyes are beam-ing on me! When
El - la's bright eyes are beam-ing on me! Then, haste with thy light, La - dy of night!
Shed thy soft beams o-ver streamlet and tree: While ro - ses are sleep-ing, And night-dews are
weep-ing, And El - la is keep-ing her foot-steps for me! And El - la is
keep-ing her foot-steps for me. Lend me thy light, La - dy of night!

PRAY, GOODY.

Moderato.

Pray, Goody, please to mo-de-rate the ran-cour of your tongue; Why flash those sparks of
fu - ry from your eyes? Re-mem-ber, when the judg-ment's weak, the pre - ju - dice is



FILL, FILL, TILL THE GLASS RUNS O'ER.

The Bacchanalian Song from Weber's Opera of Der Freyschutz; the Poetry by George Soane, A.B.
Published by Davidson.

Allegro Feroce.

Musical score for 'Fill, fill, till the glass runs o'er!'. The music consists of five staves of musical notation in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

Fill, fill, till the glass runs o'er! He's a king, and some - thing more,
Who is fond of drink - ing; Fill it once, and fill it twice; Here's a sun to melt all
ice, And set sor - - row wink - ing, And set sor - - row wink - ing.
Wine and beauty, glass for glass : Wine and women I kiss for kiss!
Naught will make the minutes pass, Earth has not a joy like this!—
Like a flowing measure ! Drink! dissolve in pleasure!

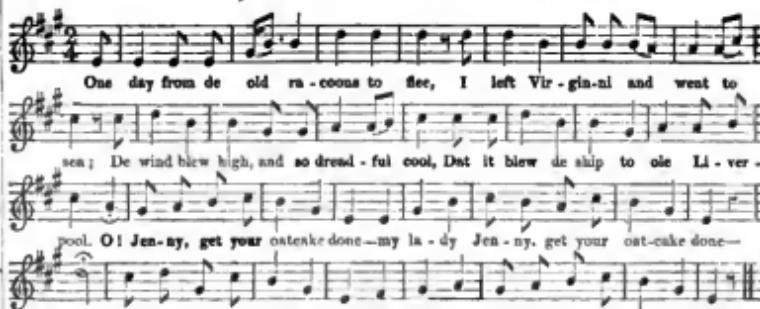
MY DOG AND MY GUN.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

Musical score for 'My Dog and My Gun.'. The music consists of five staves of musical notation in common time. The lyrics are as follows:

Let gay ones and great make the most of their fate, From plea-sure to plea-sure they
run, From plea-sure to plea-sure they run. Well, who cares a jot, I en-vy them
not, While I have my dog and my gun, - - - While I have my dog and my gun.
For exercise, air, to the fields I repair, No blisses I find, no sting leaves behind,
With spirits unclouded and light; But health and diversion unite.

JENNY, GET YOUR OAT-CAKE DONE.



O! Jen-ny get your oatenke done—my la-dy Jen-ny get your oatenke done.

A mighty storm dare come one night,
When put poor nigger in a fright;
De lightning slip all about de sky,
Just like a blind horse dat's broke his thigh.
O! Jen-ny, &c.

We anchor'd next morning close to shore—
I thought it a dream, or little more—
Dey took me in a boat, I landed at de pier,
But ole nigger could'nt stand, he felt so queer.
O! Jen-ny, &c.

I went up a street, den turn'd to de right;
I stepp'd just as high as a cow in a fright;
My feet felt so funny, I cut such a figure,
Dat all de folks say, 'Dare's a mighty rum niger!'
O! Jen-ny, &c.

One white man say I makes such a fuss,
So he took me straight to de Mansion-house:
And dare de mayor would'nt let me go,

Till I play'd d Lucy Long on my ole banjo.
O! Jen-ny, &c.

Now I felt much pleas'd wid all I saw,
So I question de mayor 'bout de corn law:
He a told me dey mean to repeal it as soon
As Hancock goes up in his steam-balloon.
O! Jen-ny, &c.

Next I ax'd de mayor, if all was true,
'Bout London smoke going all up one fine:
He say it is propos'd, and dey soon mean to
light
All London wid but one big gas ob a night
O! Jen-ny, &c.

Now, I tink I say enough 'bout my trabel,
All ober de sea, dry land, and grabel; [know—
B't dare's one ting, white folks, I wish you to
Dare's no music like dat of de ole banjo.
O! Jen-ny, &c.

O! REST THEE, BABE.

Composed by John Whittaker.

Andantino

O! slum-ber, my dar-ling, Thy sire is a knight; Thy mo-ther, a la-dy, so
love-ly and bright! The hills and the dales from the tow'r which we see, They
all shall be-long, my dear in-fant, to thee, O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe,
sleep on till day; O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you may.

O! rest thee, my darling, the time it shall come.
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and
drum:
Then rest thee, my darling, O! sleep while ye
may,

For war comes with manhood, as light comes with
day.
[play;
O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep on til
O! rest thee, babe, rest thee, babe, sleep while you
may.

THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

The Poetry by Cowper.—The Music by Webbe.

Andantino.

The rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a show'r, Which Ma - ry to An - na con-
vey'd; The plen - ti - ful mois-ture en - cum - ber'd the flow'r, And weigh'd down its
beau - ti - ful head: The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet, And it
seem'd to a fan - ci - ful view, To weep for the buds it had
left with re - gret, On the flou - rish - ing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.
And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiful part
Some act by the delicate mind,

Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,
Already to sorrow resign'd.
This elegant rose—had I shaken it less,
Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;
And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,
May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Andante.

Wood-man, spare that tree,— Touch not a sin - gle bough;— In youth it
shel - ter'd me, And I'll pro-tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand That
plac'd it near his cot;— There, woodman, let it stand,—Thy axe shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,—
Ah! wouldst thou hake it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke—
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
O! spare that aged oak,
Now tow'ring to the skies!
When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade,
In all their gushing joy;
Here, too, my sister play'd—

My mother kiss'd me here—
My father press'd my hand;—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.
My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

WATERS OF ELLE.

The Words from Glenarvon, adapted to a French Air.

Wa - ters of Eile, thy lim-pid streams are flow-ing, smooth and un - ruf - fled,
o'er the flow - ry vale; On thy green banks once more the wild rose blow-ing,
Greets the young spring, and scents the pass - ing gale.
Greets the young spring, and scents the pass - ing gale.

Here 'twas, at eve, near yonder tree reposing,
One, still too dear, first breath'd his vows to me.
"Wear this," he cried, his guileful love disclosing,
"Near to thy heart, in memory of me."

Love's cherish'd gift, the rose he gave, is faded;
Love's blighted flow'r can never bloom again!
Weep for thy fault—in heart and mind degraded;
Weep, if thy tears can wash away the stain!

THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

O! love is the soul of a neat I - rish-man! He loves all that's love-ly, loves
all that he can—with his sprig of shil - le - lah and sham - rock so green. His
heart is good - hu-mour'd, 'tis ho - nest and sound; No ma-lice or ha-tred is
there to be found; He courts and he mar - ries, he drinks and he fights, For love, all for
love, for in that he delights—with his sprig of shil - le - lah and shamrock so green.

Who has e'er had the luck to see Doonybrook Fair? He meets with his Shileah, who, blushing a smile,
An Irishman all in his glory is there, [green. Cries, "Get ye gone, Pat," yet conceits all the while;
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so To the priest soon they go, and nine monthe after that,
His clothes spick-and-span new, without e'er a speck,

With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green?

A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck,
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,—
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green.

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth;
Bless the land of the oak and the neighbouring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green.

At ev'n'ing returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whiskey, his head soft with blows—
From a sprig of shillelah, and shamrock so green,

May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the Shannon,
Drab the foe who dare plant at our confines a cannon!
United and happy at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine,
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green!

ROBIN HOOD IS LYING DEAD.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.
Moderato Con Espressione.

Robin Hood is ly - ing dead, All a-mong the leaves so green; Robin Hood is
pp
ly - ing dead, dead, dead, dead! Whines his stag hounds at his head; licks the pale cheek,
O I so dear; seema to ask, 'Why sleep yon here, All a-mong the leaves so green.
There is a huge oak a-nding nigh,
All among the leaves so green;
Whence the raven croaks reply:
Robin sleeps, and ne'er shall awake—
Ne'er shall follow hound through brake—
All among the leaves so green.
Now his men have Robin found,
All among the leaves so green;
Weep and lay him in the ground,
But the dog no tear can shed,
He but dies upon his bed—
All among the leaves so green.

FARE THEE WELL.

Poetry by Lord Byron; Music by Mozart.

Andante.
Fare thee well, and if for e - ver, Still for e - ver fare thee well; E'en tho'
un - for - giv - ing, ne - ver 'Gainst thee shall my heart re - bel, 'Gainst thee
shall my heart re - bel. Would that breast were bar'd be - fore thee,
Where thy head so oft has lain, While that placid sleep comes o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain, Which thou ne'er canst know a - gain.

Though the world for this command thee,
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en it praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults deface me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a careless wound?
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father,'
Though his care he must forgo?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is press'd,
Think of him whose pray'r shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love has bless'd.

Should her bisamments resemble
Those that never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know;
All my hopes, wher'e'er thou goest,
Thither—yet with thee they go.
But 'tis done—all words are idle,—
Words from me are vainer still;
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force the way without the will.
Fare thee well! thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Sear'd in heart and love, and blighted,—
More than this—I scarce can die!

THE RUSHLIGHT.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

O! scorn me not as a fame-less thing, Nor turn with contempt from the
song I sing: 'Tis true, I am not suf-fer'd to be On the ring-ing
board of was-sail glee; My pal-lid gleam must ne-ver fall
in the gay sa-loon or lord-ly hall; But ma-yay a tale does the
rush-light know Of se-acret sor-row and lone-ly woe.
I'm found in the closely curtain'd room,
Where a stillness reigns that breathes of the tomb—
Where the breaking heart and heavy eye
Are waiting to see a lov'd one die—
Where the doting child with noiseless tread
Steals warily to the mother's bed;—
I'm wildly snatched, and my glimmering ray
Shows a glazing eye and stiffning clay.
I am the light that quivering flits
In the joyless home where the fond wife sits,
Waiting the one that flies his hearth,
For the gambler's dice and drunkard's mirth:

She mournfully trims my slender wick,
As she sees me fading and wasting quick;
And many a time has my spark ex-pir'd,
And left her still the weeping and tir'd.
Many a lesson the bosom learns
Of hapless grief while the rushlight burns;
Many a scene unfolds to me
That the heart of mercy would bleed to see.
Then scorn me not as a fameless thing,
Nor turn with contempt from the song I sing;
But, smile as ye will, or scorn as ye may,
There's naught but truth to be found in my lay.

LUCY LONG.

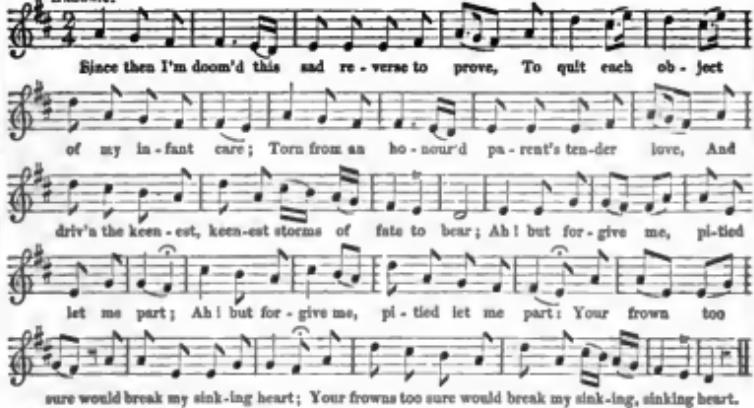
Words by Leman Reade; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

I lub to mad dis-trac-tion my pret-ty Lu-cy Long; She'll make no wed-ding
fac-tion-no, nor lis-ten to my song. Well, take your time, Miss Lu-cy, to
hur-ry you'd be wrong—So mar-ry when it suit ye—take your time, Miss Lu-cy Long.
Her skin's a charming yaller, her eyes as black as
snoes; [toes.] You'll neber find her failer, from de forehead to de
I'll wait your time, Miss Lucy, though my pulse
beats like a gong. [Miss Lucy Long.] And my heart smaps right asunder—Take your time,
I ask'd her of her mother—she answer'd, 'No,' down
fat; [ob dat.] 'De gal's too young to marry,' says I. 'She'll mend
Be take your time, Miss Lucy, to hurry you'd be
wrong: [Lucy Long.] You can't be fifteen always—take your time, Miss

'Your summer days are going.'—Miss Lucy sub-
bing said, [head.] 'I havn't yet done growing.'—Says I, 'Then go a-
Yet take your time, Miss Lucy—to hurry you'd be
wrong: [Long.] Grow taller and grow good-er, my lovely Lucy
When married, should you scold me, as sure as you
are born, [for corn;—] I'll take you down to Boston, and I'll trade you off
Now take your time, Miss Lucy, for my love is
deep and strong. [Lucy Long.] So marry when it suit ye,—take your time, Miss

SINCE THEN I'M DOOM'D.

An Italian Air.

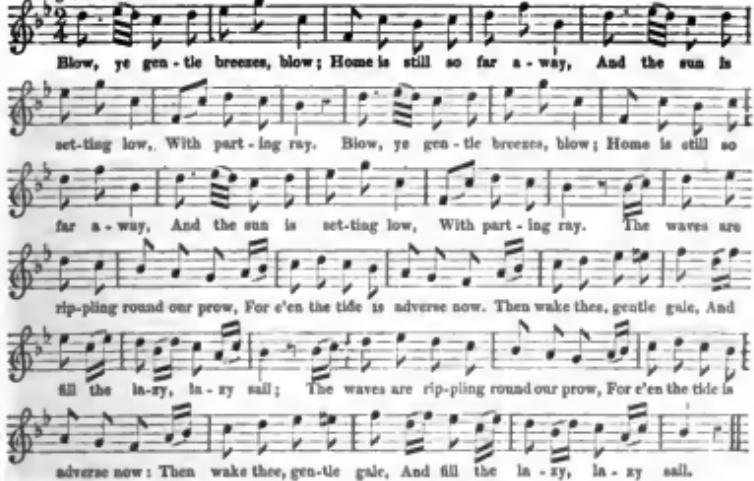
Andante.

Where'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;

And when, perhaps, you're musing on my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive, &c.

BLOW, YE GENTLE BREEZES.

The Poetry by George Soane A.B.; the Music from Auber's Opera of the Crown Jewels.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto Moderato.

In the darken'd east I see
Outline dim of hill and tree,
How it minglest with the skies.
And mocks my eyes!

But see, the wind unfolds its wings;
Its music through the cordage sings;
The clouds are dowing fast—
The port is reach'd at last!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

Poetry by Shakespeare; Music by Dr. Arne.—Published by Davidson.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I; In a cow-slip's bell I lie; There I
 crouch when owls do cry—when owls do cry—when owls do cry. On a bat's back
 do I fly — Af - ter sun-set mer-ri-ly,
 mer-ri-ly—Af - ter sun-set mer - ri - ly. Mer-ri-ly, mer - ri - ly, shall I live
 now, Under the blos-som that hangs on the bough—mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, shall I live
 now, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough, Un-der the blossom that hangs on the bough.

OLD TARE RIVER.

Words by Leman Reade; Music by Henry Russell—Published by Davidson.

Andante Moderato.

Way down Ca - ro - li - na, Where old Tare and Cho - wan glide,
 Dere I meet my lub - ly Di - nah, Dere we wan - der side by side.
 I go to Al - ha - ba - ma;— What for you pipe your eye?
 I'll come back, my lit - tie charm - er, Long be - fore de young leaf die.
 Like stars her dark eye flashes, Den will my own dear Dianah,
 Light as any deer she trips, P'rhaps, heave de heavy sigh
 Virgin honey's not more luscious For her poor absent Nigger,
 Than my lubly Dianah's lips. Who must lub her till he die.
 Tare's stream may swell far bigger, Dear, look! de sun is sinking,
 Cape Bear de sun may dry, My heart a shaking too:
 But your own, your faithful Nigger When de pretty stars are winking,
 Lub you constant till he die. I look up and tink of you.
 Ober mountain tho' we wander, I'll come back—what should hinder?
 Nigger lubber keep so true, Watch at night wid wary eye,
 Dat, while him toiling yonder, First at door-way, den at window—
 He tak and hope for you:— I'll come back before I die.

I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD.

I am a brisk and sprightly lad, But just come home from sea, sir: Of all the lives I
 ev - er led, A sai - lor's life for me, sir! Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,
 yeo, yeo! Whilst the boat-swain pipes all hands, With yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, sir!
 What girl but loves the merry tars, We make the boasting Frenchmen fly,
 Who o'er the ocean roam, sir? And bang the haughty Dœs, sir.
 In ev'ry clime we find a port, Yeo, yeo, &c.
 In ev'ry port a home, sir. Our foes subdued, once more on shore
 Yeo, yeo, &c. We spend our cash with glee, sir;
 But when our country's foes are nigh, And when all's gone we drown our care,
 Each hastens to his gun, sir; And out again to sea, sir.
 Yeo, yeo, &c.

FROM ALOFT THE SAILOR LOOKS.

Composed by S. Storace.

Allegro non Troppo.

From a - loft the sai - lor looks a - round, And hears be - low the murmur'-ring billows
 sound, - - - - and hears be - low the murmur'-ring billows
 sound. Far off from home, he counts an - o - ther day; Wide o'er the seas the
 ves - sel hears a - way, Wide o'er the seas the ves - sel bears a - way; His
 courage wants no whet, but he springs the sail to set, With a heart as fresh as ri - sing
 breeze of May, And, ea - ring naught, he turns his thoughts to his love - ly Sue or his
 charm - ing Bet. To his love - ly Sue or his charm - ing Bet.
 Now to Heav's the lofty topmast sour; When skies and seas are met,
 The stormy blast, like dreadful thunder, roars; They his courage serve to whet;
 Now, ocean's deepest gulfs appear below, With a heart as fresh as rising breeze of May,
 The curling surges foam, and down we go! And dreading naught, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

OVER THE WATER TO CHARLIE.

Old Scottish Melody.

Allegretto.

Come boat me ower, come row me ower, come boat me ower to Char - he; I'll
 gie John Ross an - l - ther baw-bee, To fer - ry me ower to Char - lie. We'll
 ower the wa - ter and ower the sea, We'll ower the wa - ter to Char - lie; Come
 weel, come woe, we'll ga - ther and go, And - - live and die wi' Char - lie.
 It's weel I le'e my Charlie's name,
 Though some there be that abhor him;
 But, O! to see auld Nick game name,
 An' Charlie's faes before him!
 We'll ower the water, &c.
 I swear by moon an' stars wee bricht,
 An' the sun that glances early,

If I had twenty thousand lives,
 I'd gi'e them a' for Charlie.
 We'll ower the water, &c.
 I ance had sons, I now ha'e none,—
 I bred them, tolling sairly;
 An' I wad bear them a' again,
 An' lose them a' for Charlie.
 We'll ower the water, &c.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOER CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN.

Scottish Melody; the Words by Robert Burns.

Lively.

Last May a braw woo - er cam' down the lang glen, And sair wi' his love he did
 leave me; I said there was nae - thing I ha - ted like men: The deuce gae wi'
 him to be - lieve me, be - lieve me; The deuce gae wi' him to be - lieve me!
 He spak' o' the darts o' my bonny black e'en,
 And vow'd for my love he was deemin':
 Said he might dee when he liked for Jeann;
 The guid fargi's me for leevin'!
 A weel-stockit maillin', himself for the lird,
 And marriage aff-hand, were his proffer:
 I never loon on that I kenn'd it or ear'd,
 But thocht I micht ha'e a waar offer.
 But, what wad ye think, in a fortnicht or less—
 The dell's in his taste to gang near her!—
 He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess—
 Guess ye how, the jade! I could bear her!
 But a' the neist week, as I fretted wi' care,
 I gaed to the tryst o' Dalgurnoch;

And wha but my braw fickle wooer was there,
 Wha glowr'd as he had seen a warlock.
 Out ower my left shouther I gied him a blink,
 Lest neibors might say I was saucy;
 My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drبك,
 And vow'd I was his dear laasie.
 I speir'd for my cousin, fou cootheic and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her hearin';
 And how my auld shoen fitted her shanchel feet *
 Ginde saaf us! how he fel a swearin'.
 He begged, for godesake! I wad be his wife,
 Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow;
 See, e'en to preserve the pair body in life,
 I think I manna wed him to-morrow.

* In Scotland, when a cast-off lover pays his addresses to a new mistress, that new mistress is said to have got the said shoen (old shoes) of the former one. Here the metaphor is made to carry an extremely ingenious sarcasm at the baseness of the new mistress's person.

LOVE'S CALL; OR, YOUNG AGNES.

A Serenade, from Auber's Opera of *Fra Diavolo*.—Published by Davidson.

Andantino.

The ev'-ning sprites are sleep-ing, Bright Sol has sunk to rest, - - While,
like the i - vy creep-ing, Dim night has oo-ward press'd. Hush'd, hush'd is
all a-round, dark-oess clouds night's star-ry pall, No wantoo ze-phrys kiss the ground, The
watch-dog's sleep-ing in the hall: Theo haste, love, from thy tow - er ; O ! list ye to Love's
call, - - - - - O ! list ye to love's call,
call, - - - - - O ! list ys to love's call.
There's naught, love, now can harm thee,
No prying eye is near :
The silent hour will charm thee--
O ! haste, dispel all fear.
Bright joys too soon will fade,
Morn dispel midnight's pall :
Now Flora decks the glade ;
Rapture floats thru' bow'r and hall ;
Haste to the Paphian bower,—
O ! list ye to love's call.
O ! list, &c.

TIME IS ON THE WING.

Composed by W. Reeve.

Strew, strew with ro - sea Life's rough path, and let's be gay: Thoughtless youth pro-
po - ses, And tri - fie time a - way, a - way, And tri - fie time a - way. But
youth, a fleet - ing A - pril morn, This les - soo seems to bring: Ev' - ry rose will
bear a thorn, And time is oo the wing, And time is on the wing, time is
on the wing; Ev' - ry rose will bear a thorn, And time is oo the wing.
Trip, trip to measure,
Dulcet as the voice of love;
Warble, sons of pleasure,
Adown the finwery grove.
But love's sweet voice will oft betray
And pleasure cloy'd will sing,
Ev'ry flow'r must fade away,
And time is on the wing.

FAREWELL, SWEET.

The Poetry by H. F. Heathcote; the Music by C. Gilfert.

Andantino.

Farewell, sweet, but not for ev - er! Think not I can faith-less be; Or that absence
can dis - se - ver Ties that bind me, love, to thee. No, by those warm drops now starting,
by our past fond hours of bliss, By our hopes and fears at part-ing, By this chaste and
sa - cred, sa - cred kiss, Farewell, sweet, but not for ev - er! Think not I can
faith-less be; Or that ab-sence can dis - se - ver Ties that bind me, love, to thee.
O! 'tis rapture to be near thee—
Pleasure dwells where'er thou art;
Absence shall the more endear thee
To this true and constant heart.

Hope each anxious care shall lighten
While from thee compell'd to rove,
Till our mutual prospects brighten,
Shone on by the light of love.

Farewell, sweet, &c.

THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

The Poetry by George Pendrill; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Affinissimo.

I've wan-der'd oft in child-hood, With playmates blithe and gay, O'er
flow' - ry field and mea-dow, And ga - ther'd sweets of May;— We've
sport-ed 'neath the elm tree that grew be - side our cot;— O! the
hap - py days of child-hood can ne - ver be for - got.
How well I can remember
The sports we us'd to play,—
So dear are they to memory,
It seems but yesterday;
And oft I sport, in fancy,
Within the self-same spot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.
And oftentimes, in my slumber,
Methinks that I am near
Those ever fond belov'd ones.
In childhood's home so dear;

But, waking from that slumber,
How chang'd I find my lot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.
Then bless the steps of childhood,
And let their sports be gay,
Till they, at least in memory,
May live to bless the day
When they were blithe and happy,
In palace or in cot;—
O! the happy days of childhood
Can never be forgot.

STURDY WINTER.

The Music from Weber's Opera of *Der Freischütz*; the Poetry by George Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

O! welcome, star - dy win-ter: Though your touch is some-what chill, And
 voice is of the roughest, Yet i' faith! I love you still. The fields of spring are
 greener, And autumn's eve more bright; Yet sang the chim-ney - cor-ner, When
 win-ter's fire burns bright; The fields of spring are green-er, And autumn's eve more
 bright, Yet sang the chim-ney - cor-ner, When win-ter's fire burns bright.

When summer friends shall falter,
 And the leaves are on the tree,
 I'll think of your true lesson,
 And still my song shall be:—

O! welcome sturdy winter:
 Though your touch is somewhat chill,
 And voice is of the roughest,
 Yet, i' faith! I love you still!

THE PATRIOT'S WELCOME.

The Poetry by Miss Jane Anna Porter; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Sostenuto.

On the brave who have fal-len, No tear we be - stow; Re - mov'd from a
 world of op - pres-sion and woe, It is bet-ter to die as they died, than live
 on, When the hope that sup-ports us for ev - er is gone. On the brave who have
 fal - len, no tear we be-stow; Re - mov'd from a world of op-pres-sion and woe.

O'er the actions of those who unshrinking could
 sell
 Their freedom so dearly, eruptur'd we dwell;
 And, although unsuccessful, the patriots that roam
 Shall be warmly receiv'd in our own island home.
 It is here that the spirit can swell uncontroll'd;
 It is here that high thoughts need not perish untold;

And a hand for a friend, or a sword for a foe,
 Is a gift that the poorest hath pow'r to bestow.
 We have mourn'd for the vanquish'd, we mourn that
 the brave
 Shall ever encounter a premature grave;
 But O! not for those only who fell is the stain
 Of our tears still unwip'd, but for them who remain

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND.

Composed by W. Shield.

Allegretto.

There's a dear lit - tie plant that grows in our isle,—Twas St. Pat - rick him -
ft
 self, sure, that set it; And the sun on his la - bor with plea - sure did
 smile, And with dews from his eye of - ten wet it. It thrives thro' the
 bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire - land, And he call'd it the dear lit - tie
ad lib. *repes.*
 sham - rock of Ire - land,— The sweet lit - tie sham - rock, the dear lit - tie
 sham - rock, the sweet lit - tie green lit - tie sham - rock of Ire - land.

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
 Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
 Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
 In each climate that each shall appear in—
 And shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the
 mireland,
 Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
 When its three little leaves are extended,
 Denotes from one stalk we together should toil,
 And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;

And still thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the
 mireland, [Ireland],
 From one root should branch like the shamrock of
 The sweet little shamrock, &c.

This dear little plant that shoots from our earth,
 Let the hard hand of industry nourish ;
 And love in each heart find its own warm birth,
 While peace, joy, and plenty shall flourish,
 And bloom thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the
 mireland,
 Just like our own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
 Your own little shamrock, &c.

TOO LATE I STAY'D.

Composed by C. Gilfert.

Andante.

Too late I stay'd— for - give the crime— Un - heed - ed flew the hours; For
 noise - less falls the foot of time That on - ly treads on flow'rs. O! who with
 clear a - mount re - marks The eb - bing of his glass, When all its sands are
 dia - mond sparks Which daz - zle as they pass, Which daz - zle as they pass

Ah! who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of paradise have lent
Their plumage to his wings?

Too late I stay'd—forgive the crime—
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of time
That nily treads on flow'rs!

ENGLAND, HOME OF THE FREE.

Composed by Oscar Perry.

Andante.

Thy sea-girt rocks, my na - tive isle, Are dear - er to my breast Than
vine - clad hills or vales that smile, In Na - ture's boun - ty
bless'd; Though all a - round breathe pure and bright, It is but free - dom's
grave: A - venge, a - venge, a - venge her with thy arm of
might, Eng-land, home of the brave! Eng-land, home of the brave!
My heart, in silent loneliness,
Pants for my dear lov'd plains;
Which sweet content ne'er fails to bless,
Where peace, delighted, reigns.

From here, alas! she's ta'en her flight,
For pity's tear to crave;
Avenge her with thy arm of might—
England, home of the brave!

O! NOT FOR ME.

Poetry by Mrs. Price; Music by H. Onkey.—Published by Telkien.

Andante con Express.

O! not for me the smile that plays Where hearts in joy - and swell; Where
Hope throws round her sun-ny rays, And love de - lights to dwell: For
grief per-vades this heart a - lone, That once was gay and free, And
plea-sure's soft and sil - ver tone, A - las! is not for me, And
plea-sure's soft and sil - ver tone, A - las! is not for me.
O! not for me the melting strain
That music loves to pour;
Deep, deep enthrall'd by sorrow's chain,
It melts mine ear no more:

The cherish'd dream of hope and love
Must all forgotten be;
Together still o'er earth to rove,
But not, O! not for me!

WHILE DAY'S LAST SMILE WAS SHINING.

The Music by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

While day's last smile was shin - ing, And all was calm and fair,
 On you - der rock re - clin - ing, I breath'd the ev'n - ing air.
 No star yet trembled o'er me, That home so sweet, so lonely—
 No fancied whispers fall, That charm, that silent spell,
 No leaflet stirr'd before me— Must rest for silence only,
 'Twas holy silence all. To feel and truly tell.

LIFE WITH ME BEGINS TO DWINDLE.

The Music from Boieldieu's La Dame Blanche; the Poetry by John Howard Payne.

Life with me be-gins to dwindle, All its bright hours now are o'er; Soon the
 Right whirl of the spin-dle To this touch will bend no more. But the mys-tic twist is
 spin-ning, Whence the lost may date his win-ning, And might yields to right, And
 might yields to right a - gain, yields to right a - gain. Days be-tween that day ad -
 vane-ing, Like this lit - tie wheel a-round light gla-ning, O! turn, O! turn, O!
 tur-n, O! turn, O! turn more swift - ly still; Days be-tween that day ad -
 vane-ing, Like this lit - tie wheel a-round light gla-ning, O! turn, O! turn, O!
 tur-n, O! turn, O! turn more swift - ly still, O! turn more swift - ly
 still, O! turn more swift - ly still, O! turn more swift - ly still.
 Dark and troubl'd are the changes, child, to which Twist ye, twine ye; darkly shaded
 thy lot is cast!
 No one's fate more wild and strange is, Are the threads which fate has braided,
 But thine own returns at last. Till lost shall be found again.
 Days between that day, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

OF A' THE AIRTS THE WIN' CAN BLOW.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

Moderato.

Of a' the airts the win' can blow, I dear - ly like the west: For there the bon - nie
las - sie lives, The las - sie I lo'e best: Though wild woods grow, and ri - vers flow, wi'
mo - ny a hill be - tween, Bauth day an' night my fan - cy's flight is
a - ver wi' my Jaen. I see her in the dew - y flow'rs, sas love-ly, sweet, an'
fair; I hear' her voice in il - ka bird wi' mu - sic charms the
air. There's not a bon - nie flow'r that, springs, by foun - tain, shaw, or
green, Nor yet a bon - ny bird that sings, But minds me o' my Jaen.

O! blow, ye westlin' win' blow soft amang the
leafy trees, — [the linden bees;
Wi' genial breeze frac muir an' dale, bring hame
An' bring the lassie back to me, that's eye see neet
an' clean, — [Jaen.
As' blink o' her wad banish care, sas lovely is my

What sighs an' vows, amang the knowes, ha'e
pass'd atween us twa! [grade mus'!
How faint to meet, how wae to part, that day she
The pow'r aboon can only ken to whom the heart
is seen, [Jaen.
That name can be sas dear to me as my sweet lovely

BRUCE'S ADDRESS—SCOTS, WHA HAE.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Robert Burns.

Moderato.

Scots, wha has wi' Wal-lace bled! Scots, wham Bruce has af-ten led! Wel-come to your
go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry. Now's the day, and now's the hour!
See the frost o' bat-tle lour, See ap-proach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla - vy.

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who see base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!
Who for Scotland's king and la'
Freedom's sword will stroogly dra',
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your soots in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!
Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe!
Liberty's in ev'ry blow!
Let us do, or die!

TROTTING ALONG THE ROAD.

Composed by W. Reeve.

Lively.

Gaf - fer Grist, Gaf - fer's son, and his lit - tie jack - ass, Trot - ting a - long the
 road, Thro' a gos - alp - ing strag - gling vil - lage must pass, Be - fore they could
 reach their a - bode. Mas - ter John - ny rode Jack - ey, which old Gaf - fer led; The
 vil - la - gers thought the boy mon - strous ill - bred, So they made ho - nest Gaf - fer get
 up in his stead, Trot - ting a - long the road, Trot - ting, trot - ting a - long the road.

They didn't go farre they heard people talk,
 Trotting along the road,
 As how it was stupid for either to walk,
 Before they could reach their abode.
 So they both rode—when, proud of his horse and
 his self, [elf?]
 A farmer cried, 'Down! would you kill the poor
 If you was an ass, would you like it yourself,
 Trotting along the road?'

Next they carried the Jackass, who never said
 nay,
 Trotting along the road,
 But all changes endur'd like the Vicar of Bray,
 Before he would quit his abode.
 Yet this wouldn't please ev'ry ill-natur'd tyke,
 And therefore this moral must forcibly strike,—
 We should manage our jackasses just as we like,
 Trotting along the road.

RECOLLECTION.

Canzonet, by Haydn.

Adagio.

The sea - son comes when first we met, But you re -
 turn no more, But you re - turn no more: Why
 can - not I the days for get hick time can ne'er re - store, can ne'er re -
 store? Why can - not I the days for - get Which time can ne'er re-store?
 O! days too fair, too bright to last— Are you, in - deed, for e - ver past? O!
 days too fair, too bright to last— Are you, in-deed, for e - ver past? O!

days too fair, too bright to last— Are you, in-deed, for e - ver
 past? Are you, in-deed, for e - ver past? Are you, in-deed, for e - ver past?
 The fleeting shadows of delight
 In memory I trace,
 In fancy stop their rapid flight,

And all the past replace;
 But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
 And tears the fading visions close.

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR A WOOD.

Composed by R. A. Moreland.

Moderato.

In my cot - tage near a wood, Love and Ro - sa now are mine! Ro - sa,
 ev - er fair and good, Charm me with those smiles of thine! Ro - sa,
 part - ner of my life, Thee a - lone my heart shall prize; Thee, the
 ten - der friend and wife! Ah! too swift life's cur - rent flies.
 Longer yet, ye moments, stay.—
 Why so rapid is your wing?
 Whither would ye haste away?
 Stay and hear my Rosa sing.

Love and you still bless my cot—
 Fortune's frowns are for our good;
 May we live by pride forgot,
 In our cottage near a wood!

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

Composed by Mozart.

Moderato.

Life let us che - rish, While yet the va-pour flows, And the ta - per nou - rish,
 While yet it glows. Why do we dwell on grief and care, Or why in fan - cy
 e - vil bear, Since life it - self will quick de - cay, And plen - sure pass a - way.
 When tempests threat the sky,
 And darken through the air,
 When angry lightnings fly,
 Vengeance to bear;
 Then, if the sun his golden rays
 Around the brighten'd world displays,
 Creation wakes to new-born day,
 Fair, smiling, young, and gay.

How short his mortal date!
 Friendship, love, will vanish!
 Shall we yield to froward fate,
 And hope banish?
 No; come, thou greatest bliss of life,
 Fair Hope, the balm of ev'ry strife;
 And with thee bring the social train,—
 Then joy shall ever reign.

DEAR TOM, THIS BROWN JUG.

Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale, Out of which I now
drink to sweet Nan of the vale, Was once To - by Fill - pot, a thirs-ty old
soul As e'er crack'd a bot-tie or fa - thow'd a bowl: In boozing a -
bout 'twas his pride to ex - cel, And a - mong jol - ly to - pers he
bore off the bell. - - - - he bore off the bell.

It chance'd, as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his slow'r-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old Stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died fell as big as a Dorchester but.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale;—
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the Vale!

MARGERY GRINDER.

When I was a migh - ty small boy, Young Mar - ge - ry came to our town, sir:
How I was bo - ther'd with joy! Like a kit - ten I frisk'd up and down, sir;
Call - ing her my sweet pearl, Fol - low - ing al - ways be - hind her.
For her black eyes, no girl could match my sweet Mar - ge - ry Grind - er.

My mother in vain bade me work,
Nor work nor ent could none Barney;
So she went to old Father O'Rourke,
Told her story, and, after some blarney,—
'Give me advice,' says she, 'no friend than you can
be kinder.'
Father O'Rourke a sheep's eye had himself cast on
Margery Grinder.
'What devil has got in the place?
The folks are all mad!' cries my mother;
'There's Captain M'Dermot M'Sheen,
And that deaf lawyer, Patrick, his brother;

Thady, the purblind bean, and old O'Donovan
blinder,—
They're dancing and bobbling all after pert little
Margery Grinder.
This Father O'Rourke gravely heard,
For grave was the father, though frisky;
'Mrs. Liffy,' says he, 'take my word'—
But he first took a noggin of whiskey—
Barney will have the girl, catch her where'er he
can find her!'
So by his advice I was married next day to sweet
Margery Grinder.

OLD ADAM'S SONG.

Poetry by George Sonne, A.R.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.
Moderato.

Come, dance, and put your work a-way; For once let la-bour have a rest! Why,
you for-get 'tis New-Year's Eve, Or sure-ly you had don'd your best. An-
other log up-on the fire! There's wood e-nough, and some to spare: Come
what may come, be mer-ry now,— An hour like this with us is rare! Come,
dance, and put your work a-way; For once let la-bour have a rest! Why,
you for-get 'tis New-Year's Eve, Or sure-ly you had don'd your best.

I've broach'd the last October ale, — And then we'll drink a silent cup
Be cheerful, then, and fill your glass; To children who're no longer here;
We'll talk the old times o'er again, And yet we'll not be sad—for, hark!
When you and I were younger, less! The bells ring in another year!
Come, dance, &c.

CUPID 'MID THE ROSES PLAYING.

Music by J. P. Knight.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro.

Cu-pid 'mid the roses play-ing, Sport-ive as a way-ward child, Met a pret-ty
maid-en stray-ing; Thus he spoke in ac-cents mild: 'Tell me, gen-tle maid-en, why
Thou hast wan-der'd here to-day? Like you pret-ty but-ter-fly, A-way! a-way!,
a-way! Like you pret-ty but-ter-fly, A-way! a-way! a-way!

Then the gentle maiden, sighing,
Blush'd, and answer'd with a smile,—
'Wild flowers at the fountain lying
Tempted me to walk awhile:
There the silver waters flow,—
Prithee ask me not to stay;
I must to the fountain go,—
Away, away, away!'

Love, his bow and arrow seizing,
Lough'd to hear the maiden speak;
Then with kisses, soft and pleasing,
Press'd the maiden's rosy cheek.
Swiftly then the bow he drew—
'Prithee ask me not to stay,'
And off the little urchin flew,—
Away, way, away!

IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.

Published by Preston.

Adagio.

In the dead of the night, when with la - bour op - press'd, And mor - tals en
joy the sweet bless - ings of rest, A boy knock'd at my door, I a - woke with the
noise, 'Who is it,' I said, 'Who is it,' I said, that my rest thus destroys?
He answer'd so softly, so gently, so mild,
'I am a poor little unfortunate child;
It's a cold rainy night—I am wet to the skin,
And, alas! I lost my way—so pray let me in.'
In compassion I rose, and, striking a light,
I open'd the door, when a hoy stood in sight;
He had wings at his shoulders—the rain from them
dripp'd,
And with a bow and arrow the boy was equipp'd.
I sturr'd op my fire, sat him down by my side,
And with a warm ospkin his tender skin dried;

I chaf'd him all o'er to keep out the cold air,
And with my own hand wrung the wet from his hair.
No sooner from wet and from cold he found ease,
Than, taking his bow, he said, 'Ma'am, if you
please,
If you please, I would fain by experiment know,
If the ralo has not damag'd the string of my bow?
Then straight from his quiver an arrow he drew,
And aim'd at my heart, while twang weet the yew:
'My bow is not damag'd, nor yet is my dart,
But you will find some trouble in bearing the smart.'

ERIN GO BRAGH!

Adagio.

Green were the fields where my fore - fa-thers dwelt, Oh! E - rin ma-vour-neen
slan-lagh go bragh! Tho' our farm it was small, yet com - fort we felt, Oh!
E - rin ma - vour-neen, slan-lagh go bragh! At length came the day when our
lease did ex - pire, And faio would I live whers be - fore liv'd my sire; But,
Ah! well - a - day, I was forced to re - tire, E - rin ma-vour-neen, slan-lagh go bragh!
Though all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, oh! With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!
Aggrandiz'd no great man—and I feel it alas, oh! Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!
For'd from my home—yes, from where I was born, I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for't,—
To range the wide world, poor, helpless, foelorn,
I look back with regret, and my heart-strings are torn,
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!
With her foes e'er preval'd, I was well known to sigh for'—
But my faith I preserv'd, and am now fore'd to fly for'.
Erin ma vourneen, slan laght go bragh!

AH! WHERE THE FAIRY VISION.

The Music from Salieri's Opera of Tannhäuser.

Andante.

Ah! where the fairy vi - sion So bright with joys E - ly - sian, A.
 las! a quick tran - si - tion Has soatch'd it all from me, And turn'd to sharp de -
 ri - sion. What us'd my pride to be. Love, then its dear-est
 trea - sure, Its ev'ry spor-tive plea-sure, With-out al-loy or mea - sure, Show'r'd
 Fine. 3
 pleas - ure - ly on me. Love, then its dear-est trea - sure, Its ev'ry spor-tive
 plea - sure, With-out al - loy or mea - sure, Show'r'd pleas - ure - ly on
 D. C. al Fine.
 me, with - out al - loy or mea - sure, show'r'd pleas - ure - ly on me.

Then all, my charms admiring,
 Soft love their bosoms firing,
 One gracious smile desiring,
 Their homage paid to me;
 And bashfully retiring—
 Ador'd, ador'd I us'd to be.
 Now what a diff'rent scene surrounds me—
 A haughty tyrant's slave!

What cold contempt now wounds me—
 Man's frowns I scarcely dare to brave,
 Man's frowns I scarcely dare to brave!
 Note to my charms now bending,
 Nor joy nor woe can I impart;
 To what an abject task descending,
 I stoop to bow another's heart!
 I stoop to bow another's heart, &c.

THERE WAS A TIME ERE SORROW.

The Poetry by Hampden Napier; the Music from the Oracle, or Interrupted Sacrifice, by P. Winter.

Andantino.

There was a time ere sor - row Had caus'd a tear to start, Ere care had
 plough'd one fur - row a - cross this youth ful heart, A - cross this youth ful heart.
 But now my eye is tearful,
 And seems in sorrow ver's'd ;—
 This heart a : more is cheerful,
 But throbs, as though 'twould burst.
 But throbs, &c.
 My hours must pass in anguish,
 And sad solicitude,

Since 'tis my lot to languish
 In silent solitude.

In silent, &c.

There was a time ere sorrow
 Had caus'd a tear to start,
 Ere care had plough'd one furrow
 Across this youthful heart.
 Across this, &c.

THE TREASURE-FINDER.

The Poetry by George Soane A.B.; the Music from Auber's Opera of the Crown Jewels.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro non Troppo.

The treasure-finder sought the fo - rest drear - ry, What time the twink-ling
stars look'd pale and wea - ry; With trem - bling hand he turn'd The soil where
light had burn'd, When, lo! a voice from the earth, so hol - low, and so
near! 'Mid-night is here, mid-night is here, mid-night is here!' What means that
sound? 'tis sure the an - gry, an - gry spi - rit, Who grudg - es mor - tal should his
gold, his gold in - he - rit, Should his gold in - he - rit, — 'Tis sure the
an - gry spi - rit, who grudg - es mor - tal his gold.

Strange sounds he heard of bells below him thun -
ring,
and lights beamed from earth's dark oosoga twink -
ling;
Yet still he delves, and delves,
While louder laugh the elves.

When, lo! a voice agnia comes, so hollow and so
drear! —
'Midnight is here, midnight is here'
At morn they found him there, all lifeless lying,
And deem'd him, struck by summer lightning, dying
At morn they found him—they found him lifeless
there!

WHEN I WAS A LAD.

To Irish Air, 'Katty O'Lynch'; The words by Lemass Redé.—Copied, by permission, from Cumberland's British and Minor Theatre.

Lively.

When I was a lad I was brought up by hand, For my ould fa - ther lar - rup'd me
dai - ly, 'Cause in fight - ing and loving, and all sorts of sports, I pass'd all my moments gen -
tale - ly. My school-mas - ter tried, with his clas - si - cal prnte, To beat meus - ty larn - ing, in
poor Paddy's pate: Ar - rah, Pad - dy! ar - rah, Pad - dy! ar - rah, Pad - dy! sure

larn - ing is al - ey ! With my fal la! la!, fal la! la! la! de ral la!

Sure it's a fair day in Bal-lin-a-cra-zy ! There's dan - cing and twir-ling, wrest-ling and
huri - ling; Glass-es too, lass - es too, fa ther, to please ye ; Feet trip-ping light ly,
eyes glanc-ing brightly,— All at ear Bal-lin-a-cra-zy. With my fal la! la!,
fal la! la!, la! de ral la!— Sure it's a fair day in Bal-lin-a-cra-zy !

When a chicken, you see, I was fnd of the Arrah, Paddy ! arrah, Paddy !
fair— With their fal, la!, la!, &c.
Growing sader I couldn't be neisy ;
The sight of a girl put my heart in a whirl,
And their love-glances drove Paddy crazy.
Och ! a sensitve plant is an Irishman's breast !
And the creatures can't let a poor lad be at rest.

Och ! the fair nnes of Ballinacrazy,
Dear little Norah, Kitty, and Flora,
Jenny too, Winsy too —Och ! 'twould amaze ye !
Fanny and Letty, Lizzy and Betty,—
The darlings of Ballinacrazy !

THE OLD MILL-STREAM.

Poetry by Eliza Cook; Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Andante con Express.

Bean - ti - ful streamlet ! How pre - cious to me Were the fields and the wild blos-soms
wa - ter'd by thee ! I think of thee oft, as thou wert in my youth, and thy rip-ple still
murmurs with freshness and truth. Bean - ti - ful streamlet ! I dream of thee still, Of thy
pour-ing cas-cade and thy mer - ry old mill ; Thou liv - est in mem'ry, and
will not de-part, Far thy wa - ters seem blent with the streams of my heart.

What pleasure it was to spring forth in the sun,
When the school-door was op'd, and the lessons
were done ; [the call,
When, 'Where shall we play ?' was the doubt and
And, 'Down by the mill-stream' was echo'd by all.
How I lov'd the green spot where my fairy ship
laid, [shade !
And the perch with its golden back slept in the
bow I lov'd the tall rushes that grew by its side,
And the cress and the silv - cup kissing its tide !

Home of my youth, if I go to thee now,
None can remember my voice or my brow ;—
None can remember the sunny-fac'd child
That play'd by the water—will joyous and wild.
Beautiful streamlet ! I sought thee again,
And the changes that mark'd thee awaken'd deep
pain !

Desolation had reign'd—thou wert not as of yore—
Home of my childhood ! I'll see thee no more !

THE OLD JAW-BONE.

The Words altered and adapted by F. A. D.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro.

Be jaw-bone hung o-ber log'-but fire,—Jaw-bone de ting I most ad-mire, And
when at night my work am done, Jaw-bone and I can hab some fun.
Dance jaw-bone wid your tur-key too, Neb-ber mind my look-ing at you.

No sooner I sit down to gaze,
An' log'-but fire make de blaze,
Den Jaw-bone show such lots of sights
As nebbet was seen by British whites.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

Once, when de flame was burning bright—
O! what a sight I see'd dat night—
I fancy de jaw-bone a luly wreath,
Wid de face of my Diana underneath.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

O! how my heart went pit-a-peep!
I blush'd at her, she blush'd at me;
But de fault was her's, I'm certain sure,
For I know she hub'd dat Nig next door.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

Another time, as I sat dere,
Kicking my shin-bones in de air,

Who's queer visage should I see
But Johnny Boker's from Tennessee.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

And ober his shoulder, noddin time,
Was Dandy Jim from Caroline;—
Wid such great folks I'm berry free—
I wink'd at him, he wink'd at me.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

I nebbet make dat jaw-bone swing
But all de bells begin to ring;
And if I cut a caper or two,
Jaw-bone always dances too.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

Jaw-bone and Joe will nebbet part,
Jaw-bone always in my heart;
For my ole fader gube it me
As a genuwine jaw-bone legacy.

Dance, jaw-bone, &c.

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

Composed by J. Davy.

Loud roars the dread-ful than-der, The rain a del-uge show'rs, The clouds are rent a - sun-der By light-nings' vi - vid pow'r; The night was drear and dark—Our poor de - vo - ted bark, Till next day, There she lay, In the bay of Bis-cay, O!

Now dash'd upon the billow, Her op'ning timbers creak; Each fears a wat'ry pillow; None stop the dreadful leak. To cling to slipp'ry shrouds, Each breathless seaman crowds, As she lay, till next day, In the Bay of Biscay, O!

At length the wank'd-for morrow Breaks through the hazy sky,— Absorb'd in silent sorrow, Each heaves a bitter sigh.

The dismal wreck to view, Strikes horror to the crew, As she lay, on that day, In the Bay of Biscay, O!

Her yielding timbers sever, Her pitchy seams are rent, When Heav'a, all bounteous ever, Its boundless mercy sent: A sail in sight appears, We haul her with three cheers!— Now we sail, with the gale, From the Bay of Biscay, O!

FAREWELL, THOU STREAM.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

Larghetto.

Fare - well, thou stream, that wind - ing flows A - round Ma - ri - a's dwl -
ing! O! cru - el mem' - ry! spare the throes With - in my bo - som swell-ing;
Con - demn'd to draw a hope - less chain And still in se - cret lan -
guish, To feel a fire in ev - ry vein, Nor dare dis - close - - my an-guish.
The wretch of love, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover;
The bursting sigh, the unweaving groan,
Betray the hopeless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But, O! Maria, hear one prayer—
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
Nor wist wh - at it enslaved me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till ears no more had scared me:
The unwary sailor, thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
Mid circling horrors yields at last,
To overwhelming rain.

DUNOIS THE BRAVE.

A French Romance.

It was Du-nois the young and brave, was bound for Pa - les - tine; But
first he made his o - ri - sons be - fore Saint Ma - ry's shrine; And
grant, im - mor - tal queen of heav'n, was still the sol - dier's pray'r, "That
I may prove the brav - est knight, And love the fair - est fair,— That
I may prove the brav - est knight, And love the fair - est fair."

His oath of honour, on the shrine, he grav'd it with
his sword, [Lord;
And follow'd to the Holy Land the banner of his
Where faithful to his noble vow, his war-cry fill'd
the air, — [fairest fair.
"Be honour'd aye, the bravest knight, belov'd the
They owed the conquest to his arm, and then his
liege-lord said; [be repaid;
The heart that has for honour beat, by bliss must

My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a wedded
pair, [the fairest
For thou art bravest of the brave, she, fairest of
And then they bound the holy knot, before Saint
Mary's shrine, [combine;
That makes a paradise on earth, if hands and hearts
And every lord and lady bright, that were in chace
there, [the fairest fa.
Cried, "Honour'd be the bravest knight bel-

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Scottish Melody; Poetry by Robert Burns.

Moderately.

Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And ae-ter brought to min'? Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days o' lang syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the brases,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd manny a weary fit,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

We twa hae paid it in the burn,
Frse morning sun till dñe;
But seas between us braid haes roar'd,
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And there's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a richt-gude willie waught,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

HE'S COMIN' AGAIN.

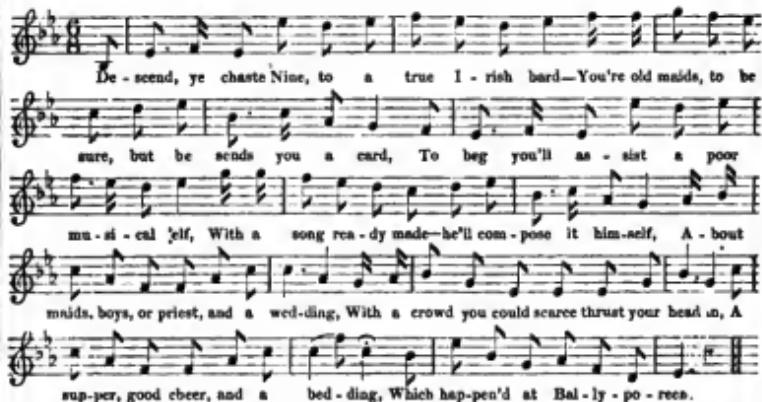
What welcome sounds now meet mine ear, He's com-in' a-gain, he's com-in' a-gain, Oi
welcome sounds, to me how dear, We'll see him a-gain, we'll see him a-gain!

Oi be has been lang a-wa', Far frse his sin, far frse his sin. Now
let the pi-pers loud-ly blow, He's wel-come hame, he's wel-come hame! Then
ga-ther, then ga-ther, Ye lads o' the hea-ther, To see him a-gain, to see him a-
guin; Let hill and dale re-peat the strain, 'He's com-in' a-gain, he's com-in' a-gain!'

Oi ye wha've lang shed sorrow's tear,
Wi' hearts aye sair, wi' hearts aye sair;
Oi ye wha mourn the hrave an' dear,
Ye'll see nae mair, ye'll see nae mair!
Their trials an' strugles a' are past, —
So greet nae mair, so greet nae mair;
For heav'a has now'd our cause at last,
An' heard their pray'r, an' heard their pray'r.
Oi ye to whom your country's dear,
Rejoice wi' me, rejoice wi' me;
Let the echoing hills repeat the strain,
'He's comin' again, he's comin' again!'

To fight for truth wha ere did rue?
Tho' adverse a' tho' adverse a';
When fortune frown'd, and friends were few,
For him they fought, for him did fa'!
Oi lang we thought our sun was set,
But it's shinin' again, it's shinin' again!
Our eyes that lang were dim an' wet,
Are beamin' again, are beamin' ag'in.
Then gather, then gather, ye lads o' the heather
To see him again, to see him again;
Let hill an' vale repeat the strain,
'He's comin' again, he's comin' again!'

THE WEDDING OF BALLYPOOREEN.



I was a fine summer's morning—about twelve in the day,
 All the birds still to sing, all the asses to bray,
 When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the bride,
 In their best bibs and tuckers, set off side by side:
 O! the piper play'd first in the rear,
 The maid's blush'd, the bridesmen did swear,
 O! Lord, how the spalpeens did stare,
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen!

They were soon tack'd together, and home did return,
 To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,
 When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,
 O! the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group:
 There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,
 With harpers, and pipers, and nailors,
 And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There were Bryan Macdermot, and Shaughnessy's brat,
 With Terence, and Driscoll, and platter-fac'd Pat;
 There was Norah Macmick, and Bryan O'Lynn,
 And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the inn;
 There were Sheelah, and Larry the genius,

With Pat's uncle, old Darby Dennis,
 Black Thady, and crooked Macgenais,
 Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration.
 And he charm'd all their souls with his kind boisteron;
 They were welcome, he said, and be sworn and
 *They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink
 till they burst:

The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,
 Here again I hope you'll all drive, sirs,
 You'll be welcome all, dead or alive, sirs,
 To a christening at Ballyporeen.*

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,
 But she twitter'd and felt so—she could not tell
 how—
 She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few words she
 She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all;

But her mother cried, * What, are you dead, child?
 O! for shame of you, hold up your head, child;
 Though I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child;
 O! I'd rattle all Ballyporeen! *

Now they sat down to meat—Fatner Murphy add grace:
 Smoking hot were the dishes, and eager each face,
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters
 did play,
 And they elbow'd and jostled, and wallop'd away.
 Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins, did groan, sirs,
 Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,
 They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs
 At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was
 spoil'd;
 Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd;
 Hog's puddings, red herrings—the priest got the
 snake—
 Calennion pies, dumplings, cods, cow-heels, and
 Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,
 And the whiskey came pouring gaiore, sirs,
 O! bow Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs!
 O! he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whiskey went round, and the songsters
 did roar;
 Tim sung 'Paddy O'Kelly'—Neil sung 'Molly
 Till a motion was made, that their songs they'd
 forsake,
 And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to
 Then the piper and couples advancing,
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a prancing;
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,
 Was ne'er known in Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom and Oonagh the
 bride,
 Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded in pride,
 And to all the brave guests, young or old, gray or
 green,
 Drunk or sober, that jig'd it at Ballyporeen.
 And when Cupid shall lead you his wherry,
 To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,
 I wish you may be half as merry
 As we were at Ballyporeen.

HOW SLOWLY MOVE THE HOURS.

Composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

Andante.

How slow - ly move the hours, When pass'd a - way from thee! These fields and love-ly
bow - ers Have then no charms for me. How slow - ly move the hours, When pass'd a - way from
thee! These fields and love-ly bow - ers Have then no charms for me. You grove that smiles so
fair, With na-ture's wildest grace; When-a'er I miss thee there, Be-comes a de-sert place.

If but a day go by
Without a sight of thee;
I carve, with many a sigh,
Thy name on ev'ry tree:

I wander down the vale,
And hope to find thee there;
I tell the rocks my tale
Of love and of despair.

THE WILD IRISH BOY.

Allegretto.

Young Paddy is mer - ry and hap - py, but poor; His ea - bin is built in the
midst of a moor: No pret - ty green mea-dows a - bout it are found, But bogs in the
middle and moun-tains a - round; Where sometimes he mournful-ly sings 'Grammachee,' Or
whis-tles more cheerfully sweet 'Langoo-lee,' Or whis-tles more cheerfully sweet 'Lan-go-lee.'

Young Paddy indeed is not polish'd or mild,
But his soul is as free as his country is wild;
And though unacquainted with fashion or dress,
His heart over melts at the sound of distress;
For sometimes he mournful-ly sings 'Grammachee,'
Or whistles more cheerfully sweet 'Langoo-lee.'

Then let us not laugh at his bulls or his blunders;
His broad native brogue or his ignorant wonders;
And do not by ridicule ever destroy
The honest content of a wild Irish boy.
For sometimes he mournful-ly sings 'Grammachee,'
Or whistles more cheerfully sweet 'Langoo-lee.'

THE CUCKOO.

Poetry by Shakpeare: Music by Dr. Arne.

Moderato.

When dai-sies pied, and vi - olets blue, And cue - koo flow'rs all sil - ver white, And
but-ter-cups of yellow hue, Do paint the mea-dows with de-light: The

cuckoo then on ev-e-ry tree Sings merr-ly, sings mer-ri-ly, sings mer-ri-ly, Yes, thus sings the
 cuc-koo— cuc-koo, cuc-koo, cuc-koo: O! tones most clear, O! tones most clear, Thy
 mea-sur'd ac-cents charm the ear, Thy mea-sur'd ac-cents charm the ear.
 When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And larks proclaim the morning's dawn,
 And turtles coo, and rooks and daws,
 And lambkins gambol o'er the lawn,
 The cuckoo then, &c.

HOW HAPPILY MY LIFE I LED.

Composed by Storace.

Andante.

How hap-pi-ly my life I led, With-out a day of sor-row; To
 plough and sow, to reap and mow, No care be-yond the mor-row, No care be-yond the
 morrow. In heat or cold, in wet or dry, I ne-ver grumbled, no, not I: My
 wife, 'tis true, loves words a few, My wife, 'tis true, loves word; a few; What then? I let her
 prate; What then? I let her prate. For, some-times smooth and some-times rough, I
 found my-self still rich e-nough in the joys of an hum-bie state, in the
 joys of an hum-bie state; For some-times smooth and some-times rough, I
 found my-self still rich e-nough in the joys of an humble state.

But when law I craz'd my head,
 I lost both peace and pleasure;
 Long says to hear,
 To search and swear,
 And plague beyond all measure.

One grievance brought another on,
 My debts increase, my stock is gone:
 My wife she says,
 'Our means 't will raise';
 What then? 'tis idle prate.
 For sometimes smooth, &c.

THE HEATH THIS NIGHT.

Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Andante.

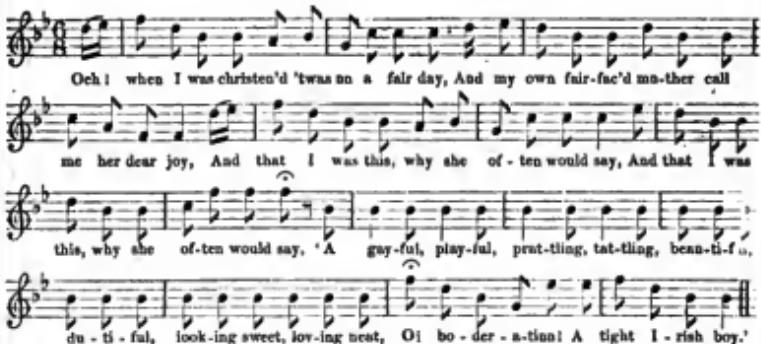
I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lonely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vnu,
And all it promis'd me, Mary:

No fond regret must Norman know,
When bursts Clan Alpine on the foe,—
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrows free, Mary.

A time will come with feeling fraught,
For if I fall in battle fraught,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary;

And, if return'd from conquer'd foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the lanet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary!

THE TIGHT IRISH BOY.



Arrah! when I grew up, I grew always in love—
Variety's pleasing, and never can cloy;
So, true to ten thousand I'd constantly prove,
A sighing, crying, employnig, pressing, caress-
ing, distressing, adoring, imploring, encor-
ing, die away, sigh away, looking sweet,
loving neat,—

O! boderation! a tight Irish boy.

It was, love, or drinking, myself am the lad, 'stroy,
Who the wide world itself would go near to de-

For a cup of the creature soon makes my heart glad,—
Then I'm a laughing, quaffing, smoking, jok-
ing, swearing, tearing, rummical, comicl,
sightable, fightable, sing away, ding away,
roll about, troll about, looking sweet, loving
neat, die away, sigh away, dash away, tarash
away, dash away, smash away,—

O! boderation! a tight Irish boy.

THE FIRST DEAR THING THAT EVER I LOV'D.*

The Poetry by the Rev. A. C. Coxe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Con Espressione.

The first dear thing that ev-er I lov'd, Was a mo-ther's beam-ing eye, That
smil'd as I woke on the dream-y couch, That era-died my in-fan-cy; I
ne-ver for-get the joy-ous thrill That smile in my bo-som stirr'd; Nor
how it could charm me a- gainst my will, Till I laugh'd like a joy-ous bird.

And the next fair thing that ever I loved

Was a bunch of summer flow'rs,
With odours, and hues, and loveliness,
Fresh as Eden's bōw's:—

I never can find such hues ag'in,
Nor smell such sweet perfume;
And if there be odours as sweet as them,
'Tis I that have lost my bloom.

And the next dear thing that ever I loved
Was a fawn-like little maid,
Half awed, half pleased, by the frolic boy
That tortured her doll, and played;
I never can see the gossamer,
Which rude rough zephyr tease,
But I think how I tossed her flossy locks,
With my whirling bonnet's breeze.

And the next good thing that ever I loved
Was a bow-kite in the sky;
And a little boat on the brooklet's surf,
And a dog for my company;
And a jingling hoop, with many a bound
To my measured strike and true;
And a rocket sent up to the firmament,
When even was out so blue.

And the next fair thing I was fond to love
Was a field of wavy grain;

Where the reapers mowed; or a ship in sail
On the billowy, billowy main;

And the next was a fiery, prancing horse,
That I felt like a man to stride;

And the next was a beautiful sailing-boat,

With a helm it was hard to guide.

And the next dear thing I was fond to love
Is tenderer far to tell:

'Twas a voice, and a hand, and a gentle eye
That dazzled me with its spell;

And the loveliest things I had loved before
Were only the landscape now,

On the canvas bright where I pictured her,
In the glow of my early vow.

And the next good thing I was fain to love
Was to sit in my cell alone,

Musing o'er these lovely things,

For ever, for ever flown.

Then out I walked in the forest tree,

Where wantoned the autumn wind,
And the coloured boughs swung shiveringly,
In harmony with my mind.

And a Spirit was on me that next I loved,
That ruleth my spirit still,
And maketh me murmur these sing-song words,
Albeit against my will.
And I walked the woods till the winter came,
And then did I love the snow; [aisles,
And I heard the gates through the wildwood
Like the Lord's own organ blow.

And the bush I had loved in my greenwood walk,
I saw it far away,
Surpiced with snows, like the bending priest
That kneels in the church to pray:
And I thought of the vaulted fans and high,
Where I stood when a little child,
Awed by the lands sung thrillingly,
And the anthems undefiled.

And again to the vaulted church I went,
And I heard the same sweet prayer.
And the same full organ-peals ascent,
And the same soft, soothing airs;
And I felt in my spirit so drear and strange.
To think of the race I ran,

That I loved the sole thing that knew no change
In the soul of the boy and man.

And the tears I wept in the wilderness,
And that froze on my lids, did fail,
And melted to pearls for my sinfulness,
Like scales from the eyes of Paul:
And the last dear thing I was fain to love
Was that holy service high,
That lifted my soul to joys above,
And pleasures that do not die.

And then, said I, one thing there is
That I of the Lord desire,
That ever, while I on earth shall live,
I will of the Lord require:
That I may dwell in his temple blest,
As long as my life shall be,
And the beauty fair of the Lord of Hosts
In the home of his glory see.

* This elegant poem is printed entire, that the singer may select the verses most consonant to his taste or state of feeling. The First, Second, Fourth, and Sixth, with the first four lines of the Seventh, followed by the last four lines of the Eleventh for a conclusion, will be found a consonant and eloquent song, not too long to be generally acceptable.

THE MERMAID'S SONG.

Composed by Haydn.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

Now the dancing sun-beams play On the green and grassy
sea, Come, and I will lead the way, Where the pearl - ly
treasures be; Come, and I will lead the way, Where the pearl - ly treasures
be, where the pearl - ly treasures be, where the pearl - ly treasures be.
Come with me, and we will go Where the rocks of co - ral grow, of co - ral
grow - fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me— fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me. Come with
me, and we will go Where the rocks of co - ral grow, Where the rocks of co - ral
grow; fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me— fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves;
Riches hid from human eye
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.

Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away;—
Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.

A LVA.

Irish Melody, to Moore's Air, 'Rich and rare were the Gems she wore;' Poetry by Leman Rede.
Published by Davidson.

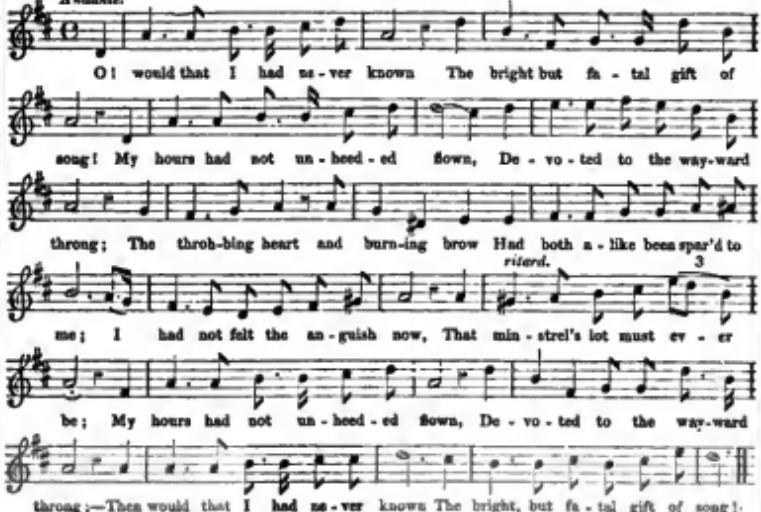
Deep o'er Al - va's tow - er falls The gloom of night: the an - cient walls Are
dark as death; the sen - try's cue Is si - leot all, for death is there,—The
last of Al - va's lof - ty line Is laid with - in the con - vent shrine.

Alva! peace is not for thee!
Thy splendid turrets yonder see,
Thy wide domains are fair to view;
Thou hast no child to give them to;
And thou art old, and sorrow here,
With none to dry thy bitter tear.

False thou wert in love, and now
Thou reap'st the guerdon of thy vow:
Days shall rise, and suns shall glow,
But pleasure thou wilt never know;
More wretched than thy meanest slave,
Thy only hope is in the grave.

THE MINSTREL'S LAMENT.

Poetry by J. E. Carpenter; Music by P. Jewell.—Printed by permission.

Andante.

In vain, my strange and wayward fate
 A blessing and a curse hath sent,
 That makes me love what I should hate,
 And sing again, while I lament:
 The minstrele's soul, uncheer'd by praise,
 Is like a lute with chords unstrung.

And thus we have the pensive lays
 That former bards had play'd or sung;
 And thus my golden hours I've thrown,
 Devoted to the wayward throng:—
 Then, would that I had never known
 The bright but fatal gift of song.

I HAVE A SILENT SORROW HERE.

Composed by the late Duchess of Devonshire.



And when pale characters of death
 Shall mark this after'd cheek,
 When my poor wasted trembling breath
 My life's last hope would speak,

I shall not raise my eyes to heav'n,
 Nor mercy ask for me;
 My soul despairs to be forgiven,—
 Unpardon'd, love, by thee.

HAD I A HEART FOR FALSEHOOD FRAM'D.

Irish Melody, to Moore's "The Harp that once through Tarn's Halls."

Had I a heart for false-hood fram'd, I ne'er could in-jure you; For,
 though your tongue no pro-mise claim'd, Your charms would make me true: To
 you no soul shall bear da-ceit, No stran-ger of-for wrong, But
 friends in all the ag'd you'll meet, And lov-ers in the young.
 But when they learn that you have bless'd Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
 Another with your heart, Nur fear to suffer wrong;
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest, For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And act a brother's part: And brothers in the young.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

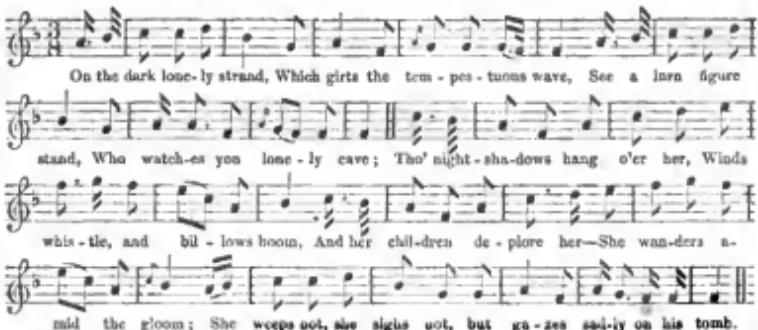
Andante.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty
 Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our
 al-ley. There is no la-dy in the land Is half so sweet as
 Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets For then I'm dress'd all in my best,
 For those that want to buy 'em; To walk abroad with Sally;
 Her mother she makes lace long, For she's the darling of my heart,
 And through the streets does cry 'em. And she lives in our alley.
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget My master carries me to church,
 So sweet a girl as Sally; Where often I am blamed,
 She is the darling of my heart, Because I leave him in the lurch,
 And she lives in our alley. As soon as text is named.
 When she is by I leave my work— I leave the church in sermon-time,
 I love her so sincerely: And slink away to Sally;
 My master comes like any Turk, For she's the darling of my heart,
 And bangs me most severely. And she lives in our alley.
 But let him bang his belly-full, My master, and the neighbours all,
 I'll bear it all for Sally; Make game of me and Sally,
 For she's the darling of my heart, And bnt for her I'd better be
 And she lives in our alley. A slave, and row a galley:
 Of all the days that's in the week, But when my seven long years are owt,
 I dearly love but one day, Why then I'll marry Sally:—
 And that's the day that comes between O! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 A Saturday and Monday; But not in our alley.

ON THE DARK LONELY STRAND.

Irish Melody, to Moore's Air, 'At the Mid Hour of Night.'



O! that breast calmly sleeps,
 That once was warm an her own;
 And the loathsome worm creeps
 Through the heart that was her's alone;
 And the bright eye is clinched,

Whose beam was guid-ing light;
 And those smiles now are shrank'd,
 That made ev'-ry beam more bright—
 All fleeted, all perish'd, and left her in
 darkness and night.

PESTAL.*

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.—Published by Davidson.

Audente patetico.

Yea, the morn-ing breaks; The day for me that has no mor-row.
 Death!—and where-fore shrink? Tho' sharp, it is the end of sor-row.
 O n! the ty-rant has no pow-er o'er the grave; There a-long is rest, There at last we're bless'd!
 Yes, the thought that thou in vain wilt spend thy breath, Takes the bit-ter-ness from
 death. Yes, the morn-ing breaks; The day for me that has no mor-naw.
 Death! and where-fore shrink? Tho' sharp, it is the end of sor-raw.

Rouse! and meet thy fate,
 That men in after times may love thee!
 Rouse! thy name must live
 When weeds are rank, and wave above thee.

Yes, thy deeds shall be the theme of tale and song,
 And shall prove a spell, ringing slav'ry's knell,—
 Kindling freedom's lamp in cottage and in hall,
 Till its light shall spread n'er all.

Yes, the morning breaks, &c.,

* This air is said to have been composed by Colonel Pestal, when confined in a Russian dungeon under sentence of death, and only a few hours before his execution.—According to the popular tradition, he scratched the melody with a nail upon his prison wall.

WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

The Poetry by a Lady; the Music by Dr. Horsley.

Pathetically.

When shall we three meet a - gain? When shall we three meet a - gain? Oft shall
 glow - ing Hope ex - pire, Oft shall wea - ried Love re - tire, Oft shall
 Death and Sor - row reign, Ere we meet to part a - gain,

Though in distant lands we sigh,
 March'd beneath a hostile sky;
 Though the deep beneath us roll,
 Friendship shall unite each soul:
 Still, in fancy's rich domain,
 Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lumpa are dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade,
 Beauty, power, and fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirit's reign,—
 There shall we three meet again.

NOT YET RETURNING.

The Poetry by George Soane A.B.; the Music from Beethoven's Grand Opera of Fidelio.
Published by Dav'dson.

Not yet, not yet re - turn - ing— Old Win - ter's fled, the buds are red, And summer
 skies, and sum - mer skies are burn-ing; Old Win - ter's fled,
 Old Winter's fled, and sum - mer skies, and sum - mer skies are burning. Blow,
 winds, and speed him home a - gain; The moments seem full drea-ry; How ma - ny
 bit - ter days I've watch'd, Till hope her-self grows wea - ry. Blow,
 winds, and speed him home a - gain; The mo - ments seem full drea-ry; How
 ma - ny bit - ter days I've watch'd, Till Hope her-self grows wea - ry.

And can he e'er for - get me? Too well I know I could not

so, — My heart could ne - ver, ne - ver let me; And
can he? Too well I know I could not so, I could not so, I could
not so, — I could not so.

YE STREAMS THAT ROUND MY PRISON CREEP.

Sempre Piano.

Ye streams that round my pri - son creep, If on your mos - ey banks you
see My gal - lant lo - ver, you see my lo ver, stand and weep, O!
mar - mur, O! mar - mur, O! mar - mur this com - mand from me: 'Thy
mis - tress bids thee haste a - way, Thy mis - treas bids thee haste a-way, a -
way, — — — And shun the broad - ey'd watch - ful day.'

Ye gales, that love with me to sigh,
If, in your breezy flight, you see
My dear Floreski sing'ring nigh,

O! whisper this command from me:
'Thy mistress bids thee haste away,
And shun the broad - ey'd watchful day.'

HAD I A CAVE ON SOME WILD DISTANT SHORE.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

Andante.

O! had I a cave on some wild dis - tant shore, Where the winds
howl to the wave's dash-ing roar, There would I weep my woes, There seek my
lost re - pose, Till grief my eyes should close, Ne'er to wake more.

Falsest of womankind, canst thou declare
All thy fond pighted vows fleeting as air?
To thy new lover hic,

Laugh o'er thy perjury,
Then in thy bosom try
What peace is there?

'TWILL BE ALL THE SAME A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.

All' gradi con Animæ.

To the feast while we may, to the fight, to the fight when we
must; We will live, boys, to-day, take to-morrow, to-morrow, on
trust. Talk of glo-ry and fame! I could ne'er see the sense; Why, 'twill
be all the same a hun-dred years hence, a hun-dred years hence. Should the
fair prove un-kind, or else fie-kle, or fie-kle should be, There are
ad lib.
thou-sands be-hind fair and fie-kle as she: Ma-ny moods hath her love, faith and
ma-ny a tense! But 'twill be all the same,— yes, 'twill be all the
a tempe.
same, 'twill be all the same a hun-dred years hence, a hun-dred years hence.

If the brother we love pass away in his youth,—
Or, yet worse, should he prove false to honour and
truth,—
Drop a tear if you list, to no more make pretence,
For 'twill be all the same a hundred years hence.

Now my song is run out, and the patience of most,
Push the bottle about, and I'll give you a tonet,—
Fill, though, first to the brim, and a sig for ex-
pense:
Here's a health to the world, a hundred years
[hence!]

BLOW, YE WINDS.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music from Verdi's Opera of *Nino*.—Published by Davidson.*Allegro.*

Blow, ye winds, ye can-not bear me Fas-t'er than my thoughts would tear me
From the land that we are leav-ing, From the home which once was dearest;
If I seem to be now griev-ing, 'Tis that we are still so near,
Of the few I lov'd sincerely,
They who seem'd to love me dearly,
Some have gone, and some forgot me;

Some would smite me where I stand;
Then, whate'er the fates allot me,
Bear me to some other land.

THE KISS, DEAR MAID.

The Poetry by Lord Byron.

Amorosa.

The kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne - ver part from mine, Till
 happier hours re - store the gift, Un - taint - ed, back to thine.
 The part - log glances that fond - ly beams, An e - qual love may see; The
 tear that from the eye - lid streams, Can weep no change in me. - - The
 kiss, dear maid, thy lip has left, Shall ne - ver part from mine, Till
 hap - pier hours re - store the gift, Un - taint - ed, back to thine.

I ask no pledge to make me bless'd,
 To gazing when alone;
 Nor ooe memorial for a breast,
 Whose thoughts are all thine own.

By day or night, in weal or woe,
 That heart, no longer free,
 Must bear the love it cannot show,
 And, silent, ache for thee.

LOOK YOU NOW.

Composed by W. Reeve.

Moderato.

There is a pro-verb fer - ry old— Look you now, look you now: If hu -
 pru - dence must be told,— Look yoo now; This pro-verb is of gold-en rules,
 Fer - ry coot to cau-tion fools: Ne - ver med - dle with edge-tools— Look you now,
 look you now: Ne - ver med - dle with edge - tools— Look you now.

There is a fable pat enough.
 Look you now, look you now:
 A snake once lick'd a file so rough,—
 Look you now;
 She tore her tongue above, beneath,
 Her wish'd her had not left the heath,
 But kept her tongue between her teeth,—
 Look you now.

A story ferry coot I've heard—
 Look you now, look you now:
 There was a Turk who wore a peard—
 Look you now—
 'Twas all his pride, till once a clova
 Pull'd it so, wheo with a frown
 The angry Turk just knock her down—
 Look you now.

I LEFT THEE WHERE I FOUND THEE, LOVE.

Composed by C. Gilfert.

Allegretto.

I left thee where I found thee, love, Thron'd gay - ly in those laugh-ing eyes : 'Twas
fol - ly to have bound thee, love, For love is love-best while he flies. 'Twas
sa - fest, best, to leave thee, love, For flight may end both hopes and fears. I
did not wish to grieve thee, love; For love's re - sist - less when in tears - l
left thee where I found thee, love, Thron'd gay - ly in those laugh-ing eyes : 'Twere
fol - ly to have bound thee, love, For love looks love - liest while he flies.

At distance I may view thee, love,
Uncheck'd by glances, smiles, or sighs :
Thou didst not dream I knew thee, love,
So wrapt in friendship's deep disguise.

No splendid shrine I made thee, love,—
Thy presence hallow'd ev'ry spot;
No kind farewell I bade thee, love,
For love's last look is ne'er forgot.

TAKE THIS ROSE.

Composed by T. V. Wiesenthal.

Andante.

Fair one, take this rose, and wreath it in thy braid-ed hair,— A
bright-er bloom will rest be -neath it; Take the rose, my fair, The flow'r which
late was seen to glow So love-ly on that snowy brow, Lov'd thy lips, and
light-ly shed a dew-y leaf of ro-sy red, To bloom for ev - er there.
Take this lily, love, and twine it
In thy flowing hair;
'Twill gem thy ringlets,—why decline it?
Take the flow'r, my fair.

And yet its leaflets, pure and pale,
In beauty on that brow will fail:
That brow attracts all eyes to thee,
And none will choose or chance to see
The lily fading there.

YARICO TO HER LOVER.

Composed by F. H. Himmel.

Nou Poco Adagio.

When night spreads her sha-dows around, When night spreads her sha-dows a-round, My
 kiss-es shall soothe thee to rest, my kiss-es shall soothe thee to rest: I will
 sof-ten thy bed on the ground, And thy cheek shall re - pose on my breast, and thy
 cheek shall re-pose on my breast. Love, heed not the storm and the rain; On
 me let their fu - ry de-scend; This bo - som will scorn to com-plain, While it
 shel-ters the life of a friend, While it shel-ters the life of a friend. Yet
 shouldst thou, O! cru-el - ly fly, Yet shouldst thou, O! cru-el - ly fly, Thy
 name shall for ev - er be dear, Thy name shall for ev - er be dear. The
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear; The
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear; The
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh, and the bil - low shall car - ry a tear, And the
 bil-low shall car - ry a tear, And the bil - low shall car - ry a tear; The
 winds shall con-vey thee a sigh. And the bil-low shall car - ry a tear.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

O! NANNY, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME?

Andantino.

Composed by Carter; the Poetry by Dr. Percy.

Music score for 'O! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' in G minor. The lyrics are as follows:

O! Nan-ny, wilt thou gang wi' me, Nor sigh to leave the faun - ing
town? Can si - lent gless have charms for thee, The low - ly cot, and
rus - set gown? No long - er dress'd in silk - en sheen, No longer
deck'd wi' jew - els rare, Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Say, canst thou quit each court - ly scene, Where
thou wert fair - est of the fair? Where thou wert fair-est, Where
thou wert fair-est, Where thou wert fair - est of the fair.

O! Nanny, when thou'rt far awa,
Wilt thou cast a wish behind?
Say, cause thou face the flaky snaw,
Nor shrink before the warping wind?
O! can that soft and gentle mien
Severest hardships learn to bear?
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene.
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
O! Nanny, cause than love so true,
Through perils keen wi' me to gae?
Or, when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of wae?

Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assame the nurse's care?
Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?
And wilt thou o'er his morn-lov'd clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gray,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

YE BANKS AND BRAES.

Scottish Melody; the Words by Robert Burns.

Adagio.

Music score for 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon' in G minor. The lyrics are as follows:

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair; How
can ye chaunt, ye lit - the birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care! Ye'll
break my heart, ye lit - the birds that wan - ton through the flow - ry thorn; Ye
mild me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

Aft has I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
While like a bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sac did I o' mine.

Wi' heartsome glee I pu'd a rose,
The sweetest on its thorny tree;
But my fause love has sto'en the rose,
And left the thorn behind wi' me.

ROY'S WIFE OF ALDIVALLOCH.

The Poetry by Mrs. Grant, of Caron.

Andante.

Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch, Roy's wife of Al - di - val - loch,
Wat ye how she cheat-ed me, As I cam' o'er the braes o' Bal-loch?
She vow'd, she swore she wad be mine; She said she loe'd me best o' o - ny; But,
O! the sic - kle faith - less quean, She's ta'en the earl, and left her John - nie.

O! she was a canty quean,
And weel could dance the Hieland wallock!
How happy I, had she been mine,
Or I been Roy of Aldivaloch!

Her hair sac fair, her een sac clear,
Her wee bit mou' sac sweet and bonnie!
To me she ever will be dear,
Though she for aye has left her Johanie.

DONALD.

Moderato.

When first you court-ed me, I own, I feed - ly fa - vour'd
you: Ap - pa-rent worth and high re - nown Made me be - lieve you
true, Do - nald. Each vir - tue then seem'd to a - dorn The
mas - teen'd by me; But, now the mask's thrown off, I
scorn To waste one thought on thee, Do - nald.

O! then for ever haste away,—
Away from love and me;
Go, seek a heart that's like your own,
And come no more to me, Donald.

For I'll reserve myself alone,
For one that's more like me;
If such a one I canna find,
I'll fly from love and thee, Donald.

MY FRIEND IS THE MAN; OR, THE MODEL.

Composed by Hook.

Moderato.

My friend is the man I would co-py through life : He har-bours no en - vy, he
 can - ses no strife; Nu mur-mur-es - cape him, though for-tune bears hard; Con -
 tent is his por-tion, and peace his re - ward! Still hap-py in his sta-tion, He
 minds his oc - cu - pa-tion, Nor heeds the snares, Nor knows the cares, which vice and
 fol - ly bring: Dal - ly work-ing wen - ri - ly, Night-ly sing - ing chee - ri - ly,
 Dear to him his wife, his home, his coun - try, and his king;
 Dal - ly work - ing wen - ri - ly, Night - ly sing - ing chee - ri - ly, Dear to
 him his wife, his home, his coun - try, and his king.
 His heart is enlarged, though his income is scant; How charming to find, in his humble retreat.
 He lessens his little for others that want; That hisse so much sought, so unknwn to the
 Though his children's dear claims nn his industry great;
 press,
 He has something to spare for the child of distress.
 He seeks no idle squabble,
 He joins an thoughtless rabble;
 To clear his way,
 From day to day,
 His honest views extend ;
 When he speaks 'tis verily,
 When he smiles 'tis merrily, [friend.
 Dear to him his spirt, his toil, his honour, and his
 wife only anxious her fondness to prove
 The playful endearments of infantine love.
 Relaxing from his labours,
 Amid his welcome neighbours,
 With plain regale,
 With jest and tale;
 His thoughts, his conduct free ;
 Na vain schemes confounding him,
 All his joys surrounding him,
 Dear he holds his native land, its laws, and liberty.

LIGHT AS THISTLE DOWN.

Allegro.

Light as this - tie dawn mov-ing, Which floats on the air, Sweet gratitudo's debt to this
 cot - tage I bear. Of an - tumn's rich store I bring home my part, The
 weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart. Light as this - tie down, moving, Which

floats on the air, Sweet gra - ti-tude's debt to this cot - tage I bear; Of
 au-tumn's rich store I bring home my part, - The weight on my head,
 - but gay joy in my heart, - the weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart, the
 weight on my head, but gay joy in my heart, gay joy in my heart, gay joy in my heart.

TELL ME, BABBLING ECHO.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

Tell me, bab - bling e - cho, why You re - turn me sigh for sigh? When I of
 slighted love complain, You de - light, you de - light to mock my pain?
 Bold intruder, night and day, I'll call thee from thy dark retreat,
 Busy tell-tale, haste away! The joyful tidings to repeat.
 Me and my cares in silence leave, - Repeat, repeat, repeat the strain,
 Come not near me whilst I grieve, Tell it o'er and o'er again;
 But if my swain, in all his charms, From morn till night prolong the tale—
 Return to bless my longing arms, Let it ring from vale to vale.

A WEARY LOT IS THINE, FAIR MAID.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by C. Gilbert.

'A wea - ry lot is thine, fair maid, A wea - ry lot is thine, To pull the thorn thy
 brou to braid, And press the rue for wine: A light-some eye, A sol - dier's
 mien, A fea - ther of the blue; A dou - liet of - - - the
 Lin - coln green—No more of me you know, my love! No more of me you know.

⁴This morn is merry June, I trow,
 The rose is budding fain;
 But she shall bloom in winter snow,
 Ere we two meet again."

He turn'd his charger as he spake,
 Upon the river shore!
 He gave his hralde reigns a shake,
 "Adieu, for evermore, my love!"
 "Adieu, for evermore."

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

The Music by J. J. Hutchinson, of the American Hutchinson Family.

Andante.

I've been a-mong the migh-ty Alps, and wander'd thro' their vales, And heard the honest
 mountain-eers re - late their thrill - ing tales: 'Twas there I from a shepherd heard a
 nar - ra-tive of fear, A tale to rend a parent's heart, which mo-thers might not
 lamentable.

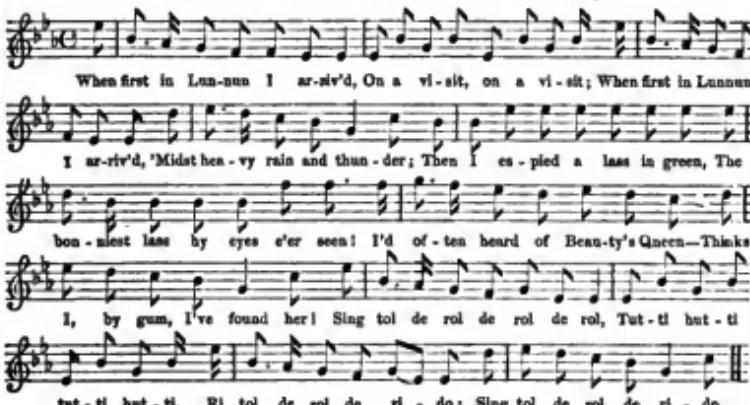
hear! One still and cloud-less sabbath morn, the sun was ri - sing high, When
 from my chil-dren on the Green I heard a fear-ful cry, As if some aw - ful
 deed was done,—A shriek of grief and pain,— A cry! I hum-bly pray, O! God, I
 ne'er may hear a - gain. A cry! I hum-bly pray, O! God, I ne'er may hear a - gain.
Poco presto.

I hur-ried out to learn the cause, but, o - verwhelm'd with fright, My chil-dren
 shriek'd in wild dis-may, When from my fren-zied sight I miss'd the young-est of my
 babes, the darling of my care: But something caught my searching eye, slow moving thro' the
 air— O! what a hor - ri - fy - ing sight to meet a father's eye! His
 in-fant made a vul-ture's prey, in ter-ror to dea - cry! To know, a-las! with
 burst - ing heart, and with a maniac rave, That hu-man pow'r could not a - vail, that
 in - nocent to save: That hu-man pow'r could not a - vail, that in-no-cent to
Lento.

"My infant stretch'd his little hands imploringly to me,
While struggling in the Vulture's grasp, all vainly
to get free;
I heard his agonizing cries, as loud and long he
scream'd,
Until, amidst the azure skies, a lessening spot he
seem'd:
The Vulture flapp'd his pond'rous wings, as swift
away he flew—
A mote upon the sun's broad disk he seem'd unto
my view;
At length, I thought he check'd his speed, as if he
would alight,
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanish'd
quite.

"All search was vain—some years had pass'd—
that child was ne'er forgot:—
At length a daring hunter climb'd a high secluded
spot,
From whence, upon a rugged crag the chamois
never reach'd,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements
had bleach'd:—
In haste I climb'd that rugged cliff—I could not
stay away—
And there I found my infant's bones, fast moul-
d'reng to decay!
A tatter'd garment yet remain'd, though torn to
many a shred—
The cap he wore that fatal morn was still upon his
head!"

THE YORKSHIREMAN IN LONDON.



When first in Lun-nun I ar-niv'd, On a vi-sit, on a vi-sit; When first in Lun-nun
 I ar-niv'd, 'Midst hea-vy rain and thun-der; Then I es-pied a lass in green, The
 bon-niest lass by eyes e'er seen! I'd of-ten heard of Beau-ty's Queen—Thinks
 I, by gum, I've found her! Sing tol de rol de rol de rol, Tut-ti bat-ti
 tut-ti bat-ti, Ri tol de rol de ri-do; Sing tol de rol de ri-do.

She stood stock still—I did the same,
Gazing on her, gazing on her,—
She stood stock still—I did the same:
We both look'd mighty simple.
Her cheeks were like the blushing rose,
Which on the hedge neglected blows;
Her eyes were black as any does;
And nigh her mouth a dimple.

Tol de rol, &c.

"Madam," says I, and made a bow,
Scraping to her, scraping to her;
"Madam," says I, and made a bow—
I quite forgot the weather,—
"If you will me permission give,
I'll see you home, where'er you live:—
With that she took me by the sleeve,
And off we trudg'd together.

Tol de rol, &c.

A pratty wild-goose chase we had,
Up and down, sir—in and out, sir;
A pratty wild-goose chase we had,—
The cobble stones so gall'd me;
Whereon we came unto a door,
Where twenty lasses—ay, or more,
Came out to have a peep gadore
At Bumkin, as they call'd me.

Tol de rol, &c.

"Walk in, kind sir," says she to me,
Quite politely, quite politely;
"Walk in, kind sir," says she to me:—
"Poor lad!" they cried, "he's undone."
"Walk in, kind sir." "Not so," says I,
"For I've got other fish to fry,—
I've seen you nome, so now good bye:
I've Yorkshire, tho' in Lun-nun."

Tol de rol, &c.

My pockets soon I rummag'd o'er,
Cautious ever, cautions ever;
My pockets soon I rummag'd o'er,
Where I a diamond ring found:
For I had this preception took,
To stick in each a small fishhook;
In groping for my pocket-book,
The hook it stripp'd her finger.

Tol de rol, &c.

Three weeks I've bee in Lun-nun town,
Living idle, living idle;
Three weeks I've been in Lun-nun town,
'Tis time to strike to work, sure.
I sold the ring and got the brass,
And so I did not play the ass:—
"Twil do to toast the Lun-nun lass,
When I get back to Yorkshire.

Tol de rol, &c.

THE STORM.

Allegretto Moderato.

Cease, rude Boreas, blust'ring rail'er ! List, ye lands-men all, to me ! Massmates, hear a
bro-ther sail-or Sing the dan-gers of the sea. From bound-ing hil-lows first in motion Where the
dis-tant whirwinds rise, To the tempest-trou-bled o - cean, Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely hawling :—
‘ By topsail-sheets and han-yards stand !
Down top-gallants quick be hawling !
Down your stay-sails,—hush, boys, hand I
Now it freshens, set the braces !
Quick the topsail sheets let go !
Luff, boys, luff,—don’t make wry faces !
Up your topsails nimbly clew !
Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly look’d in beauty’s arms,
Fresh enjoyments wan-ton counting,
Free from all but love’s alarms,—
Round us roar the tempest louder,
Think what fear our mind enthralls—
Harder yet, it yet blows harder ;
Now again the boatswain calls :—
‘ The topsail yard point to the wind, boys ;
See all clear to reef each course !
Let the foresheet go ; don’t mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse !
Fore and aft the sprit-sail yard get ;
Reef the mizen ; see all clear ;
Hand up ; each preventer-brace set ;
Man the fore-yard ; cheer, lads, cheer !
Now the dreadful thunder’s roaring !
Peal on peal contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring !
In our eyes blue lightnings flash :
One wide water all around us,
All above us one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us ;
Hark ! what means that dreadful cry !

‘ The foreman’s gone !’ cries ev’ry tongue out,
‘ O’er the lee, twelve feet ‘bove deck.
A leak beneath the chest-tree’s sprung out,—
Call all hands to clear the wreck !
Quick the lanyards cut to pieces ;
Come, my hearts, be stont and bold
Plumb the well ;—the leak increases,
Four feet water in the hold !
While o’er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives and children mourn ;
Alas ! from hence there’s no retreating ;
Alas ! from hence there’s no return !
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are chok’d below ;
Heav’n have mercy here upon us,
For only that can save us now !
O’er the lee-beam is the land, boys ;
Let the guns o’board be thrown ;
To the pump come ev’ry hand, boys ;
See, our mizen mast is gone !
The leak we’ve found,—it cannot pour fast ;
We’ve lightened her a foot or more ;
Up, and rig a jury foremast :—
She rights, she rights, boys ! wear off shore.
Now once more on joys we’re thinking,
Since kind fortune spn’d our lives ;
Come, the can, boys, let’s be drinking,
To our sweethearts and our wives,
Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
Close to th’ lips a brimmer join :
Where’s the tempest now ? who feels it ?—
None ! our danger’s drown’d in wine !

THE MODEST BACHELOR.

Allegretto.

By T. B. Brett, St. Leonards.

Come, list, ye fair maid-s, to a Ba - che - lor’s tale, Who’s not ve - ry ng’d, though he
looks ra - ther pale : He wish - es to mar - ry, if one he can find, ‘Mongst
England’s fair daugh - ters, one just to his mind— just to his mind, just to his mind,
just to his mind, just to his mind,’Mongst England’s fair daugh - ters one just to his mind.

He's modest as any can possibly be ;
His age, you should know, too, is just thirty-three ;
And to show what a little he craves of your sex,
These few simple notions he begs to annex :—
The first thing required is, the health to be good ;
Then a richly-stor'd mind—that's of course under-
Abilities rare, as a matter of course ; [stood ;
And plenty of cash as an after-resource.
A face that is pretty—the form rather tall—
With friends and relations respectable all :

A fine flow of wit, and good-humour likewise ;
A neat pair of feet, and intelligent eyes.
The next thing required is a good taste for music
Free use of the tongue,—but not to abuse it ;—
With modesty, beauty, and money combin'd,
These qualities surely, so few, he may find.
I've done now, fair maids, and I think you'll agree
That a more modest person there never could be :
Of ladies now present, if any one can
Respond to these requisites,—I am her man.

HARK! THE BELLS ARE GAYLY RINGING.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music from Verdi's Opera of *Nino*.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro Moderato.

Hark! the bells are gay - ly ring-ing, Notes of glad-ness round them
 3
 ring-ing, From the stee - ple, from the tow - er; What those sounds be - to - sea
 3 3
 say? 'Tis be - cause an heir is giv - en To the fa - vor'd son of
 3
 Hea - ven, to the lord of lands and power; 'Tis a Per-cy's born to - day.
 Hark! again the bells are pealing,
 Joyful tidings far revealing,
 While o'er earth and water swinging;
 Tell me what those sounds convey?

'Tis because, his manage over,
 Marries now the noble lover,
 While the merry birds are singing ;—
 'Tis a Percy weds to-day !

THE PEASANT BOY.

The Poetry and Music by John Parry.

Andante.

Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wan - der and roam, Be - reft of his pa-rents, be -
 reft of a house, A stran - ger to plea-sure, to com - fort, and joy, Be
 hold lit - tie Ed-mund, the poor pea-sant boy! O! pi - ty, O! pi - ty the
 poor peasant boy; O! pi - ty, O! pi - ty the poor peasant boy!
 I'm willing to labour, I'm willing to toll,
 For Fortune will ever on industry smile:
 But, ah! not a creature will deign to employ
 A wond'rer like Edmund, the poor peasant boy,
 Then pity, O! pity! the poor peasant boy.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

Composed by Hook.

Moderato.

The flow'r's of the fo-rest in spring time were gay, And love heigh-ten'd
 ev'- ry soft plea-sure of May; My Ma-ry stray'd with me, where - ev - er I
 went, And my heart was the man-sion of peace and con-tent. Bot, a -
 las! she has left me, for pas-times more gay, And the flow'r's of the fo-rest all
 wi-ther a - way, And the flow'r's of the fo - rest all wi-ther a - way.

The flow'r's of the forest in spring-time were gay,
 And the smile of my Mary gave wings to the day;
 But past are those pleasures, no more to return—
 Her charms I adore, and her falsehood I mourn.
 For, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay,
 And the flow'r's of the forest all wither away.

The flow'r's of the forest in spring-time were gay,—
 Like their fragrance, my bliss and fond hopes pass
 sway—
 Now, blighted by sorrow, fade, wither, and die;
 For, alas! she has left me for pastimes more gay,
 And the flow'r's of the forest all wither away.

O! WERE I BUT A BIRD.

A German Air, composed by Louis Spohr.

O! were I but a bird, Then would I fly O-ver the e - me - rald o - cean,
 Thro' the bIo vault of the sky— Quick - er than gales in swift mo - tion,
 Ne-Ver, O! ne - ver re - po - sing, Till with my love far a - way, a - way,
 Till with my love far a - way; But, O! I am no wing-ed bird, And
 here I still must stay, And here I still must stay.
 Clouds so fair, could not ye
 My greeting bear?
 Tell him, I linger in sorrow,--
 All my fond wishes declare,

And return swift on the morrow :
 Tidings of comfort conveying—
 Bot, O! ye are no messengers,
 And all my wish is vain.

ROCKAWAY.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Sempre Moderato.

On old Long Is - land's sea - girt shore, Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a-way, In
list'n-ing to the breakers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock-a-way; On old Long Island's
sea - girt shore, Ma - ny an hour I've whil'd a-way, In list'n-ing to the
break-ers' roar, That wash the beach at Rock - a - way. Trans-fix'd I've stood while
na - ture's lyre In one har - mo - nious con - cert broke, And, catch - ing its Pro -
me - than fire, My in - most soul to rap - ture woks. O! - - - on, &c.
O! how delightful 'tis to stroll
Where murmur'ring winds and waters meet.
Marking the billows as they roll
And break resistless at your feet!
To watch young Iris as she dips
Her mantle in the sparkling daw,
And, chas'd by Sol, away she trips
O'er the horizon's quiv'ring blus.
On old Long Island's, &c.

To bear the startling night-winds sigh.
As dreamy twilight hails to sleep;
While the pale moon reflects from high
Her image in the mighty deep.
Majestic scene, where Nature dwells,
Profound in everlasting love,
While her unmeasur'd music swells
The vaulted firmament above.
On old Long Island's, &c.

HARK! I HEAR THE OCEAN'S WHELMING SWEEP.

Irish Melody, Moore's 'Love's Young Dream'; the Poetry by Leman Rede.
Audacissimo express.

Hark! I hear the o - cean's whelm-ing sweep, The loud wind's roar! Fare thee
well, my love,—I brave the deep, We meet no more. Deep glooms the night a - cross the
land, and dark - ly lour the skies; Cold - ly blows the wind, and cold's the hand that
in mine lies; And the nn - ly lights up - on the strand Are those lov'd eyes.
When my bark across the foamy brine
Shall fly from thee,—
When those dear blue eyes no longer shine
Life's light to me,—
This heart thy smiles first taught to glow
Will bid emotion cease,
And I, from ills and griefs below,
Find one release,
When these eyes, that long have wapt in woe,
Shall close in peace.

IN THE DOWNTILL OF LIFE.



With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade
too,

As the sunshine or rain may prevail; [too,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade
With a barn for the use of the stall;
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;—
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honour may wait him to-morrow.
From the bleak northern blast may my cot be
completely

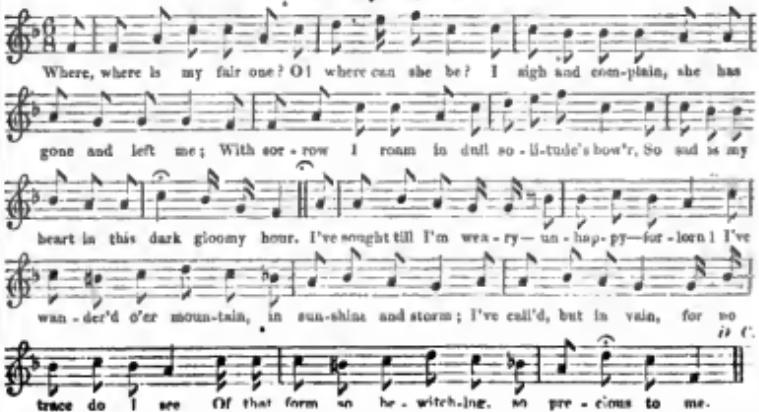
Seer'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the sound of a murmuring rill.

And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends will I share whatto-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.
And when I last must throw off this frail cov'ring,
Which I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keephov -
ring.

Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smile count each wrinkle and furrow;
At this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to -
day,
May become everlasting to-marrow.

WHERE, WHERE IS MY FAIR ONE!

Written and adapted by T. B. Brett.



Where, where is my fair one? where can she be gone? There once was a time I was cheerful and gay;
 I late take my rest, and I rise ere 'tis dawn; No trouble I saw then—I knew no dismay;
 For peace and contentment are strangers to me— Then dull care and sorrow were strangers to me—
 Then where is my fair one? O! where can she be? O! where is my fair one? where, where can she be?

MY MEERSCHAUM BOWL.

The Words from 'The Family Herald.' The Music by T. B. Brett.

My meer-schaum bowl, in thee I find A so-lace, to my wea-ry mind; Thou
 art to me a trus-ty friend, Who canst in need as-sist-an-ce lend:
 Who trou-bles o-ther means de-fy To cure the heart-felt ma-lin-dy, This
 thou, with Dutch C'-Nas-ter fill'd, My stormy mind bath of-ten still'd.
 When to my pleasure I resort,
 My pipe, thou'l urge me to the sport;
 And, when the toils of daylight close,
 In thee I find a sweet repose;
 Or, if in study I intend,
 My pipe, thou canst assistance lend,
 To concentrate a wayward thought
 Into the subject I have sought.

And thus, in study, toil, or play,
 In grief or mirth—by night or day—
 My meer-schaum, thou'r a friend in need,
 And, being so, a friend indeed!
 Well, since thou art so great a friend,
 E'en let thy curling clouds ascend,
 Serenity to all impart,
 And tranquillize each gen'rous heart.

MISS WRINKLE.

Composed by G. Nick.

To a vil-lage there liv'd an old maid, Who was ne'er known for tri-fies to fret, But
 yet she was sad-ly a-fraid That a hus-band she oe-ver should get. Miss
 Wrink-le was fif-ty, it can't be de-my'd,—Sing fal de ral la! de ral de; Yet
 still to be mar-ried she con-stant-ly sigh'd—Sing fal de ral la! de ral de.
 She went in the garret to pray,
 And, hoping her pray'r might be granted,
 She never omitted a day
 To name in her pray'r what she wanted.
 For, though she was fifty, it can't be denied—
 Sing fal de ral la! de ral de!
 That still to be married she constantly sigh'd—
 Sing fal de ral la! de ral de!

A thatcher, one day, through the roof,
 At her pray'r did espy this old dove;
 Then popp'd in his head—gave her proof
 Her devotions were heard from above:
 'Will a thatcher do for you, Miss Wrinkle,' quoth
 Sing fal de ral la! de ral de! [he—]
 'For better or worse, I'll consent,' rephrased she—
 Sing fal de ral la! de ral de!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

BLUE BONNETS OVER THE BORDER.

Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Cos' anima.

March, march, Et - trick and Te - vi - ot - dale ! Why, my lads, din-na ye march far-ward in
 or - der ? March, march, Esk-dale and Lid - des-dale ! All the blue bon-nets are
 o - ver the bor - der. Ma - ny a ban - ner spread flut - ters a - bove your head; Ma - ny a
 crest that is fa - mous in sto - ry : Mount and make rea - dy, then, sons of the moun - tain gies;
 Fight for your King and the old Scot - fish bor - der ! March, march, Et - trick and
 Te - vi - ot - dale ! Why, my lads, din-na ye march for - ward in or - der ? March, march,
 Esk-dale and Lid - des - dale ! All the blue bon-nets are o - ver the bor - der.

Come from the hills where your hirsels are grazing ; Trumpets are sounding, war - steeds are bounding ;
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ; Stand to your arms, and march in good order.
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazinc ; England shall many a day tell of the bloody fray,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow ! When the blue bonnets came over the border !

ANNIE LAURIE.

Scottish Melody.

Moderato.

Max - well-ton brnes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew ; And it's there that An - nie
 Lan - rie Gif'ed me her pro - mise true, Gif'ed me her prom - ise true, Which
 ne'er for - got will be ; And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doun an' dee.
 Her brow is like the snaw-drift ; Like dew an' the gowan lying,
 Her throat is like the swan ; Is the fa' o' her fairy feet ;
 Her face it is the fairest, An' like winds in summer sighing.
 That e'er the sun shone on ; Her voice is low and sweet ;
 And dark blis is her e'e ; As' she is a' the world to me !—
 And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doun an' dee.

THE STANDARD-WATCH; OR, THE STANDARD-BEARER.

Translated from the German by George Soane, A. B.—Published by Davidson.

The min - strel holds the stan - dard-bear-er's watch; Up - on his arm his keen-edg'd
 sword is ly - ing; He flings his blood-stain'd fin - gers o'er his harp, And
 breathes his song forth to the night-wind's sigh - ing:— 'The lady of my
 love, I name her not, But wear her co-lours, and will wear them ev - er: For
 free - dom do I fight,— to her I've sworn, And ne - ver will I
 quit her co-lours, ne - ver! And ne - ver will I quit her co - lours, ne - ver!

The night is gone, and battle comes with day; Now death is weary, and the battle's won,—
 Still float thy colours, faithful minstrel, o'er thee: The dying minstrel's life-blood stains the heather;
 His sword it flashes, and the bolt succeeds, Upon the colours kept so well he lies,
 The while he breathes his song of love and glory: And breathes his song and life there out together:
 'The lady of my love,' &c. 'The lady of my love,' &c.

WHEN I GAZ'D ON A BEAUTIFUL FACE.

Composed by M. P. King.

Andante Gratiola ad Americam.

When I gaz'd on a beau - ti - ful face, Or a form that my fan - cy ap -
 prov'd, I was pleas'd with its sweet-ness or grace, And false-ly believ'd that I
 lov'd. But my heart, tho' it strove to de-ceive, The in - jus - tice it would not al -
 low;— I could look, I could like, I could leave, But I ne - ver could love till
 now.— Ah! never, no, never, O! never, no, never,— I never could love till now!
 Yet, though I from others could rove, But, no longer of reason bereft,
 Now harbour no doubt of my truth;— On your hand—that pure altar—I vow,
 Those flames were not lighted by love,— Tho' I've look'd, and have lik'd, and have left,
 They were kindled by folly and youth: That I never have lov'd till now.
 Ah! never, &c.

WHEN THE ROSEBUD OF SUMMER.

The Poetry by E. J. B. Fitzsimons, Esq.; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

When the rose-bud of Sum-mer, its beau-ties be-stowing, On Win-ter's rude blast all its
 sweet-ness shall pour, And the sun-shine of day in night's darkness be glow-ing, O!
 then, dear - est El-len,* I'll love you no more! I'll love you no more! And the
 sun - shine of day in night's dark - ness be glow-ing, Dear - est
 Ed - len, dear - est El - len! I'll love you no more, I'll love you no more, I'll
 express.
 love you no more! O! then, dear - est El - len! I'll love you no more!

When of hope the last spark, which thy smile And the pulse of that heart which adores you shall
 lov'd to cherish, perish,
 In my bosom shall die, and its splendour be o'er, O! then, dearest Ellen, I'll love you no more! [A.C.]

* Ladies in singing this song substitute the name of Henry for Ellen.

ALICE GRAY.

Composed by Mrs. P. Millard.

Allegretto Moderato.

She's all my fan - cy paint-ed her, She's love - ly, she's di - vine; But her
 heart it is an - o - ther's—She ne-ver can be mine: Yet lov'd I as man ne - ver lov'd, A
 3 a tempo.
 love with - out de - cay:—O! my heart, my heart is breaking For the love of A - lice
 Gray; O! my heart, my heart is break-ing For the love of A - lice Gray.
 Her dark brown hair is braided
 O'er a brow of spotless white;
 Her soft blue eye now languishes,
 Now flashes with delight:—
 The hair is braided not for me,
 The eye is turn'd away;
 Yet my heart, my heart is breaking,
 For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
 I've trembled in the blast;
 But my pilgrimage is nearly done—
 The weary conflict's past:
 And when the green sod wraps my grave,
 May pity haply say:—
 'O! his heart, his heart was broken,
 For the love of Alice Gray!'

THE POLICEMAN'S LOVE.—PARODY ON ALICE GRAY.

From 'Merry England in the Olden Time,' by Geo. Daniel, Esq.

She's all that fancy painted her ! she's rosy without
rouge, [bright gamboge ;
Her gingham gown a modest brown turn'd up with
She learns to jar the light guitar, and plays the
harpichord. — [Cent Cossols.
Her fortune's five-and twenty pounds in Three per
At Beulah Spa, where love is law, was my fond
heart beguil'd ;
I pour'd my passion in her ear — she whisper'd,
'Draw it mild?' [does not?
In Clerkenwell you bear the bell : what muffin-man
And since, my Paul, you've gain'd your p'nt, per-
haps you'll stand your pot.

The Charlie quite, I've, honour bright, sent pack-
ing for a cheat ;
A watchman's wife, he'd whack me well when he
was no his beat.
'Adieu !' he said, and shook his head, 'my dolor be
And, while you laugh, I'll take my staff, and go and
cry — the hour.'
Last Greenwich Fair we wedded were : she's won,
and we are one ;
And Sally, since the honey-moon, has had a little son.
Or of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like
Sally smarter ;
I said it 'fore I married her, and now I say it arter.

LOVE, LITTLE BLIND URCHIN.

Love, lit - tie blind ur-chin, went stroll-ing one day, And mad-ri-gals chaunt-ed so
prett-y ; While hal-lads be sold as he went on his way, With Val-en-tine ver-ses so
witty; Love's burden was, 'Maids, ne'er away your hearts throw ; Till prudence prompts yes, always
answer 'O! no,' al-ways answer 'O! no' always an-swer 'O! no!' Till prudence prompts
yes, always answer 'O! no, no, no, no!' always answer 'O! no' always answer 'O! no'
Love, little blind urchin, advice didn't spare, But, thus wounded, their hearts she forgot 'em.
Yet his arrows at random, he shnt 'em ; Left by Prudence, the maids turn'd out silly, and
And a dart aim'd at Prudence, who chance'd to be so [said 'No.'
there, They often said 'Yes,'—when they should have

I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING.

The Poetry adapted by J. N. Sola, to an Irish Melody.—Published by Davidson.

I love my love in the morn-ing, For she like morn is fair,— Her blushing cheek its
erimson streak, its clouds her golden hair. Her glance its beam so soft and kind; Her
tears its dewy show'r; Her voice the ten-der whisp'ring wind, That stirs the ear-ly how'res.
I love my love in the morning, — Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
I love my love at noon ; Her faith my fosterling shade ;
For she is bright as the Lord of light, And I will love that darling one
Yet mild as autumn's moon. Till e'en that sun shall fade !

MY FONDEST, MY FAIREST.

Hummel's celebrated Air, 'A la Tyrolienne,' written and arranged by George Lisleay.
Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

Allegretto.

My fondest, my fair - est, my gen - tle Ca - ri - na! Come hi - ther, my
own one! come hi - ther to me! Bright gar - lands I bring thee; Sweet songs I will
sing thee, More sweet than the bird in yon emerald trees; While ev'ry breeze that
wanton by Shall soft - ly e - cho sigh for sigh, And ev'ry note, sweet
bird, from thee, By Love's fond strain shall an - swer'd be; And ev'ry note, sweet bird,
shall answer'd be, shall an - swer'd be, - - - - - My fondest, my
fair - est, My gen - tle Ca - ri - na! Come hi - ther, my own one! Come
hi - ther to me; Bright gar - lands I bring thee; Sweet songs I will
sing thee— Ca - ri - na, Ca - ri - na! I live but for thee!

My fondest, my fairest! though cold hearts should
chide me—
O! what are their frowns, my own one! to me?
I feel not a sorrow when thou art beside me!—
What joy can be greater than gazing on thee?
Sweet vale and grove! bright moon and star!

To those who love how dear ye are!
E'en bird and bower, moon, star, and sea,
Are twofold dear when bless'd with thee;
Are twofold dear, sweet love! when bless'd with
thee,
My fondest, my fairest! my gentle Carina! thee.

KATHLEEN O'MORE.

Irish Ballad.

Slow and Expressive.

My love, still I think that I see her once more; But, a - has! she has left me, her loss to de -
plore: My own M - te Kathleen, my poor lost Kathleen, my Kath - leen. O!

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue,
Her colour still changing, her smiles ever new;
So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen, O !
She milk'd the dnn-cow that never offer'd to stir,—
Though wicked it was, it was gentle to her;
So kind was my Kathleen, &c.
She sat at the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the wind blow and to look at the moon;
So pensive was Kathleen, &c.

Cold was the night-breeze that sigh'd round her bower,
It chill'd my poor Kathleen—she drooy'd from that hour;
And I lost my poor Kathleen, &c.
The bird of all birds that I love the best,
Is the robin that in the churchyard builds her nest;
For she seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen, my Kathleen, O !

I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris. The Music by W. R. Dempster.

Cos. Animæ.

I'm with you once a - gain; my friends, No more may foot - steps roam; Where
 it be-gan, my jour - ney ends, A - mid the scenes of home. No o - ther clime has
 skies so blue, Or streams so broad and clear; And whers are hearts so warm and true As
 those that meet me here? And where are hearts so warm and true As those that meet me here?
 Since last, with spirits wild and free,
 I press'd my native strand,
 I've wandered many miles at sea,
 And many miles on land.
 I've seen all nations of the earth,
 Of every hue and tongue,
 Which taught me how to prize the worth
 Of that from which I sprung.

My native land, I turn to you,
 With blessing and with prayer,
 Where man is brave and woman true,
 And free as mountain air.
 Long may our flag in triumph wave
 Against the world combi'd,
 And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
 Within our borders find.

THE REJECTED.*

Poetry by Miss Susan Wollaston; the Music by her sister.

Affection.

O! do not think, tho' I have learn'd To pass thee cold-ly by, My heart has still not
 fond-ly turn'd, Nor felt, nor felt that thou wert nigh. When midst' the heart-less
 I have sought The gay - est oft to be, My heart was bus-y with some
 thought, Some feel - ing wak'd by thee, Some feel - ing wak'd by thee.
 I could have triumph'd in thy fame, But now, alas! I only strive,
 Or lov'd thee, if unk-nown; To weep from ev'ry eye,
 I could have proudly spoke thy name, That still in thee, alone, I live,
 Though Fortune's gifts had flown. And mourn thee silently.

* Josephine was to be divorced, sacrificed to his ambition, or, as he termed it, "to the welfare of France"—she endured the anguish of wounded love and mortified pride—but he was inexorable, and she obeyed.—Vide Cuvier's *Histoire de France*.

SING ON, SING ON.

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly; the Music by J. C. Clifton.—Published by J. Willis.
Soprano.

O! give me a sweet and a shady bower, On the banks of a river
clear and bright; And let not a ray of the sun have pow'r To peep thru' the
wood-bines from morn till night: Then sing me the songs that I used to hear In our
own sweet home, more fair than this. And, if on my cheek you be-hold a tear, Sing
on, sing on, for such tears are bliss; Sing an, sing on—for such tears are bliss.

When last we met in that lonely bower,
We knew not the meaning of such fond tears;—
We are older now, and weep for some
Who shar'd in the pleasure of former years.

Ab! when I remember how oft they heard
That song in a shady spot like this,
Though a tear may fall for ev'ry word,
Sing on, sing on—for such tears are bliss.

O! TWINE ME A BOWER.

The Poetry by Thomas Crofton Croker; the Music by Alexander D'Roche.

Adagio.

O! twine me a bow'lt all of woodbine and ro-ses, Far, far from the path of your
com-mon-place joys; Where the gem of content-ment is si-lence re-po-ses, Un-
sul-lied by tears, and un-trou-bled by noise: Yes, there would I
dwell, in my awn flow'-ry cell, Nor the dream of am-bi-tion, of
hon-or, or pow-er, Should - - tempt me to part from my
own hap-py bow-er, Should tempt me to part from my own hap-py bow-er.

True friendship should light up his torch at my
dwelling,
To cheer me when youth and its pleasures were
past;

Without friends, where on earth are the joys worth
the telling?
[will last.
For friendship through years and through sorrows
Yes, there would I dwell, &c.

O'ER THE DARK WATERS.

Written and Composed by Mrs. William Marshall.

Allegretto Moderato.

Kind boat-man, lend me thy lit - tie bark, And I'll give thee this gold-en ring; If you'll
guide me o-ver these wate - rs dark to my la - dy fair, I'll sing 'Come

hither, come hither; thru' perils I've sought thee, and o'er the d'ark waters thi : good man hath brought me.
And if you'll row us safely back,
In your good little bark,
Nor gold nor jewels you shall lack,
For the stream flows deep and dark.
Row, boatman, row, and swiftly move,
O'er the dark waters to me at my love.

Spirituos.

'C a went the kindly little bark,
And bore his promis'd bride;
Safe it return'd - the bark afloat
On waves that gently glide:
O! Love was their pilot; the torch that he bore
The dark, dark waters lighted them o'er.

A GOBLET OF WINE.

The Poetry by J. W. Leslie. The Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

The Ro - se's rich bios - sosa soon wi - thers a - way,— In an hour not a
trace of its beau-ty we find; But the grape's glow-ing tre-a-sures shall ne-ver de-
cay: When it dies, it a last-ing be - quest leaves be-hind. Years can-not destroy it, but
on - ly im-prove; Through a - ges its bright beaming spi - rit shall shine; It sea - sons
our friend-ship, it heightens our love! For there's warmth, strength, and life in a gob-let of
wine! For there's warmth, strength, and life in a gob - let of wine! For there's
warmth, strength, and life in a gob - let of wine! It sea - sons our friend-ship, it
height-ens our love! For there's warmth, strength, and life in a gob-let of wine!
When friend shall meet friend in convivial throng,
They chill not with water the heart's aglowing blood:
To the heartless alone such cold comforts belong—
True friend-ship is sign'd with the grape's ruby
blood!

When it sparkles, the eyes of my love I behold!
Her smiles in the wine-cup eternally shine:
The soul that drinks deeply shall never grow cold,
For love ever dwells in a goblet of wine!

DARK-EYED BEAUTY.

The Poetry by Leman Rede; to the Music of 'Tu non sai,' in Bellini's Opera of 'La Sonnambula.' Published by Davidson.

Allegretto Moderato.

Dark-eyed beau-ty, thy witching gian-ces call up visions fraught with joy and
 youth, And wild mem'-ry my soul en-tran-ces, Pict'ring bygoe hours of in-no-cence and
 truth. Not more lovely, fair one, thou art, Than she my boy-dream, in her gen-tle girlhood's
 bloom. Like thee, la-dy, loves sought to win her hand, her heart. Her eyes are dim; that hand, that
 heart are mould-ring, mould-ring in the tomb, — — — — — in the tomb.

The sbon tresses that float around thee
 Like tendrils fan the wanton summer air;
 All the graces that surround thee
 Call back one as truthful, gentle, young, and fair.

Dard-eyed beauty, then, let me view [brava];
 Thy fairy face—though mem'-ry 'wilder heart and
 For, gazing thus, I live my early hours anew,
 And dream of youth and joy, of hope and love,
 again.

MY NATIVE ISLE.

Andante.

O! tell me not of fair-er lands, Be-neth a bright-er sky; Of streams that
 roll o'er gold-en sands, And flow'rs that nev-er die. My na-tive isle! my na-tive
 isle! Tho' bleak and bare thou he. And scant and cold thy sum-mer smile, Thou'rt
 all the world to me! Thou'rt all the world to me! Thou'rt all the world to
 me! Tho' scant and cold thy sum-mer smile, Thou'rt all the world to me!
 The flow'rs that on the moun-tain's brow,
 When wintry winds assail,
 Securely sleep beneath the snow—
 Its cold and kindly veil,
 Transplanted to a richer soil,
 Where genial breezes play,

In sickly bloom will droop awhile,
 Then wither and decay:—
 Thou'rt all the world to me,
 Though cold thy smile, my na-tive isle!
 Thou'rt all the world to me!

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE.

Cos Amina.

Composed by L. Heath.

On a lone bar - ree isle, where the wild roar - ing bill - low As - sails the stern
 rock, and the loud tem-pests rave, The he - ro lies still, while the dew-drooping willow, Like
 food weep - ing mourn-ers, lean o - ver the grave. The lightnings may flash, and the
 loud thun-ders rat - tie: He heeds not, he bears oot, he's free from all pain;—He
 sleeps his last sleep—he has fought his last bat - tie! No sound can a - wake him to
 glo - ry a - gain! . . . No sound can a - wake him to glo - ry a - gain!

O! shade of the mighty, where now are the legions
 That rush'd but to conquer when thou led'st
 them on?
 Alas! they have perish'd in far hilly regions,
 And all save the fame of their triumph is gone!
 The trumpet may sound, the loud canoo rattle!
 They heed not, they hear not, they're free from
 all pain:
 They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their
 No sound can awake them to glory again!

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
 For, like thine own eagle that soar'd to the sun,
 Thou springest from bondage and leavest behind thee
 A name which before thee no mortal had won.
 Though nations may combat, and war's thunders
 rattle,
 No more on the steed will thou sweep o'er the plain:
 Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy
 last battle!
 No sound can awake thee to glory again!

FROM DISTANT CLIMES.

Andante.

Composed by J. McGrath.

From dis - tant climes the stran - ger came, With friend-ly view and so - cial aim, The
 va - rious tribes of earth to scan, As frien - d to frien - d, As man to man. No
 gilt - ring stores the stran - ger brought, No lands pos - sess'd, no wealth he sought: His
 ev' - ry wish one view con - fin'd,— The in - ter-change of mind with mind.
 What be the richest prize would deem
 Was friendship, kindness, and esteem;
 What he could in turn impart,
 The same warm feelings of the heart.
 Not his, with selfish views alone,
 To trace his course from zone to zone;—
 His hope, to stretch affection's chain
 From land to land—from man to man!

The various powers and virtues tell,
 In human heads and hearts that dwell,
 In bonds of love the race to bind,
 To make one people of mankind.
 Let all the wise and good combine
 To teach mankind of ev'ry clime
 To love and aid their fellow man,
 Without respect to creed or clan.

THE SNOW-STORM.

The Poetry by Seba Smith. The Music by L. Heath.

Andantino.

The cold wind swept the moun - tain's height, And path - less was the drea - ry
 wild; And, 'mid the cheer - less hours of night, A mo - ther wan - der'd
 with her child! As through the drift - ed snows she press'd, The babe was
 sleep - ing on her breast, the babe was sleep - ing on her breast.
 And colder still the winds did blow,
 And darker hours of night came on,
 And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
 Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone.—
 "O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
 "If I must perish, save my child!"
 She strip'd her mantle from her breast,
 And bur'd her bosom to the storm;
 As round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
 She smil'd to think that it was warm,
 With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
 And sunk upon a snowy bed.
 At dawn a traveller passed by,
 And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
 The frost of death was in her eye.
 Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale—
 He moved her robe from off the child;—
 The babe look'd up, and sweetly smil'd.

THE OLD CHURCH BELL

Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.
Andante Moderato.

O! a mourn-ful sound has the Old Church bell, That swings in the bel-fry old;—How
 ma - my a - sad and mer - ry knell Has he rung from his tur - ret bold! The
 old gray-beard and the pea-sant boy Have lis-ten'd to his chime, As he chang'd his note from
 death to joy, With the chang-ing hours of Time. Toll - ing on, with mournful knell, A
 warn-ing voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll - ing on, with mournful knell, A warn-ing voice has the
 voice has the Old Church Bell,—Toll - ing on, with mournful knell, A warn-ing voice has the
 Old Church Bell. Ding dong, ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell; ding dong, bell; ding down bell.

O ! his voice is clear as it gayly peals
On a happy bridal morn.
But it mournfully to the fun'ral steals,
Ere the fading day be gone :
Impartial he maketh his summons ring,
Unlike the courier's pain,
For he'll wail no louder the death of a king
Than he would of a poor old man.
Tolling on, with solemn knell,
A solemn sound has the Old Church Bell.
Ding, dong, &c.

He has seen the sire and seen the son
To the village churchyard bend ;
And the deep-ton'd welcome shall still ring on,
Till Time itself shall end ;
And his loud old tongue, like a lonely bird,
Chimes with a sacred spell ;—
For the sweetest music earth e'er heard
Must yield to the Old Church Bell.
Tolling on, with solemn knell,
A mournful sound has the Old Church Bell.
Ding, dong, &c.

COULD THE VOICE THAT I LOV'D WAKE AGAIN TO THIS EAR.

Poetry by Leman Rede, to Moore's Irish Melody, 'She's far from the land.'—Published by Davidson.
Lento Musica.

Could the voice that I lov'd wake a - gain to this ear, All its
rap - tur - ous me - lo - dy breath - ing, I then might for - get all the
sor - rows that here Round this de - so - late heart are en - wreath - ing.

Could the eyes on whose light it was rapture to
Shed on me their lustrous splendour, [gaze,
Beam again, like the moon on the streamlet, their
All glowing, yet meltingly tender,— [rays,
Could the lips that were brighter than rosebuds'
hue,
When the dew of the morning weep o'er them,
Melt once more to my own, or be bright to my view,
As when first my heart learn'd to adore them—

I again might be bless'd ;—but cold in the tomb
Lie those charms, with my Julia sleeping ;
And lonely I wander in silence and gloom,
To moisten her grave with my weeping.
The winds whistle over the grass at her head,
And wild roses around it are springing,
As still, though the queen of their beauty lies
dead,
To the mem'ry of loveliness clinging.

LOVE, THEY SAY, IS LIKE THE METEOR.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; to the Music of 'Durch die Thaler,' from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.
Published by Davidson.

Andante.

Love, they say, is like the me-te-or, Burn - ing from some fen at night : Lead-ing
those a-stray who trust it, With its false and daz-zling light :— Ra-ther like the
pole-star name it, Beam-ing with a con-stant ray, — — — Light-ing
sea - men lone and wea - ry O'er the — — o - cean's path - less way.
Love, they say, is like the flowers,
Under which a serpent lies,—
Fatal to the hands that touch it,
When 'tis fairest to the eyes :—

Rather like the rainbow name it,
Rising when the storm is past,
Herald of a brighter evening,
Though the morn was overcast.

Nos troppe Presto. I'M NOT SUCH A FOOL AS I LOOK.

I was born in a neat coun - try town, Of school-ing but lit - te I had; The pride of her sex was my mam, Though I can't say so much for my Dad: He somehow found that what wa'n't lost, For which he was soon brought to book; This prov'd to me good as ad-vise, For I'm not such a fool as I look. Tol lol de rol lol de rol lol, Tol de rol lol de rol lay.

A genius, you'll find, I have got, For writing, in blank verse or rhyme; And for melo-dram-, opera, or farce, I have jokes that will suit 'em all, prime. My writings (and they're not amiss) Would fill a large ciphering-book; I beg you won't doubt what I say, For I'm not such a fool as I look. Tol lol be rol, &c.

I'm resolv'd not to drink table-beer, When ale's to be had in its stead; And you'll not catch me sleeping on straw, Can I, any how, get a good bed. If of friends you would offer the best, Command me unto a good cook! You may laugh, but you know what I mean;— Oh! I'm not such a fool as I look. Tol lol de rol, &c.

When first I reach'd Luann's fam'd town, 'Mong the wonderful sights I saw in't, There was one, such a beauty, O dear! With whitey-brown hair and a squint.

She spied me, then whispered softly, And my arm she so lovingly took:— Don't you wish you may get it,' says I,— I'm not quite such a fool as I look.' Tol lol de rol, &c.

Introduc'd to an elderly dame, Whose purse was as long as my arm, I fall'd not to visit her oft. And she, faith! suspected no harm. For our courtship a short month suffic'd, And then we got married—odd zook! She grew ill—died—but left me her cash;— This proves I'm not just what I look. Tol lol de rol, &c.

And now that I'm single again, And, what's more—have got plenty of pelf, I'll try, since my wife has eat me, To cut a fine figure myself. So, if there be any lass here In a good house would like a snug nook, She might do worse than share it with me,— For I'm not such a fool as I look. Tol lol de rol, &c.

O! THIS LOVE.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

O! this love! this love! I once the pa-sion slight-ed; But hearts, but hearts that tru - ly love Must break or be u - ni - ted! O! this love! O! this love!

O! this love! O! this love! O! this love! O! this love!

When first he came to woo, I little car'd about him; But soon I felt as though I could not live without him! O! this love! &c.

He gave to me the ring, My hand ask'd of my mother;— I could not bear the thought That he should wed another. O! this love! &c.

And now I'm all his own,— Is all his joys I mingle; Not for the wealth of worlds, Would I again be single! O! this love! &c.

THE IVY GREEN.

The Poetry by Charles Dickens, Esq., printed by permission; the Music by Henry Russell.
Published by Davidson.

M. of rain.

Ol a dain-ty plant is the I - vy green, That creepeth o'er ru - ins old ! Of
right choice food are his meals, I ween, In his cell so lone and cold : The walls must be
crumblid, the stones de-cay'd, To pleasure his dain-ty whim; And the mould'ring dust that
years have made is a mer-ry meal for him. Creep-ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the I - vy green. Ol creep-ing where no life is seen, A
rare old plant is the I - vy green. Creeping, creeping, creeping where no
life is seen, Creeping, creeping, A rare old plant is the I - vy green.
Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanck old heart has he !
How closely he twineth, how tightly he clings,
To his mate, the huge oak-tree !
And slyly he tralleth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and creeps around
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where, &c.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been ;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade, ;
From its halo and heartly green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past :
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping where, &c.

FOR TENDERNESS FORM'D.

p. Andante.

For ten - der-ness form'd in life's ear - ly day, A parent's soft sor-rows to
mimled the way, A parent's soft sor-rows so mine led the way ; The less-on of
pi-ty was caught from the eye, And ere words were my own I spoke with a sigh !
The nightingale plunder'd the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suff'ring grove
To youth as it ripen'd gave sentiments new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion still rest in their glow,
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know ;
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim, [flame.
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the

BIND THY BROW WITH A WREATH OF THE VINE.

Moderato. The Poetry by J. W. Leslie; Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

A-way, a-way with the willow; No longer, no longer re-pine;
 — Let each feel-ing of grief be re-press'd, be re-press'd; Bind thy
 brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine! Bind thy
 brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine! It will
 teach thee the way to be bless'd! Why and for the smile that has on-ly be-
 tray'd? Why mourn in the summer of youth? Why mourn in the summer of youth? Why
 sor-row for false-hood is beau-ty array'd, While this cup beams with sunshine and truth, While this
 cup beams with sunshine and truth? Why sor-row for falsehood is beau-ty array'd, While this
 cup beams with sunshine and truth? A-way, a-way with the willow; No
 long-er, no long-er re-pine; Let each feel-ing of grief, of grief be repress'd; Bind thy
 brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine! Bind thy brows with a wreath, with a wreath of the
 ge-ne-rous vine! Bind thy brows with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine, with a
 wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine, with a wreath of the ge-ne-rous vine!

Blind gloomy despair on the altar of joy;
There leave him to wither and pine;
Him the torments inflicted by Venus' blind boy
With the balm of luxurious wine.

Behold how its bubbles invitingly swim,
Like pearls on a rich ruby sea,
While I quaff this deep crystal now fill'd to the brim,
As a pledge of my friendship to thee.
Away, &c.

HOME.

Translated from the German by G. Seane, A.B.; The Music by C. G. Reisiger.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto con espressione.

Home! when morn ing breaks my slum-ber, How each thought returns to thee! Or when
ev'-ning's light is fading, How I long at home to be! O! how tame is ev'-ry
pleasure, When a-way from those we love! E'en the stars, to trou-bled fan-cy, Move with
dum-mer light a - bove. Home of child-hood, can I slight thee?—ac - ver I
When I see a youth and maiden
Arm in arm together roam,
Ah! it brings to recollection
How I, too, was bless'd at home!
O! how tame, &c.

Let me once again behold thee,
While I yet can smile or weep;
And, methinks, it than were easy,
Sleeping the eternal sleep.
O! how tame, &c.

O! CALL ME NOT HAPPY.

Poetry by Miss S. Wollaston; Music by her Sister.

O! call me not happy when - ev'er I smile, And seek, 'mid the heart-less, my
thoughts to be - guile; When I min - gie with all that is sportive and gay, And
court the bright moments of sunshine and May. O! vain were the mask which my
heart would as - sume, To veil its cold feel - ing of sad-ness and gloom! Each
moment is cheerless, no pleasure I see, Un - mark'd by thy presence, Un - hallow'd by thee.

But yet there are moments when vainly I seem
To forget we are parted! O! would 'twere a dream—
And, though from the vision I wake with a sigh,
Again I would fancy that still thou art nigh.

O! think not that absence can banish from me
One thought or one feeling that speaks but of thee!
Then call me not happy, and still I'll seem gay,
Though no pleasure comes o'er me when thou art
away.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

Composed by F. H. S. Pendleton.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

There is a gentle flow - er - et, That oft un - heed-ed grows Near some un-heard-of
Dolce.
ri - val - et, In calm and sweet re-pose. This lit-tle flow'r is of-ten seen To bloom in
rush.
yonder dale : Tho' call'd by some the Forest Queen, 'Tis the Li - ly of the Vale !
Its fragrance fills the air around
With exquisite perfume ;
And all who gaze upon admire
The beauty of its bloom.
The forest-trees that round it rise
Protect it from the gale ;—
May storms by thee remain unfelt,
Sweet Lily of the Vale !

It seeks not to attract the gaze
Of ev'ry passer by,
But blooms alone, and unobserv'd,
In sweet humility.
Above all flow'r's it still must be,
The pride of yonder dale ;
And, O ! this gentle floweret
Is the Lily of the Vale !

LORD LOVEL.

Mock Pathetic.

FILL, FILL!

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.—Published by Davidson.
All-pretty.

Fill up each glass, and, O! think no more, Friends, of the days that have pass'd so fair:
Time, if he bu - ry some hopes and joys, Strews, too, his sands o'er the griefs that were.
Fill, fill sing, sing! Life is too brief, dear-est, for grief; Fill, fill sing, sing!
Time, while we speak's, on the wing. Fill, fill sing, sing! Life is too brief,
dear-est, for grief; Fill, fill sing, sing! Time, while we speak's, on the wing.
Grieving will furrow the face with woes, Under the sun he's the happiest ooe
Grieving will quench, too, the brightest eye; Who only lives in the moment nigh.
Fill, fill &c.

SWEET ROBIN.

Allegretto.
O! where are you go - ing, sweet Robin? What makes you so proud and so shy? I
once saw the day, lit - tie Ro - bin. My friend - ship you would not de - ny. But
win - ter a - gain is re - turn - ing, And wen - ther both stormy and snell: 'Gin ye will come
back to me, Ro - bin, I'll feed you with mon - lins my - sel'. O! where are you
go - ing, sweet Ro - bin! What makes you so proud and so shy? I once saw the
day, lit - tie Ro - bin, My friend - ship you wouldoot de - oy.

When summer comes in, little Robin
Forgets all his friends and his ene ;—
Away to the fields flies sweet Robin,
To wander the groves here and there.
Though you be my dehtor, sweet Robin,
On you I will never lay blame;
For I've had as dear friends as Robin,
Who often have serv'd me the same.
O! where are you going? &c.

I once had a lover, like Robin,
Who long for my hand did implore ;
At length he took flight, just like Robin,
And him I never saw more !
But should the stero blast of misfortune
Return him, as winter brings thee,
Though slighted by both, little Robin,
Yet both your faults I'll forgive ya.
O! where are you going? &c.

HUSH'D BE SORROW'S SIGH.

Poetry by Leman Rede; to Irish Melody, Moore's 'Norah Creina.'—Published by Davidson.
Allegretto.

Hush'd be sor-row's sigh to-night,—Let no tear of grief be start-ing: Joy a - lone shall
 lend her light, And bless the mo-ment of our part-ing. In so - li-tude be-neath the sigh, For
 mem'ry's thrill-ing thoughts to sleep in;—To-night we meet: then, why, O! why, Dian an hour of
 bliss with weeping? Waves will roll be - tween us soon; Marne will rise, and we shall
 greet not; Re-serve your tears till eve has flown, And let us weep, love, when we meet not.
 Come, take this cup! our only tears
 Must be the ruby tears of pleasure;
 These few last moments are as years—
 We cannot lose in woe the treasure!
 Now let ev'ry thought of bliss
 Here in rich communion meet, love I
 Perchance we take a last long kiss,
 O! let that dear last kiss be sweet, love I
 Waves will roll, &c.

O! let our parting hour be such—
 A brilliant momenit of delight, love,—
 That rapture could not add a touch
 Of joy, to make the hour more bright, love
 That when, afar, we dream again
 On pleasure fled or bliss departed,
 One gem shall light the page of pain,—
 Remembrance of the eve we parted!
 Waves will roll, &c.

O! COME WITH ME,—I'LL ROW THEE O'ER.

O! come with me,—I'll row thee o'er Yon blue and peace-ful sea; And, while I gen-tly
 ply the oar, Re - new my vows to thee. I'll bid thine gaze be - neath thee, On
 each re - flect - ed star, Then think my soul re - fects thee, More true, but bright-er
ral. a tempo
 far. Then, come with me,—I'll row thee o'er Yon blue and peace-ful sea; And,
 while I gen - tly ply the oar, re - new my vows to thee, re-new my
 vows to thee, re - new re - new my vows, — my vows to thee!

O I could I count the stars above,
The wild wave's ceaseless swell;
My deep, my pure, my boundless love
To thee I would not tell.

As soon the stars forgot to rise,
The waves shall cease to flow,
Ere my fond heart forget its sighs,
Or cease to love thee, no!

Then come with me, &c.

LITTLE TAFFLINE.

Music by Storage.

Allegro.

Should o'er the for - tune be my lot To be made a wealth-y bride, I'll
 glad my pa - rents' low - ly cot, All their plea - sure and their pride: And
 when I'm dress'd all in my best, I'll trip a - way, Like la - dy gay, I'll
 trip, I'll trip a - way, And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a flash! Look at
 Et - tie the Taffline, with a silken sash!' And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a
 flash!' And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a flash! Look at lit - tie the Taf -
 fine, look at lit - tie the Taffline, O! look at lit - tie the Taffline, with a silk-en sash!'
 O! then what pleasure to be seen,
 When the lads at evening meet!
 With silken sash of pink or green—
 Silken roses on my feet!
 How folks will stare,

As her goes by!
 'See, see!' they'll cry,
 'Her flaxey air!'
 And the lads will say, 'Dear heart, what a flash!
 Look at little Taffline, with a silken sash!'

MAIDENS, WOULD YOU KNOW.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.—Published by Davidson.

Maidens, would you know the value of a lov - er's dear - est oath,
 Go and ask Old Time the prophet, He will tell you, no - thing loth.
 Youths who worship at the altar
 Of some dear, lov'd, peerless fair,
 Go and look in Old Time's mirror,—
 Only see her image there.
 Age, that still must heap up treasure,
 While you crawl upon the earth:

Seek Time in his church-yard dwelling;—
 He will laugh and tell its worth.
 One and all, then, turn to wisdom,
 Age and youth, and maiden too;—
 What Old Time has said to others,
 Let it warning be to you.

MONEY IS YOUR FRIEND.

Of friend - ship I have heard much talk, But you'll find in the end,— That,
 If dis-tress'd, at a - ny rate, Then mo - ney is your friend. Yes, mo - ney is your
 friend— is it not? Yes, mo - ney is your friend— is it not? Is it not? Is it
 not? Pray, tell me now,— Yes, mo - ney, mo - ney, mo - ney is your friend!
 If you are sick and like to die,
 And for the doctor send,
 To him you must advance a fee ;—
 Then money is your friend.
 Yes, money is your friend, &c.
 If you should have a suit at law,
 On which you much depend,

You must pay the lawyer for his brief ;—
 Then money is your friend.
 Yes, money is your friend, &c.
 Then let me have but store of gold,
 From this it will defend ;
 In ev'ry exigence of life,
 Dear money is your friend !
 Yes, money is your friend, &c.

"TWILL NEBBER DO TO GIB IT UP SO.

Wegro Melody—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of the Songs of Henry Russell.

Allegro.

When I was tak - en from de shell, I no - think knows, and no - think could I tell ; Dey
 cent me to larn de B, C, D: De good ob dat I neb - ber could see! Yet it
 would'n't do to gib it up so. So I scram-bled thro' the cris - a-cross row ;—It would
 neb - ber do to gib it up so, Nig - ger boy! it would neb - ber do to gib it up so.

From a tiny Nig grown up a lad,
 I look about what trade to be had :
 Hatter, tailor, can't advance,
 So I set up at once to teach de dance ;
 Find it difficult to point de toe,
 To figger in and figger out so ;
 Yet it nebber do to gib it up so, Nigger boy,—
 It would nebber do to gib it up so.

I dance as light as old bear's cub,
 And all at once I tumble into tub
 Wid de handson'et critter ebber was seen ;—
 Her hair is red, her eyes am green,
 And dat it war dat make me lub her so ;
 Though she keep comin'ell answer me 'No,'
 It would nebber do to gib her up so, Nigger boy,—
 It would nebber do to gib her up so.

Now I've fifteen little Nigs complete,
 And what's berry strange, eberyone o' 'em can eat :
 Day and night I dance, I tol',
 And all to make de pot to boil ;—
 For it's money makes de mare to go,
 And de little tings must lib, you know ;
 So it nebber do to gib it up so, Nigger boy,—
 No, it nebber do to gib it up so.

I'm happy man wid happy wife,
 Wid my little Nig I lead a happy life ;
 To gib any ting up I say is absurd,
 And as to eat', I don't know de word ;
 Where de will is dere's a way, we know, —
 All can manage if to work dey go ;—
 Labour hard, and nebber gib it up so, Nigger boy.—
 No, nebber, nebber gib it up so.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

I CANNA LIKE YOU, GENTLE SIR.

Scottish Melody.

canna like you, gen-tle sir, Al - though a laird you be: I
 like a bon - ny Scot-lish lad, Who brought me frae Dun - dee;
 Had a - wa wi' Jam-ie, Had a - wa wi' Jam-ie, Had a - wa wi' Jam-ie o'er the
 lea; I gang'd a - long wi' free gude-will, — He's all the world to me.
 I've gang wi' Jamie frae Dundee,
 To cheer the lanesome way;
 His cheeks are ruddy n'er wi' health,
 He's fruikle as the May.
 Glad awa, &c.

The lo stock mounts to hale the morn,
 The blit-white swells her throat;
 But neither are so sweet, so clear,
 As Jamie's tuneful note.
 Glad awa, &c.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Poetry by Burns.

Ye banks and braes, and streams a - round The Cas-tle n' Munt - go - me - ry.
 Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs, Your wa-ters ne - ver drum-ble;
 There sim-mer first un - fraud her robes, And there the lang - est tur - ry! For
 there I took the last fare-well O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry, For
 there I took the last fare-well O' my sweet High-land Ma - ry.
 How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk!
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom!
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom!
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew n'er me and my dearie;
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary!
 WI' mousie a vow and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was fu' tender!
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder;

But, O! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipp'd my flower sae early!
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.
 O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
 And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me sae kindly:
 And moulderin' now in silent dust,
 That heart that lin'd me dearly!
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

MARGARET'S BOWER.

The Poetry by J. W. Leslie; the Music by J. M. Jolly.—Published by Davidson.

Andante Affection.

Near the hill where in ru - las Dol-forwyn's gray tñw - er Lies mould'ring, where flows Severn a
all - ve - ry stream, With its vine - cover'd porch ri - ses Mar - ga-ret's bow - er, Where my
soul was entranc'd in first love's hap - py dream! The last time I saw it, the clouds were un -
wreathing Their tur - bans of mist from each hill's lof - ty brow—The morn from the bri - er its
per - fume was breath - ing, And the hea - ven - s were ting'd with the sun's pur - ple glow.

No parting farewell we exchanged, nor a token
To soften my exile or lighten my care;
But the bond that enslaved me remains still un -
broken,
And I sigh for the scenes to fond memory dear!
Should I ever return, then woe to the scorner
Who branded my truth with dishonour's dark
name;—
I'll turn his false yell to the wall of the mourner,
And expunge the foul blot that has sullied my
fame.

Ah! where are my hopes? They like shadnws have
vanish'd;
And the star of my happiness darkly hath set:
Heart-broken and wretched, distracted and ban -
ish'd,
I weep n'er the hours I can never forget!
When death's fatal arrow is drawn from the quiver,
And my soul wings her flight to the regions
above,
Lay my form 'neath the tow'r near the beautiful
Near Margaret's bower, the home of my love.

Allegretto.

THE POACHERS.

When I was boy'd up-prentice, in fam'd Zum - mer - set - shire, I serv'd my mas - ter
truly, for near - ly se - ven year; Till I took up to poach - ing, As you shall
quick - ly hear,— For it's my de - light of a shiny night, In the sea - son of the year!

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
The gamekeeper was a watching us,—for him we
did not care; [where,—
For we can wrestle, fight, my boys, jump over any
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season
of the year!

As me and my companions were setting four and
five, [live;
And taking of them up again, we took the hare a -
We popp'd her into a bag, my boys, and thro' the
wood did steer,—
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season
of the year!

We threw her o'er our shoulders, and wander'd
through the town,
Call'd into a neighbour's house, and sold her for a
crown;— [you where,—
We sold her for a crown, my boys, but dare not tell
But it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season
of the year.

Well, here's success to Poaching, for I do think it
fair; [his deer;
Bad luck to ev'ry housekeeper that would not sell
Good luck to ev'ry gamekeeper that wants to buy
a bare,— [of the year!
For it's my delight of a shiny night, in the season

COME, LIVE WITH ME.

Moderato.

Come, live with me, and be my love, And we will all the pea-sures prove, That
 grove and val-ley, hill and field, Or woods and stee-py moun-tains yield, Or woods and
 steepy mountaine field. And I will make thee beds of roses, And twine a thou-sand
 fra-grant po-sies, A cup of flow'rs and ru - ral ker-tis, Em-hral der'd all with leaves of
 myr-tle. If these de-lights thy mind may move, Then live with me and be my love.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 A coral clasp and amber studs,—
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For the delights each May morning:
 If joys like these thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.
 If joys like these, &c.

ADOWN, ADOWN IN THE VALLEY.

Moderato.

Did you ne'er hear a tale, how a youth in the vale Ask'd a dam-sel to grant him a
 kiss! When this pret-ty maid cried, 'No! it must be deny'd!'—Yet all the while wish'd to say
 'Yes!' For, when on her pil-low, she sigh'd for the wil-low, Where Ed-ward first
 saw pret-ty Sal-ly; Or ra-ther, in truth, she sigh'd for the youth, A
 down, adown, adown in the val-ley, in the val-ley, in the val-ley, - - in the val-ley.
 Did you ne'er hear it said, when he ask'd her to wed,
 And told her true love prompted so,
 How this silly maid spoke,—to be sure 'twas in joke,
 For she answered him, 'Shepherd, no, no!'
 Yet, when on her pillow, she sigh'd for the willow,
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
 Or rather, in truth, she sigh'd for the youth,
 Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

But, ah! now you shall find how this maid chang'd her mind,
 When a twelvemonth had pass'd after this;
 For when he next press'd, at the church to be bless'd.
 O! she answer'd, 'Dear shepherd, yes, yes!'
 Noe, when on her pillow, more sigh'd for the willow
 Where Edward first saw pretty Sally;
 But bles'd the fond day they to church flew away,
 Adown, adown, adown in the valley.

DE MERRY SHOE-BLACK.

Negro Melody.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of the Songs of Henry Russell.
Allegro Moderato.

X gwine down to New Orleans, I ax my - self a ques - tin: I go to yearn a
 lib - h - hood, wat tang i do de best in? i can't set op for Pre - si - dent, a -
 eos i'm ant im - pow - er'd; i can-not be a so - ger man, a - eos I am a
 cow - ard, a cow - ard, a cow - ard, a - eos I am a cow - ard. My feel-jugs
 am as sen - si - tif as fee - lan - tro - py Howard, Howard, Howard, Howard, de
 great man Howard! Ro, re, ri, ro—I'm her - ry shock - ing cow - ard!
 I task ob dis, I think ob dat, but nothik suit my view, sir; [shoe, sir;
 At last I set me up in trade to clean de boot and Wid Day and Martin, brush and pot, to be a shining man, sir:
 Ambition am my only fault, so I do all I can, sir,
 A man, sir, a man, sir, a berry shining man, sir;
 Lord Wellington and Bobby Peel day follow out my plan, sir;
 Plan, sir, plan, sir, ambition's plan, sir,—
 Ro, re, ri, ro,—Jim berry shining man, sir.
 Who Kentucks come up to my stall, dere rudeness I abolish, [de polish;
 And thn' on manners dey can boast, I tip 'em soon De white-wash womans larf at me, and eck dem ugly nose up, [toes up;
 But when it muddy, goerry den, I brush dere little Dere toes, up, dere toes op, dere nasty little toes up,— [It grows up,
 Dere's nothik ever made but has some use in it as Grows up, grows up, it useful grows up,—
 Ro, re, ri, ro,—den why dey cock de nose up?

My blacking-pot am like myself, a handson' standin' colour: [duler;
 So, on my life, I get a wife, 'cos I find de days grow She's a washerwoman, scrubs all day, gibs dirty things a racking, [ring;
 She furnish in de whiting trade as I do in de blacking, De blacking, de blacking, de whiting and de blacking,— [Blacking;
 So we set op lo partnership, de form of Whiting Blacking, blacking, de whiting blacking, Ro, re, ri, ro, whiting nod de blacking.
 My Dianah she get in de suds—I work away and griny,
 And berry soon, a happy Nig, I dandie piccanniny; Him boutiful as am myself, fine colour but not too black, [shoeblock;
 And berry certain sure I am he'll make a hanson' A shoeblock, a shoeblock, rule muzatto shoeblock; So all my guls shall learn to wash—each boy shall be a shoeblock,
 Shoeblock, shoeblock, shall be a shoeblock, Ro, re, ri, ro a merry, merry shoeblock!

SWEET ANNE PAGE.

With thee fair sum-mer's joys ap-peal—O! sweet Anne Page! Lat, thou a -
 way, dread win-ter's near—O! sweet Anne Page! And all a - round is dark and drear: The
 long - lost note, and shepherds moan: All nature droops till you return—O! sweet Anne Page!

When April's glories shine on me,—
O! sweet Anne Page!
And violets bloom,—ah! none I see,—
O! sweet Anne Page!

But sweets or colours stolen from thee!
Yet, though 'tis winter, thou away,
Still these thy shadows make it May,—
O! sweet Anne Page!

L, A, W, LAW.

Marcato B. n.

At-tend un-to me for a while,— I've a sto-ry will make you all smile, And your
 cares it will sure-ly be - guile, And make them at once to with-draw. The subject I
 sing of's the law,— It gives room for a deal of slack jaw;— I have paid for my knowledge so
 gay-ly,—To do good, then, a lesson can't full ye. And a moral will right-ly en - tail ye, In
 L, A, W, Law; The cares and the plea-sures of Law The saint and the sin - ner both
 awe;— So, if you are fond of a sta - tion, Where for cash you can have an o -
 ration That in ap - pear would set all the na-tions, You're a downright tool for the Law.

When a cause you have got coming on,
How the big-wigs will smile you upon,
And they'll beat you, ten to one,
While they make of you a cat's-paw,
And they lay on your sovereigns their claw,
Which into their fubs they draw.
Then they tip you a long oration,
With pomp and ostentation;
And leave you in consternation,
At there J, A, W, Jaw;
Which is all that you get for Law,
Excepting a Plish! or a Paha!

So if you, &c.

If in Chancery you'd be peeping,
The judge on your ease is sleeping,
Or waking and sighing and weeping,
Instead of attending to Law;
Though of Equity he will jaw,
And, swinging his leg, see-saw,
Will puzzle you early and late,
And doubt and procrastinate,
And ruin you, certain as fate,
Both in Equity and in Law:
L, A, W, Law.
Your estate will from you draw!—

So if you, &c.

And should you be the Queen's Bench in,
Because you've been going a wrenching,

A thing which I blush to mention,
For in character it is a flaw,—
Then the Judge lets loose his jaw,
And lays down what isn't Law.
His hopes are rotten, whose trust is
Plac'd upon getting cheap Justice;
For what they say must be, must is,—
'Tis always the maxim in Law.

L, A, W, Law:
Which seldom is worth a straw.

So if you, &c.

Then, while you're safely seated,
Never mind being cheated.—
'Tis better than being heated
In the terrible oven of Law:
If you wish to know what it's for,
It's like a game at taw;
And you'll be knock'd out of the centre,
If e'er you attempt to enter:
So take me for your Mentor,
And don't be quite so raw;—
R, A, W, Raw,

Is a quality known in Law;—
So I'd advise you to take a station,
Where for cash you can have an oration,
That we are all of us tools for the Law,
And auricular demonst - ation!

O! LOVE IS JUST LIKE GAMING.

Poetry by Miss Mary Leman Redé, to Irish Melody, Moore's 'To Ladies' Eyes.'—Published by Davidson.
Allegretto.

O! Love is just like gam-ing, The world the pack, the world the pack, The human
mind in - flam-ing With tort'-ring rack, with tort'-ring rack : Some hearts, like dice too
true-ly, On no-thing fix, on no-thing fix, While hands are ta-ken coo-ly, And
won by tricks, and won by tricks. O! Love is just like gaming, The world the pack, the
world the pack, The human mind in - flaming, With tort'-ring rack, with tort'-ring rack.
The men—O i who will doubt it ?
Are oft the knaves, are oft the knaves ;
But when we set about it,
We make them slaves, we make them slaves ;
But some are so un-true,-
They will be kings, they will be kings,
And kings of clubs too truly,
And such like things, and such like things.
The ladies all to Hymen's
Bright altars crowd, bright altars crowd,—
Some to queens of diamonds,
It is allow'd, it is allow'd ;
But such soon change their bil-ling,
And call in aids, and call in aids,
And, while their spouses kill-ing,
Prove queens of spades, prove queens of spades.
But those who prize the winn-ing
Of real bliss, of real bliss,
Despise such wretched sham-ing,
As much amiss, as much amiss ;
And seek those honours solely
That love imparts, that love imparts—
And then they are in verity
The queens of hearts, the queens of hearts !

THE OLD FARM-GATE.

The Poetry by Eliza Cook ; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante.

Where, where is the gate that once serv'd to di - vide The elm - shad-ed lane from the
dus - ty road-side? I like not this bar - ri - er gay - ly bedight, With its gilt - ter-ing
latch and its trell - is of white: It is seem - ly, I own, yet, O! dear - er by far Was the
red-rust-ed hinge and the wen - ther-warp'd bar. Here are fit - shion and form of a
mo - dernized date, But I'd ra - ther have look'd on the Old Farm-Gate.

Twas here that the urchins would gather to play
In the shadowes of twilight or sunny mid-day ;
For the stream running nigh, and the hillocks or
sand, [stand ;—
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could with-
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory, and pride ;
And the car of the victor, or carriage of state,
Never carried such hearts as the Old Farm-Gate.
Twas over that gate I taught Fischer to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a
hound :
The beagle might hunt, and the spaniel might swim,
But none could leap over the postern like him.
When Dobby was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly pull'd willow-branch serv'd for a
whip, [frighten,
Spite of lunging and tugging, he'd stand for his
While I climb'd on his back from the Old Farm-
Gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms
below ;
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs
grew quick.
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there, [hair ?
With church-going vestment and spruce comb'd
He lov'd, O ! he lov'd, and had promis'd to wait
For the one he ador'd, at the Old Farm-Gate.
O fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul lov'd to trace ;—
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp,
And the rails, that my growing hand scarcely could
clasp.
O how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once link'd to the heart !
And the brightest of fortune, the kindest fate,
Would not banish my love for the Old Farm-Gate !

HARK ! THE MERRY BELLS.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; to the Music of 'Hort die Glocken,' from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.
Published by Davidson.

Allegro. Lento con Moto.

Hark ! the mer - ry bells are call-ing To the ho - ly al - tar there : First.
 Let us wan-der to the temple, Where they kneel, the hap - py pair. Hark ! the mer-ry
 bells are call-ing To the ho-ly al - tar there : Let us wan-der to the tem-ple
 Where they kneel, the hap - py pair. Hark ! the mer - ry bells are call-ing,
 To the ho-ly al-tar there. Let us wan-der to the temple, Where they kneel, the
 hap - py pair. With song and dance, the crowds ad-vance, A gay and laugh-ing
 throng. And all take part, with joy - ous heart, The old as well as young.

Hear the lark and linnet singing ;
Dance the flow'r on the breeze
All is full of life and pleasure,
To the buds upo' the trees.
Hark ! the merry bells are calling
To holy altar there :

Let us wander to the temple
Where they kneel, the happy pair.
Ah ! clearly flow the streams below,
And bright the skies above ;
But, O ! not half so clear and bright
As youthful eyes of love.
Hark ! the bells, &c.

HOPE, THOU NURSE.

Andantino.

Hope, thou nurse of young desire, Fairy promiser of joy! Painted vapour, glowing fire, Temprate sweet that ne'er can cloy! Hope, thou earnest of delight, Softest soother of the mind! Balmy cordial, prospect bright, Surest friend the wretched find! Kind de-e-ver, fat-ter still; Deal out plea-sures un-posse'sd; With thy dream my fan-cy fill, And in wish-es make me blesse'd.

ACROSS THE DOWNS THIS MORNING.

From 'No Song no Supper.'

A-cross the downs this morn-ing, As be-times I chane'd to go, A shep-herd led his flock a-broad, All white as dri-ven snow; But one was most the shep-herd's care, A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair; its wond'rous beau-ties, in a word, To let you fair-ly know, - 'Twas such as Nel-ly from the fire Took off not long a-go.

This lamb, as blithe as Midsummer,
His frolic gambols play'd,
And now of all the flock a-head,
The pretty wanton stray'd.
A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,
Rush'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize—
The shepherd saw and rais'd a stone,
So round, so large, I vow,—
'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid
Upon the shelf just now!

This monstrous stone the shepherd flung,
And well his aim he took,
Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd
Around to cast a look;
But fled as swift with footstep light
As he who brought the wise to-night;
I tried to stop the thief, but he
Turn'd round in rage, good luck!
So mad the lawyer scarce can be,
That's hid in yonder sack.

WHEN VULCAN FORG'D THE BOLTS OF JOVE; OR THE
ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.

The Poetry by Thomas Dibdin. The Music by M. Corri.

Andante Moderato.

When Val - can forg'd the bolts of Jove, In Aet - na's roar - ing glow,
 Nep-tune pe-ti-tion'd he might prove Their use and pow'r be - low, their use and pow'r be -
 low; But, find-ing in the bound-less deep Such thunders would but l - dly sleep, He
 with them arm'd Bri - tan - nia's hand, To guard from foes her na - tive land; He
 with them arm'd Bri - tan - nia's hand, To guard from foes her na - tive land.
 Long may she own the glorious right ! And, when opposed in future wars,
 And when through circling flame Her soldiers brave and gallant tars
 She darts her thunder in the fight, Shall launch her fires from every hand
 May justice guide her aim ! On every foe to Britain's land.

MY GENTLE ISABEL.

The Poetry by Mrs. Crawford. The Music by A. Loder.

Andante.

They tell me thou art chang'd, And smile on o - there more than me; And
 hap - ly I had been be-guil'd To think that such might be, But that a
 voice with-in my breast Did plead thy cause so well, It put to si - lence all the rest, My
 gen - tie Is - a - bel; It put to si - lence all the rest, My gen - tie Is - a - bel.
 It told me spirits shuns as thine
 Were chary of their love,
 Too delicate, too purely fine,
 Like common minds to rose;
 And therefore 'tis I love thee so,
 As words but poorly tell;—
 Ah! who like me thy heart can know,
 My gen - ie Isabel?

Then let them tell me what they will,
 I'll never more believe;—
 As fragrant flow'r's their balm distill,
 So memory shall leave
 So rich and sweet account of thee
 As will for ever dwell,
 When thou art far away from me,
 My gentle Isabel!

THE BARREL OF PORK.

Published by Duncombe, Middle Row, Holborn.

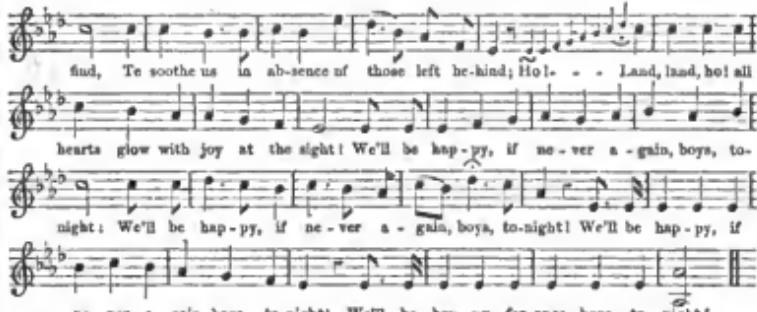
Lively.

Two Is - rael-ite bro-thers in New York once dwelt, And in all kinds of mer-chan-dize
 free - ly they dealt; They were thought to be weal-thy, And, 'tween me and you, Each
 bro-ther was real-ly as rich as a Jew. Tol de rol, rol de rol, lol de rol lol.
 No creditor e'er went away from their door,
 Till death called on Moses to settle his score:
 No mortal can ever evade such a call,
 So Moses he sleeps, sirs, his last sleep of all.
 Tol lol, &c.
 Then Isaac, his brother, exclaimed, —' Lucky elf!
 All his goots and his money belong to myself.
 Ah! but stop—dere's a will, I must just read it thro',
 To see what poor Moses would have me do.'
 Tol lol, &c.
 The will it thus ran:—When I cease to live,
 All my cash and my goots to my brother I give,
 Upon this condition, that hard he shall toll
 To bury my body in real English soil.'
 Tol lol, &c.
 Isaac tried every captain and could not prevail,
 For none would agree with the body to sail;
 But, not to be balk'd, he set quietly to work,
 And embarked it at last as a barrel of pork.
 Tol lol, &c.
 Mo was cut to pieces with chopper and knife—
 He had never been cut up so much in his life;—
 Isaac wrote to his agent to tell him his plan,
 And begg'd him to bury the poor pickled man.
 Tol lol, &c.
 Some months after this, as he walk'd on the wharf,
 He met with the captain, a sallow-faced man:—
 'Vell, goot captain,' he cried, looking steadfastly
 round,
 'You delivered my parrel, I hope, safe and sound.
 Tol lol, &c.

LAND, HO!

Composed by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.
Moderato con Spirito.

Up, up with the sig - nall the land is in sight! We'll be hap - py, if
 ne - ver a - gain, boys, to - night! The cold cheer - less o - cean in safe - ty we've
 pass'd, And the warm ge - nial earth glads our vi - sion at last, And the warm ge - nial
 earth glads our vi - sion at last. In the land of the stran - ger true hearts we shal.



find, Te soothe us in absence of those left be-hind; Hol - - Land, land, hol all
hearts glow with joy at the sight! We'll be hap-py, if ne-ver a - gain, boys, to-
night: We'll be hap-py, if ne-ver a - gain, boys, to-night! We'll be hap-py, if
ne-ver a - gain, boys, to-night! We'll be hap-py for once, boys, to - night!
The signal is waving! —Till morn we remain,
Then part in the hope to meet one day again,
Round the hearth-stone of home, in the land of our
birth.
The holliest spot on the face of the earth!
Dear country, our thoughts are as constant to thee
As the steel to the star, or the stream to the sea;
Hol lan-d, and, ho! we scar it, we bound at the
sight!
We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

The signal is answer'd! —The foam-sparks rise
Like tears from the fountain of joy to the eyes;—
May rain-drops that fall from the storm-clouds of

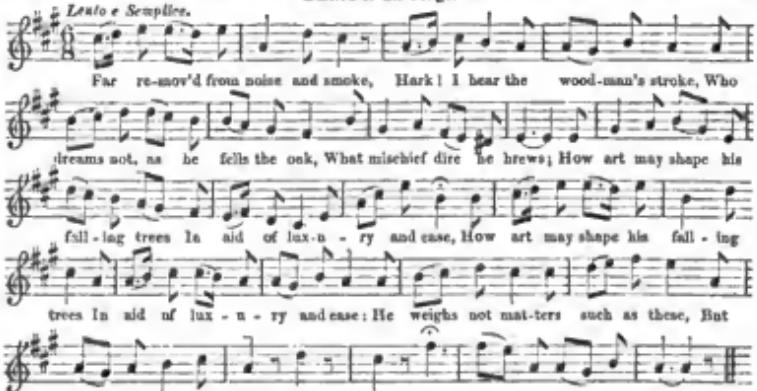
care

Melt away in the sun-beaming smiles of the fair!
One health, as I chime gayly the nautical odes,—
'To woman—God bless her! wherever she dwells!'
Ho! the pilot's a board, and, thank Heaven, all's
right!

We'll be happy, if never again, boys, to-night!

THE WOODMAN.

By Charles Dibdin.—Published, with Piano-Forte Accompaniments, in Davidson's Cheap and Complete Edition of his Songs.



Lento e Sempre.
Far re-mov'd from noise and smoke, Hark! I hear the wood-man's stroke, Who
dreams not as he falls the oak, What mischiev dire he brews; How art may shape his
fall-ing trees in aid of lux-u - ry and ease, how art may shape his fall-ing
trees in aid of lux-u - ry and ease: He weighs not mat-ters such as these, But

sings, and hacks, and hews, sings, sings, and hacks, and hews,

Perhaps, now fell'd by this bald man,
That tree shall form the spruce sedan,
Or wheel-barrow, where oxen Nan

So runs her vulgar rig;

The stage where boxers crowd in flocks,
Or else a quack's, perhaps the stocks,
Or posts for signs, or barbers' blocks,
Where suisks the parson's wig;

Those math'st, bold peasant,—O! what grief!
The gibbet, on which hangs the thief;
The seat where sits the grave lord chief;
The throne, the cobbler's stall:

Thou pamper'st life in every stage,
Mak'st folly's whims, pride's equipage,
For children toys, crutches for age,
And coffins for us all

Yet justice let us still afford;—
These chairs and this convivial board,
The bin that holds gay Bacchus' board,
Confess the woodman's stroke:
He made the press that bled the vine,
The butt that holds the generous wine,
The hall itself where tipplers join
To crack the mirthful joke.

O! WHEN IN DAYS THAT ARE YET TO RISE.

Poetry by Miss Mary Leman Redé; to Irish Melody, Moore's 'Legacy.'

Published by Davidson.

di leggretto.

O! when, in days that are yet to rise, A - lone you stray by this moon - lit
sea, And gaze as now on the star - ry skies, Will not a fond thought re - vert to me?
Wilt thou not wish, al - though no longer Fond in - ter-est in thy heart I claim, That
o - ther friends and ties far stronger May hap - pi - ly light my steps to fame.

O yes! I know, though far I never,
Without the hope that was once my own,
My heart cannot resign for ever
The thoughts of bright days too fleetly flown;
And thou wilt wish, wher'er I wander,
That heaven's kind care my path may keep,
And shed a tear of pity - founder
Than happier days e'er saw thee weep.

And when my weary exile's o'er,
And time shall bring the wanderer home,
To tread again the native shore
From which and thee 'twas death to roam --
Although forgot by all who may linger,
As kindred or friends, to my cold view, --
Love, early love, with unerring finger,
I feel, will point me out to you.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION IN A STORM.

Moderato.

One night came on a hur - ri - cane, The sea was moun-tains roll - ing, When
Bar - ney Bust - line turn'd his quid, And said to Bill - ly Bow - ling: -- 'A
strong nor - wes - ter's blow-lug, Bill - Hank! don't you hear it roar now? Lord
help them - how I pi - ties all Un - hap - py folks a - shore now!

* Foolhardy chaps what lives in towns,
What dangers they are hauling!
And now are quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in.
Poor creatures! how they envies us,
And wishes, (I've a notion,)
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean.
* But as for them who're out all day,
On business, from their houses,
And late at night are coming home
To cheer their babes and spouses,

While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimbiy-pots
About their heads are flying!
* And often have we seamen heard
How men are kill'd and undone,
By overturns of carriages,
By thieves, and fires, in London.
We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors; --
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors!'

HONEST BOB OF THE MILL.

Lively.

My heart is as ho - nest and brave as the best; My bo-dy's as sound as a
roach; Tho' in gay span-gled garments I never was dress'd, Nor stuck up my nob in a
coach, Nor stuck up my nob in a coach. If for - tune re - fu-ses to flow with my
stream, My sacks with her rich - es to fill, Why, sure - ly, 'tis for - tune a -
lone that's to blame,—And not ho - nest Bob of the mill, And not ho-nest Bob of the
mill, And not honest Bob of the mill, And not ho-nest Bob of the mill, honest Bob of the
mill; Why, sure-ly, 'tis fortune a-lone that's to blame, And not honest Bob of the mill.

My breast is as artless and blithe as my lav. Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her hand.
From my cottage content never flies;— The world it may wag as it will;—
She is sure to reward the fatigues of the day, I defy the first 'quire or lord of the land
And I know how to value the prize. To dishonour plain Bob of the mill.

DEAR FATHER, SMILE.

The Poetry by T. H. Bayly. The Music by A. Lee.

Larghetto.

Dear fa - ther, smile up - on your child;— Your sad - ness seems to say
She lacks the kind - ness that was wont To chase your tears a - way; If
sor - row rend her fa - ther's heart, Poor Kate's must wi - ther, too; For,
if you can - not smile with her, She'll learn to weep with you.
Then, dearest father, smile again,
And let me proudly see,
Though cold to ev'ry other friend,
Your heart still warms to me.

If old endearments please you not.
Your child shall offer new;
But, if you will not smile with
She'll learn to weep with

THEY TELL ME THERE ARE OTHER LANDS.

The Poetry by Mark Lemos. The Music by Rossini.

Allegro con Expressione.

They tell me there are o - ther lands More beau - ti - ful than thee, Up - on whose
 sands the gem and pearl Are scatter'd by the sea; They tell me there are o - ther
 lands More beau - ti - ful than thee, Up - on whose sands the gem and pearl Are scatter'd
ad lib.
 by the sea. They say their streams o'er crys - tal flow, Through spi - cy groves and
 dell's, - - And in their nev - er - fa - ding flow'r's The bee un - ti - ring
 dwells, And in [their nev - er fa - ding flow'r's The bee un - ti - ring dwells. They
 tell me there are o - ther lands More beau - ti - ful than thee, More beau - ti -
 ful than thee; They tell me there are o - ther lands More beau - ti - ful than thee.

But have their streams the music
 Of thy fountains and thy rills?
 And have their flow'r's the language
 Of those upon thy hills?

O! if they want their magic,
 How worthless all to me! -
 There is no spot, my native land,
 So beautiful as thee!

A FROG HE WOULD A WOOING GO.

Lively.

A frog he would a woo - ing go, Heigh - o! says Row - ly; A frog he
 would a woo - ing go, Whe - ther his mo - ther would let him or no,—With his
 row - ly pow - ly, gum - mon and spinage—'Heigh-o!' said An - tho - ny Row

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

Off he set with his op'-ra-hat,
Heigho, &c.
On the road he met with a rat,
With a rowly powly, &c.
They soon arriv'd at mouse's hall,
Heigho, &c.
They gave a loud tap, and they gave a loud call,
With a rowly powly, &c.
'Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?'
Heigho, &c.
'Yes, kind sirs; I'm sitting to spin,'
With a rowly powly, &c.
'Come, Mrs. Mouse, now give us some beer,'
Heigho, &c.
'That Froggy and I may have some cheer,'
With a rowly powly, &c.
'Pray, Mr. Frog, will you give us a song?'
Heigho, &c.
'And let it be somethin' that's not very long,'
With a rowly powly, &c.
'Indeed, Mrs. Mouse,' replied the frog,
Heigho, &c.
'A cold has made me as hoarse as a hog,'
With a rowly powly, &c.

'Since you have caught cold, Mr. Frog, 'mousy said',
Heigho, &c.
'I'll sing you a song that I have just made,'
With a rowly powly, &c.
As they were in glee and a merry-making,
Heigho, &c.
A cat and her kittens came tumbling in,
With a rowly powly, &c.
The cat, she seized the rat by the crown,
Heigho, &c.
The kittens, they pull'd the little mouse down,
With a rowly powly, &c.
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright,
Heigho, &c.
He took up his hat, and he wish'd them good night,
With a rowly powly, &c.
As Froggy was crossing it over a brook,
Heigho, &c.
A lily-white duck came and gobble him up,
With a rowly powly, &c.
So here is an end of one, two, and three,
Heigho, &c.
The rat, the mouse, and the little froggy,
With a rowly powly, &c.

WIDOW GLIB AND SIR STEEPLE.

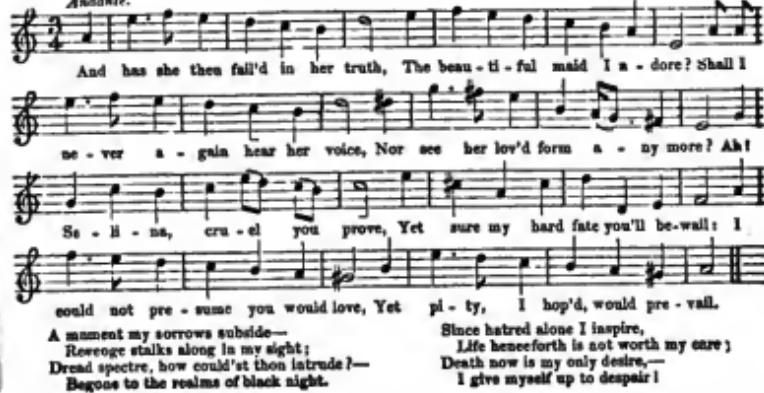
The Poetry by George Daniel, Esq., to the Music of 'A Frog he would a wooing go.'

Sir Steeple he courted the queer widow Glib—
Heigho! Sir Steeple,—
He knew she was rich, and he wanted to crib
Her cash,—so he off'd to make her his rib,
With his teasing, pleasing,
Hoaxing and coaxing;
A comical bean was Sir Steeple.
Her purse it was long, tho' her person was short—
Heigho, &c.
And her beauty was none of the ravishing sort;
Yet the eye of his knightship her mosey-bags
caught,—
Their jangling, jingling,
Soon set a tingling
The sensitive heart of Sir Steeple.

Now love, in return, the fair widow enthrals,
And fondly she ogled Sir Steeple;
They gabbled together to coocoets and balls,
Like the Monumet lock'd to the dome of St. Paul's!—
With their perkling, smirking,
Winking and blinking,
The fair Mrs. Glib and Sir Steeple.
They trotted to church, for their passion increas'd—
The person he whisper'd Sir Steeple—
'Your wife's rather short.'—'You are right, mat-
ter priest;
But, in choosing two evils, I've chosen the least!'—
With their roiley polley,
Coupled so drolly,
Off march'd Widow Glib and Sir Steeple.

AND HAS SHE THEN FAIL'D IN HER TRUTH.

Andante.



And has she then fail'd in her truth, The beau - ti - ful maid I a - dore? Shall I ne - ver a - gain hear her voice, Nor see her lov'd form a - ny more? Ah!

So - li - na, cru - el you prove, Yet sure my hard fate you'll be-wail: I could not pre - sume you would love, Yet pi - ty, I hop'd, would pre - vail.

A moment my sorrows subside— Since hatred alone I inspire, Rov'ege stalks along in my sight; Life henceforth is not worth my care; Dread spectre, how could'st thou latrude?— Death now is my only desire,— Begone to the realms of black night. I give myself up to despair!

ANNIE, DEAR.

Irish Melody, 'Maids in May'; the Poetry by Thomas Davis.

Large.

Our moon-tain brooks were rush-ing, An-nie, dear; The an-tumn eve was
 rush-ing, An-nie dear; But bright-er was your blush-ing, When
 first, your mur-murs blush-ing, I told my love out-gush-ing, An-nie, dear!
 Ah! but our hopes were splendid, For once, when home returning,
 Annie, dear; Annie, dear;
 How sadly they have ended, I found our cottage burning,
 Annie, dear; Annie, dear;
 The ring betwixt us broken, Around it were the yeomen,
 When our vows of love were spoken, Of every ill an omen,
 Of your poor heart was a token, The country's bitter foemen,
 Annie, dear. Annie, dear.
 The primrose flow'rs were shining, But why arose a morrow,
 Annie, dear, Annie, dear,
 When, on my breast reclining, Upon that night of sorrow,
 Annie, dear, Annie, dear?
 Began our honey-moon, Far better, by thee lying,
 And many a month did follow Their bayonets defying,
 Of joy—but life is hollow, Than live an exile sighing,
 Annie, dear. Annie, dear.

LILIES AND ROSES.

The fa-ther of Nan-ey a fo-rest-er was, And an ho-nest old woodman was
 he; The fa-ther of Nan-ey a fo-rest-er was, And an ho-nest old
 woodman was he; And Nan-ey a bean-ti-ful in-no-cent lass, As the
 sun in his cir-cuit could see: She ga-ther'd wild flow-ers, sweet li-lies and
 ro-ses, And cried through the vil-lage, 'Come, buy my sweet po-sies!' She gather'd wild
 flowers, sweet lilies and roses, And cried through the village, 'Come, buy my sweet po-sies.'

The charms of this fair one a villager caught—
A noble and rich one was he,—
Great offers he made, but by Nancy was taught
That a poor girl right honest might be.
She still gather'd wild flowers, sweet lilies and roses,
And cried through the village, 'Come, buy my nice
posies.'

The father of Nancy a forester was,
And a poor little stroller was she;
But her lover so noble soon married the lass;—
She, as happy as maiden could be,
No more gather'd wild flowers, or lilies and roses,
Nor cried through the village, 'Come, buy my
nice posies.'

AH! SURE A PAIR WAS NEVER SEEN.

From the 'Duenna.'

Larghetto.

Ah! sure a pair was nev-er seen So just - ly form'd to meet by na-ture! The
 youth ex - cell - ing so in mien, The maid in ev' - ry grace-ful fea-ture!
 O! how hap - py are such lov - ers, When kin-dred bean-ties each dis - co-vers! For
 sure-ly she was made for thee, And then to bless this charm-ing creature!
 So mild your looks, your children thence Will early learn the task of duty,—
 The boys with all their father's sense,
 The girls with all their mother's beauty!

O! how charming to inherit
 At once such graces and such spirit!
 Thus, while you live, may Fortune give
 Each blessing equal to your merit.

MA CHERE AMIE.

Allegro.

Ma chere A - mie, my charm - ing fair! - Whose smiles can ban - ish
 ev' - ry care! In kind com - pas-sion smile on me, Whose
 on - ly care is, love, of thee: Ma chere A - mie,
 ma chere A - mie, ma chere A - mie, ma chere A - mie!

Under sweet friend-ship's sacred name,
 My bosom caught the tender flame:
 May friend-ship in thy bosom be
 Converted into love for me!
 Ma chere Amie!

Together rear'd, together grown,
 O! let us now unite in one;
 Let pity soften thy decree,—
 I droop, dear maid—I die for thee!
 Ma chere Amie!

THE TROTH I HAVE PLIGHTED I NEVER WILL BREAK.

The Words by — Neale, Esq.; the Air from an Italian Waltz, adapted by George Ware.
Moderato.



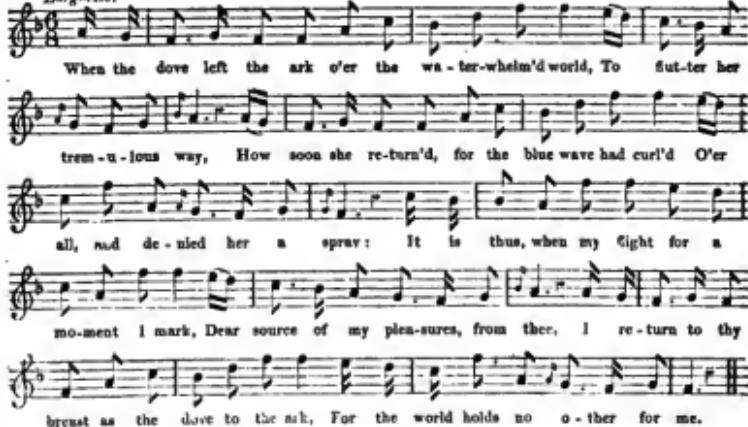
There's a magic in soothing the wearisome hour;
 Pity rears up the stem, and Hope looks for the
 slow'r,
 I have lov'd thee in sickness—I'll love thee in

And if want be our portion, why love be our
 wealth;
 Thy comfort in sorrow, thy stay when most weak—
 The troth I have plighted I never will break.

WHEN THE DOVE LEFT THE ARK.

The Poetry by Miss Mary Leman Redé; to Irish Melody, Moore's 'Believe me if all those.
Published by Davidson.

Larghetto.



But the dove at last fled to the grove's sylvan shade,
 Forsaking the ark, you will say;
 But was it not nature whose call she obey'd—
 And now could the flutterer stay?

I shall yet quit this breast, where each warm virtue
 That to me ev'-ry pleasure has giv'n; [springs,
 But, O! it will be oo eternoity's wings
 I shall fly from your bosom to brav'n.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

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THE WIFE'S SONG.

The Poetry by a Lady; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante.

E - le - ven years have pass'd a - way Since I be - came a
bride, And left my na - tive land with thee, To cross the o - cean
wide; To cross, to cross the o - cean wide: No store of
world - ly wealth had we, To cheer our path through life; But thou wert
all in all to me— I was thy hap - py wife!
But, when Colombia's free-born sons
Thy matchless talent knew,
With buoyant hope for fortune's smiles
Thou bad'st thy wife adieu;
One blessed pledge of love was ours,
To cheer my lonely life;
And, as I heard thy fame resound,
I felt a happy wife!
Year after year roll'd on its course,
Yet time brought some alloy:
Again I felt a mother's pains,
And felt a mother's joy.
Thou wert not there to join their sports,
Nor watch their playful strife:
And, as I press'd them to my heart,
I felt a mournful wife!
But now the storm has pass'd away:
Like Noah's wand'ring dove,
I've found, at last, a resting-place,
A happy home of love.
Mayst thou, dear husband! ever find,
In future days through life,
For blessings that I now enjoy,
I am a grateful wife!

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

The Poetry by Mrs. Brooke. The Music by Shield.

Moderato.

Her mouth, which a smile, De - void of all guile, Half o - pens to view, Is the
bud of the rose, In the morn-ing that blows, Im-pearl'd with the dew, Impearl'd with the
dew: The bud of the rose, Im - pearl'd with the dew. More fra-grant her breath Than the
flow'r-scented heath, than the flow'r-scented heath At the dawn-ing, j day, The hawthron in
bloom, The li - ly's per-fume, The li - ly's perfume, Or the bios - somes of May.

D. C. & al Fine.

FLY NOT YET.

Moore's Irish Melody.

Fly not yet: 'tis just the hour When beau - ty shines with ma - gie pow'r, That youth, in -
 flam'd by fan - cy bright, Im - pels each son of joy to flight, And plea - sures reigns su -
 preme. 'Tis now, when Sol's re - tir'd to rest, To her fond lov - er's heart soft press'd, Each
 maid, with hopes and fears o'er-flow - ing, All of truth and vir - tue glow - ing. Then stay -
 O! stay— Hours like these so sel - dom reign, This hour we ne - ver can re - gain. O!
 where - fore go we hence? Then stay O! stay— Hours like these so
 sel - dom reign, This hour we ne - ver can re - gain; O! where - fore go we hence?

Fly not yet the glass with scorn,
 Or lovely woman's angel form;
 Such beauteous forms as erst of old
 Fam'd Erin's sons did oft behold;
 O! wherefore go we hence?
 While other minstrels seek the glade,
 And pine in some dark sylvan shade;

Here woman reigns, young Cupid smiling,
 Ev'ry rosete hour beguiling;
 Then stay, oh, stay—
 Hours like these so seldom reign,
 This hour we never can regain;
 O! wherefore go we hence?

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

Andante.

A - while the maid the strang - er ey'd, And, re - as - sur'd, at last re -
 plied: 'That High - land halls were o - pen still To wil - der'd wan - d'ers
 of the hill; Nor think you un - ex - pect - ed come To yon lone isle, our de - sert
 home: Be - fore the heath had lost the dew, This morn a couch was pull'd for you.'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has err'd,' he said;
'No right have I to claim, misplac'd,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer here, my fortune toss'd,
My way, my friends, my course lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air.
'I well believe,' the maid replied,
As her light skiff approach'd the side,—
'I well believe that as'er before
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore;
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-hane foretold your plight,—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.

'He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Your hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
Painted exact your form and mien,
That tassel'd horn, so gayly gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt —
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree.'
The stranger smil'd :—'Since to your house
A destin'd errant knight I come,
Amanoe'd by prophet sooth and old,
Doom'd, doubtless, for achievement-bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprie,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes ;—
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'

SOME LOVE TO ROAM.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, Where the shrill winds whis - tie
free, But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life in the woods, for
me; But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life
in the woods, for me! When morn - ing beams o'er the moun - tain streams, O !
mer - ri - ly forth we go, To fol - low the stag to his slip - py crag, And to
chase the bound-ing roe. Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho, ho! —
Some love to roam o'er the dark sea's foam, When the shrill winds whis - tie
free; But a cho - sen band, in a moun - tain land, And a life in the woods, for
me, And a life in the woods for me, And a life in the woods for me!
The deer we mark, in the forest dark,
And the prowling wolf we track;
And for right good cheer, in the forest here,
O ! why should a hunter lack ?

For with steady aim at the bounding game,
And hearts that fear no foe,
To the darksome glade, in the forest shade,
O ! merrily forth we go.
Ho, ho, ho! Some love to roam, the.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

BONNY BRAVE SCOTLAND.

The Music by Niel Gow.—Published by Lavenu.

Allegro.

Where is the land which Scot-land sur-pas-sa? or Where are such souls as her
chil-dren in-he rit? Bright in the smile of whose lo-vers and las-se are
beam-ing the lights of their beauty and spi-rit. Sigh for thee, die for thee—who would not
die for thee? Tell me what east-ern, west-ern, or what land, Fame in, name in,
e-ver was nigh to thee? Pride of each High-land heart, Bon-ny brave Scot-land!

Deep in the heart of each va-sal and stranger is
Buried a love for the hero it sigh'd on,
Breath-ing the story which tells you where danger
is—
That is the spot where its idol had died on.

Sigh for thee, die for thee,—who would not die for
thee?
Tell me what eastern, western, or what land,
Fame in, name in, ever was nigh to thee,
Pride of each Highland heart, bonny brave Scot-
land!

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Scottish Melody.

Andante.

It was sum-mer, and soft-ly the breezes were blow-ing, And sweet-ly the
night-in-gale sang from a tree; At the foot of a rock where the ri-ver was flowing, I
sat myself down on the banks of the Dee. Flow on, love-ly Dee! flow on, thou sweet
ri-ver! Thy bank's purest streams shall be dear to me e-ver, Where I first gain'd thaf-
fection and fa-vour of Jem-my, The glo-ry and pride of the banks of the D.e.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant was he ;
And yet there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring
willows,
The sweetest and kindest of all his brave fellows,
And has left me to mourn amoost these once-
lovd willows,
The loneliest of maids on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers may, perhaps, yet restore
him ;
Bless'd peace may restore my dear shepherd to
me ;
And when he comes home, with such care I'll watch
o'er him,
He never shall quit the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee, then, shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs o'er the banks shall again be seen playing,
Whilst I with my Jemmy am carelessly straying,
And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Allegro Moderato.

O! young Loch-in-var has come out of the west; Thro' all the wide bor-der his
steed was the best; And, save his good broadsword, he wea-pons had none : He
rode all unarm'd, and he rode all a - lone. So faith-ful in love, and so
gal-lant in war, There ne - ver was knight like the young Loch-in - var ! So
faith-ful in love, and so gal-lant in war, There ne - ver was knight like the
v un Loch-in - var, There ne - ver was knight like the young Loch - io - var !

He stay'd not for brake, and he stopp'd not for
stone ;
He swam the Eak river, where ford there was
none :
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late—
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.
So boldly he enter'd the Netherby hall,
Amoog clazmen, and kinsmen, and brothers and
all ;
Then spake the bride's father, his hand oo his
sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
'O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ?'
'I long wo'd your daughter—my suit you denied ;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.'

The bride kiss'd the goblet ; a knight took it up ;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup ;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar :
'Now tread we a measure !' said young Lochinvar.
One touch on her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the half-door, and the charger
stood near ;
So light to the croop the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
'She is won ! we are gone, over hugh, loch, and
sear !
They'll have fleet steeds that follow !' quoth young
Lochinvar.
There was mountlog'moog Grimeses of the Netherby
clan ! [they ran ;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and
There was racing and chasing on Caanaboo Lee,
Bet the lost bride of Netherby ar'd did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar.

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

The Poem from the Ingoldsby Papers.—Published by Duacombe, Middle Row, Holborn.

Moderato.

My Lord Tom-nod-dy got up one day, and his lord-ship rang for his cab-rio - let ;
 Ti - ger Tim was clean of limb; His boots were pol-iah'd, his jack - et was trim, With a
 va - ry smart tie in his smart cra-vat, And a smart cock-adie on the top of his hat ;
 Tall-est of boys or short-est of men, He stood in his stock-ings just four feet ten ; And he
 ask'd, as he held the door on the swing, 'Pray, did your Lord-ship please to ring?' 'Yes,
 Ti - ger Tim,—come tell me true, What may a No - ble - man find to do?'

Tim hit his lip, Tim scratch'd his head,
 Tim let go the handle, and thus Tim said,
 As the door releas'd behind him bang'd :—
 'A'n't please ye, my lord, there's a man to be hang'd !'
 My Lord Tomnddy jump'd up at the news,
 And ran to Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,
 Took a squat at his watch—"twas half-past two,
 So he ran to M'Fuse and Lieutenant Tregoo ;—
 Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—
 Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore,—
 But to see a man swing at the end of a string,
 With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing !'

My Lord Tomnddy step'd into his cab—
 'Twas dark rife-green, with a lining of drab—
 Thro' street and thro' square his high-trotting mare
 Like one of Ducrow's goes pawing the air.
 Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
 Went the high-trotting mare at a deuce of a pace :
 She produc'd some alarm, but she didn't do harm,
 Save fright'ning a nurse with a child on her arm ;
 Knocking down, very much to the sweeper's dismay,
 An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way ;
 Upsetting a stall near Exeter Hall,
 Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.

Now eastward afar through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnddy directs his car,
 Never heeding their squalls, their calls, or their bawls,
 And merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's ;
 Turns down the Old Bailey, in front of the gaol, he
 Pulls up at the door of a gin-shop, and gayly
 Cries.—'What must I fork out to-night, my trumpet,
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?'
 The clock struck Twelve—"tis dark midnight,
 But the Magpie and Stump's one blaze of light ;
 The parties are met, the tables are set,—
 There's punch, cold without, hot with, heavy wet;

Ale-glasses and jugs, and rummers and mugs,
 And sand on the floor without carpets or rugs :
 Cold fowl and cigars, pickled onions in jars,
 Welsh rabbits and kidney—a rare work for the jaws.
 The clock struck One,—the supper is done,
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun ;
 My Lord Tomnddy is drinking gin-toddy,
 And laughing and joking at ev'ry body :
 All singing and drinking, save Captain M'Fuse,
 Who's dropping his head and taking a snooze,
 While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
 Blacking his nose with a piece of burn'd cork.

The clock struck Two, and the clock struck Three,—
 Who's so merry, so merry, as we ?
 The clock struck Four—round the debtors' door
 Are gathered a couple of thousand or more ;
 The clock struck Five—the sheriffs arrive,
 And the crowd is so great the street seems alive.
 Sir Carnaby Jenks blinks and winks,
 A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks ;
 While Lieutenant Tregoo and my Lord Tomnddy
 Are nodding their heads thro' drinking their toddy ;
 And, just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
 The whois of the party are fast asleep.

The clock struck Nine, the finishing stroke,
 And then my Lord Tomnddy awoks ;
 And Captain M'Fuse with the black on his nose—
 'Halloo ! halloo ! here's the devil to pay !—
 The fellow's been cut down, and taken away !
 They'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town ;
 We're all of us done so uncommonly brown !'
 What was to be done !—"Twas perfectly plain
 They could'nt well hang the man over again ;
 What was to be done.—The man was dead,
 So my Lord Tomnddy went home to bed.

THE DYING LEGACY.

A Ballad.—The Poetry by J. M. Church, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato con Animæ Expressivo.

Saw ye the sha-dow o'er his brow, The pal-lor on his cheek? Saw ye the sad-ness
 in his eve, And did ye hear him speak? Ah! 'twas an im-pulse hor-ri-bile In -
 - flam'd his a-ged breast, The blast-ing of his dy-ing hopes, - - His poor wife's
 sole be - quest. Saw ye the sha-dow o'er his brow, The pal-lor on his
 cheek? Saw ye the sad-ness in his eye, And did ye bear him speak?
 But late a daughter, simple child,
 Sat prattling on his knee;
 'The solace of his tot-ting days,
 His poor wife's legacy!
 And, as he look'd into her eyes,
 And watch'd her child-like glee,
 He murmur'd, 'Dear, oh! dear thou art,
 My poor wife's legacy!'
 Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow, &c.

'Tis now that old man, weak and wan,
 Sits comfortless and lone:
 His child, alas! poor fallen thing,
 Sleek'ning t' think upon;—
 And, as her image meets his thoughts,
 They strive, they strive to flee;—
 In vain: 'Poor fall'n Emm!' he sobs,
 'My poor wife's legacy!'
 Saw ye the shadow o'er his brow, &c.

SING ME THE SONG OF OTHER DAYS.

Words by Mrs. Abday, published in the Royal Album.—Music by F. H. Brett.

Andante Moderato.

Sing me the songs of o - ther days, The songs I heard in yon-th,- I
 eling to those fa - mil - lar lays, With fond and change - less truth:
 They lead me to a vale of flow'rs, The ver - dant grove and glen; The
 scenes that charm'd my sun - ny hours, The friends that bless'd me then.

Sing me the songs of other days,—
 For those of modern skill
 I knew not till the world's false ways
 Had wrought me grief and ill:

Their sweetnes gives no charms to me,
 Nor soothes my bosom's strife,
 Like one remembered melody
 That tells of early life.

BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

Words and Music by T. B. Brett.

Allegretto.

What, off once more! well I declare! You ne'er stay at home; For me you can but
 lit-tle care, I'm left so oft a lone.' 'Tis bus'-ness, dear, that calls me out; I
 must at-tend to that; So do not, love, pray do not pout, But give me up my hat.'
 'O! bus'-ness ne'er can call you out
 So often, and so long :
 I do believe, without a doubt,
 That something must be wrong.'
 'You much misjudge—Indeed you do,—
 My meaning and design;
 My love for you is strong and true,
 But bus'-ness claims my time.'
 'O! I would that I was once more free,
 I'd keep a single life;
 And never wish again to be
 A poor deluded wife.'
 'My life,—my love,—my fairest one,
 Pray let your rancour cease:
 You make me anxious to be gone,
 That I may be at peace.'
 'O! yes,—make haste,—I plainly see
 Your strong desire to go;
 It is not as it us'd to be:
 You're growing cold, I know.'
 'Come, come, dear wife, let's have no more,—
 I am not growing cold;
 Aside, and let me ope the door,—
 Now pray leave go your hold.'
 'How very different now it seems,
 How proud you us'd to be,
 If you could get, by any means,
 To sit and chit with me!'
 'And so I am, my dearest, now;
 But, as I said before,
 'Tis bus'-ness calls me out,—I vow
 You're getting quite a bore!'

Both. 'O, certainly a bore!—No doubt,
 'Tis bus'-ness fills your mind;
 From morn till night you're always out,
 But wife is left behind.'

'You surely cannot always want
 Me dangling by your side;
 I love as much,—depend upon't,
 As ere you were my bride.'

'You do! then say, without delay,
 Why you appear so strange;
 Have I e'er vex'd you? tell me, pray,
 For surely there's a change.'

'I never change, although the times
 Are chang'd, I do confess;
 I ever strive, by looks and signs,
 To show my tenderness.'

'Well, here's your hat,—I do agree
 Henceforth you may go out;—
 That is, if you will promise me
 To mind what you're about.'

'I thank you, wife,—but listen, pray,
 The truth must come at last:
 I sought you since, I'm bold to say,
 But now I have you fast.'

'Well, husband dear! let discord cease—
 Nu more each o'er annoy;
 In future we will live in peace,
 And love without alloy.'

Both. 'Foul jealousy, get thee away,
 And let us drown all sorrow,—
 Live ev'ry day, that so we may
 Be happy on the morrow!'

THE TEMPTATIONS OF THE GOOD SAINT ANTHONY.

In a playful Style.

Saint Anthony sat on a lowly stool—A large black book he held in his hand,—
 Ne-ver his eyes from its page he took—With steadfast soul the pa-ges he scan'd. The
 De-vil was in the best hu-mour that day That ev-er his high-ness was known to be in; That's

why he sent out his imps to play With sul-phur and tar, and pitch and re-sin. They
 came to the saint in a mot-ley crew—Twist-ed and twirl'd them-selves a-bout:
 Imps of ev'-ry shape and hue—A dev-il-ish strange and rom-look-ing rout! Yet the
 good Saint An-tho-ny kept his eyes so firm-ly fix'd up - on his book,
 Shouts nor laugh-ter, sighs nor eries, Could e-ver win a-way his look!

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot,
 In an earthen big-bellied ppt sat he—
 Through holes at the sides his arms outshot,—
 Rather a comical sight to see.
 He drumm'd his belly so fair and round,
 And drumm'd his belly so round and fair—
 Brought forth a rumbling mingled sound,—
 Rather a comical sound to hear;
 And he hoop'd, and haw'd, and wink'd, and grin'd,
 As birth to a bit of a song gave be—
 Keeping time with the tune as he gallop'd along,
 Till his eyes fairly stood out with glee.

Yet the good, &c.

Another imp came with a trumpet snout,
 That was both nose and mouth in one;
 And he twang'd his nasal incisors out,
 Is many a quaver, shake, and run;
 And his head mov'd backwards and forwards still,
 Upon his long and snaky neck;—
 He sneezed his octaves out, until
 You'd think his nose was ready to break;
 And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
 And squeak'd and pip'd his music in,
 The shock ran through the good saint's frame,—
 He shook and shivered with the din.

Yet the good, &c.

An imp came next with a skeleton form,
 Just come out of a charnel-vault;
 His jaws with grisly were black and deform,
 And his teeth were large and as white as salt.
 His grinn'd full many a lifeless grin,
 And wrang'd and rattled his bony tail;
 His skull was deck'd with gill and fin,
 And his eyes were like the eyes of a snail.
 He took his stand at the good saint's back,
 On tiptoe rum he stood a space,
 And cock'd down his India-rubber eyes,
 To squint and gaze upon his face.

But the good, &c.

Spiders, with an ugly guise,
 Hang from every creek and nook.
 Star'd at the saint with their eight eyes,
 Dane'd a hornpipe on his book;

Betties and slow-worms crawled about,
 Forty-feets a full span long;
 Through holes in the wainscot mice popp'd out,
 And danc'd in and out in an endless throng;
 A sly old rat, with whisker'd snout,
 And toad on his head, did squat demure;—
 There never was such an extravagant rout
 From that to the present time, I'm sure.
 Yet the good, &c.

A thing with horny eyes was there,
 With horny eyes, just like the dead;
 While fish-bones grew, instead of hair,
 Upon its bald and skisless head.
 Last came an imp—how unlike the rest!—
 A lovely-looking female form,—
 And, whilst with a whisper his cheek she press'd,
 Her lips felt downy, soft, and warm;
 As over his shoulders she beat the light
 Of her brilliant eyes upon his page,
 Soon fill'd his soul with mild delight,
 And the good old chap forgot his age.
 And the good St. Anthony boggid his eyes
 So quickly n'er his old black book;
 Ho! ho! at the corners they gan to rise,
 And he couldn't choose but have a look.

There are many devils that walk this world,
 Devils so meagre and devils so stout;
 Devils that go with their tails uncurl'd,
 Devils with horns and devils without;
 Serious devils, laughing devils,
 Devils black, and devils white,
 Devils uncouth, devils for revels,
 Devils meek, and devils polite;
 Devils with feathers, devils with scales,
 Devils with blue and warty skins,
 Devils with claws like iron nails,
 Devils with fishes' gills and fins,
 Devils foolish, devils wise,
 Devils great, and devils small;—
 But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes,
 Proves to be the worst devil of all.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL.

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

Andante.

I'm wear-in' a - wa', Jean, Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean; I'm wear-in' a -
wa' To the land o' the leal: There's nae sor-rows there, Jean; There's nae cauld nor
care, Jean; The day is aye fair In the land n' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,—
Your task's ended now, Jean,
And I'll welcome yan
To the land n' the leal.
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean,—
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;—
And we grudg'd her right sair
To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,—
My soul longs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land n' the leal.
Now, fare ye well, my ain Jean,—
This waird's care is vain, Jean;—
We'll meet, and aye be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE LAST WORDS OF MARMION.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Andante.

The war that fur a space did fail, Now tre-bly thund'ring, tre-bly thund'ring,
swell'd the gale, And Stanley was the cry, And Stan-ley was the cry. A light on Mar-mion's
vis-age spread, And fir'd his glar-ing eye; With dy-ing hand a-bove his
head, He shook the frag-ment of his blade, And shouted, shout-ed 'Vie-to-ry!' And
shout-ed, shout-ed 'Vie-to-ry! Charge, Ches-ter, charge! On, Stan-ley, on! Were the
last words of Mar-mion; 'Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stan-ley, on! Were the
last words of Marmion, Were the last, the last words of Mar-mion.

THE BEAUTIFUL BOY.

Allegro.

it was in the win - ter, 'bout six in the morn, When I, the in - no-cent
creature, was born; There were doc-tor and nurse, and a great ma - ny more, But none of
them saw such a ha - vy before: They all swore I was like my pa - pa! — O! And there is
the nose of ma-ma! With a few al-ter-ations—O la! we'll make him a beau-ti-ful boy!

*To make him a beauty,' cried out Mrs. Sacer,
*We'll be troubled, unlesse the child has a sweet leev;
Then, to give me this leev Mrs. Glazier arose,
And a piece of red patty stuck hang on my nose.
This made me wink and blisso,
The ladies knew not what to think, O!
At last it turn'd into a squint, so—
All to make me a beautiful boy.

To make me accomplish'd, they said, I wanted one
thing—

My month was too small for the dear child to sing:
Then to lug it and stretch it they all of them tried,
Till they stretch'd my sweet month near half a yard
wide.—

Crying, 'Pull away now, Mrs. Ryder—
It must be a little bit wider!'
My dear month they split pretty nigh, sir,
All to make me a beautiful boy.

Now, being complete, I was next sent to school,
And to shew off my make was stuck on a high stool:
When the children went home, they cried out with
surprise.

*We've a new boy at school with such beautiful eyes!
He can look any way so handy!
Such a month he has got to sneak candy,
And his legs are so preciously handy,
They call him the beautiful boy!'

T'other day I was ask'd in the city to dine;
The ladies, in raptures, all thought me divine;
And all, when observing my elegant grace,
Neglected their dinners to gaze on my face.

They cried,—"I shall faint with surprise!
No gas-light can equal his eyes!
And such a sweet mouth for mince-pies—
O dear! what a beautiful boy!"

Now, ladies, beware of Love's powerful darts,
For fearful I am I shall steal all your hearts;
And then, sweet dear little creatures, you'll sigh,
And doat on my charms, till you'll languish and die
For you know I can't marry you all,
But believe me, whenever you call,
My endeavours will be to please all,
Although such a beautiful boy.

LOVE SMILES OUR CARES AWAY.

Poetry by J. F. Kingston; the Music by A. Loder.

Andante.

O! how sweet - ly love smiles our cares a - way! Time doth
fret - ly move 'neath his glad - some sway: Hours but mo - ments
prove,— years a pass - ing day. O! how sweet - ly love smiles our
cares a - way! O! how sweet - ly love smiles our cares a - way!

O! when, brightly, love
Gilds the social ray,
Then how light we move
O'er life's rugged way!

Toils and duties prove
Games of school-boy play :—
O! how sweetly love
Smiles our cares awa!

THE SUN.

The Poetry by F. W. N. Bayley; the Music by John Barnett.

Allegretto Vivace.

He shineth out with the break, the break of day, And sweepeth the night a -
Marcato.
 way, a - way : O-ver the moun-tain and o-ver the sea, He fling-eth his gleams of
 brill-i-an-cy, And the wa-ters shine, and the earth looks bright, As his steeds bound
 o - ver their path of light, As his steeds bound o - ver their path of
 light ; He shineth out with the break of day, And sweepeth the night a - way, a-way ; He
 shineth out with the break of day, And sweep-eth the night a-way, a - way, a -
 way, a - way, a - way, he sweepeth the night a - way.
 He leaveth gold on the noonday flower,
 When zephyr sings in his scented bower ;
 And sallies over a thousand clouds,
 That would cover his splendour with fleecy shrouds,
 Till they weep at the warmth of his fiery glow,
 And the green grass drinketh their tears below.
 He shineth out, &c.

His last beams on the bliss waves play,
 As their radiance dyeth away ;
 And his tir'd steeds lay down to rest
 In the crimson bed of the curtain'd west,
 Till the silver moon comes out alone,
 To smile from the east on their glory goas.
 His last beams, &c.

MY OLD WIFE.

The Poetry by Jonas B. Phillips, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato con Express.

Old Time has dimm'd the lus-tre of her eyes that brightly shone, And her voice has lost the
 sweetnes of its girl-hood's sil-v'ry tone ; But her heart is still as cheer-ful as in
 ear-ly days of life, And as fond-ly as I priz'd my bride, I love my dear old wife.

When the spring of life was in its bloom, and hope
gave ascent to youth, [of truth ;
We at the sacred altar stood, and plighted vows
And since, though changeful years have pass'd, with
joys and sorrows rifts, [wife.
Yet never did I see a change in her, my good nid
Her gentle love my cares hath sooth'd, her smiles
each joy enhanc'd, [advanc'd ;
As fondly through progressive years together we've

Though calmly now the current flows, we've known
misfortune's strife, [old wife.
Yet ever did she cheer my woes, my faithful, fond
And ever since that joyous day I kiss'd her as my
bride, [my side :
In joy or sorrow, calm or storm, I've found her at
And when the summons from above shall close the
scene of life, [old wife.
May I be call'd to rest with thee, my good, my dear

O ! OFT IT'S BEEN MY HAPPY LOT.

Allegro Moderato.

O ! oft it's been my hap-py lot To gaze on pret-tier fa-ces, Yet, seen but once, they
were for-got, Their sparkling smiles and gra-ces ; And ne-ver yet, in those light days, When
eyes like stars flew o'er me, Did I e'er view such shining rays As those I see be - fore me.
O ! look on Rose's beaming eye,— She looks like love's own sister ; Her lip retains that ruby dye It had when first I kiss'd her.
O ! should the day-star with'ring sink, And darkness swift come o'er me, I should not miss it much, I think,
With eyes like those before me.
You little rosy laughing girl, With cheek all smooth and glowing, And raven hair in many a curl,
Adown her shoulders flowing,—

Her eyes they sparkle warm and bright, I feel each glance steal o'er me —
O ! day might change to endless night, With eyes like those before me.
But the brightest eyes that ever yet
Lit up a cheek all smiling,
Were her's,—which I can na'er forget,
So lovely beguiling !
A glance destroys the grief and gloom
That sometimes hovers o'er me ;
And woes, though deep, will find a tomb,
With eyes like those before me.

QUEEN CATHARINE'S DEATH-BED.

The Poetry by George Soane, A. B.; the Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.
Andante Semplice.

Dost ask me how I am to-night? O ! mar - vel - lous - ly well! My
pains are o'er, my spi - rit feels more bless'd than I can tell; Yet in mine
ears ring, low and clear, in mine ears ring, low and clear, Lul - la - by!
hush, . Lul - la - by! - -
4o sweet a calm is o'er me now,
Such gentle fancies spring,
I could not, if I would, be wrath
With any living thing;
For in mine ears, &c.

And yet, upon this hour of peace,
A troubled thought will creep ;—
I think upon my babe, and then
I cannot choose but weep :
And in mine ears, &c.

O ! THE MARRIAGE.

Irish Melody.—The Poetry by Thomas Davis.—Published in Duffy's Spirit of the Nation.
Allegro.

O ! the mar-ringue, the mar-ringue, with love and mo bhua-chail* for me ! The In-dies that
ride in a car-ringue Might en - vy my mar-ringue to me : For Eoghan† is straight as a
tow - er, And ten - der and lov - ing and true : He told me more love in an hour Than the
>
'quires of the coun - try could do. Then, oh ! the mar-ringue, the mar-ringue, With love and mo -
bhua-chail for me ! The in - dies that ride in a car-ringue Might en - vy my mar-ringue to me.

His hair is a shower of soft gold—
His eye is as clear as the day—
His conscience and vote were unsok'd
When others were carried away—
His word is as good as an oath,
And freely 'twas given to me—
Oh ! sure 'twill be happy for both
The day of our marriage to see.

Then, O ! the marriage, &c.

His kinsemen are honest and kind,
The neighbours think much of his skill,
And Eoghan's the lad to my mind,
Though he owns neither castle nor mill ;

But he has a tilloch of land,
A horse, and a stocking of colts,
A foot for the dance, and a hand
In the cause of his country to join.

Then, O ! the marriage, &c.

We meet in the market and fair—
We meet in the morning and night—
He sits on the half of my chair,
And my people are wild with delight.
Yet I long through the winter to skim,
Though Eoghan longs more, I can see ;
When I will be married to him,
And he will be married to me.

Then, O ! the marriage, &c.

* My boy.

† Vulgo, Owen.

I'LL THINK UPON THEE.

Andante.

In the lone hour of life, when no plea - sure is smil - ing, When fan - cy no
pros - pect of bliss can fore-see— No friend my fond heart of its sor-row be-guiling, O !
then, dear E-li - za, then, dear E-li - za, Oh then, dear E-li - za, I'll think up - on thee !

When the gay voice of pleasure, dispersing my
sadness,
To the circle of friendship my ammons shall be,

'Mid the bright scenes of mirth, in the moments
of gladness,
O ! then, dear Eliza, I'll think upon thee !

DEAR LAND.

Irish Melody ; the Poetry by Siabhd Cullinan.—Published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

Larghetto.

When comes the day, all hearts to weigh, If stauneh they be or
vile, Shall we for - get the sa - cred debt We owe our mo-ther isle? My
na-tive heath is brown beneath, My na-tive wa - ters blue; But crim-soon red o'er
both shall spread, Ere I am false to you, dear land, Ere I am false to
you, Ere I am false to you, dear land, Ere I am false to you.

When I behold your mountains bold—
Your noble lakes and streams—
A mingled tide of grief nad pride
Within my bosom teems.
I think of all your long dark thrill—
Your martyrs brave and true;
And dash apart the tens that start—
We must not weep for you,
Dear land—
We must not weep for you.

My grandfirs died, his home beside;
They sciz'd and hang'd him there;
His only crime, in evil time,
Your hallow'd green to wear.
Across the main his brothers twain
Were sent to pine and rue;
And still they turn'd, with hearts that burn'd,
In hopeless love to you.
Dear land—
In hopeless love to you.

My boyish ear still clung to hear
Of Erin's pride of yore,
Ere Norman foot had dar'd pollute
Her independent shore:
Of chiefs, long dead, who rose to head
Some gallant patriot few,
Till all my aim on earth became
To strike one blow for you,
Dear land—
To strike one blow for you.

What path is best your rights to wrest
Let other heads divine;
By work or word, with voice or sword,
To follow them be mine.
The breath that seal and hatred strel
No terrors can subdue;
If death should come, that martyrdom
Were sweet, endur'd for you.
Dear land—
Were sweet, endur'd for you.

SHEPHERDS, I HAVE LOST MY LOVE.

Andante.

WOULD I WERE, SWEET BIRD, LIKE THEE.

Poetry by G. Soame, A. B.—to the Music of 'Alice Thelle,' in Flotow's Opera of 'Stradella.' Published by Davidson.

Andante con moto.

Would I were, sweet bird, like thee, Ca - rol - ing from yon - der tree, Light of heart, and
free to do What thy fan - cy tempts thee to, Thy fan - - - - - ey tempts thee to;
Sail - ing now up - on the wing, Through the a - sure fields of Spring, Now a - midst the
le - fy grove - - - Warh - ling ten - der notes of love. Ah! - - -
Would I were, sweet bird like, thee, Ca - rol - ing from you - - der tree,
Amanu.

Light of heart, and free to do What thy fan - cy, thy fan - cy tempts thee to.
What a life, sweet bird, is thine!
Oh! so little like to mine!
Broke no hopes, and doubts, and fear,
Griefs that may oot meet the ear,
Tears that would, but may not flow,—
These are things thou canst not know;
Nooe can bid thee love or hate;
Thou canst choose thy happy mate.
Ah! would I were, &c.

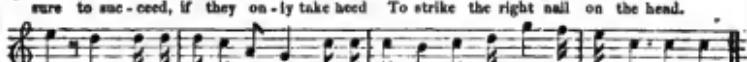
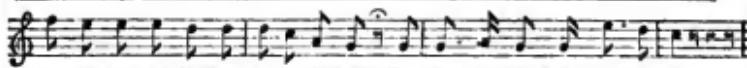
When thy little life is o'er,
And thy song is heard no more,
Night her dewy tears shall weep
O'er thy everlasting sleep,
And the leaves shall be thy shroud,
While the winds are piplog loud,
Torn by winter from the bough,
Where thou lov'st to warble now.
Ah! would I were, &c.

THE IRISH JOINER.

The Words by J. Lunn, Esq.—The Music by J. Blewitt.

Moderato.

I'm a Jol - er by trade, and O'Chis-el's my name; From the sod, to make sha - vings and
mo - ney, I came: But my self I was ne - ver con - sarn - ing 'Bout the les - sons of
schools, For my own chest of tools And my shop were a col - lege of larn - ing;—For, by
cut - ting, con - tri - ving, and bor - ling, and dri - ving, Each learned pro - fession gains bread. Oh! they're



The lawyers, like carpenters, work oo a beach,
And their trade's just the same as my own to an inch;
For cleats, whenever they dive io it,

Soon find their case fail,
For the law's a big nail,
And the 'torneys are hammers for drivag it.

Then, by cutting, &c.

The doctor a big chest of tools carries out,
And cuts, saws, and hacks his poor patients about,
Just as I would a plank or a scantling;

And it's all one to him
If he lops off a limb,
Or takes out an old tooth or young bantling.

For, by cutting, &c.

Theo each Snoday, at church, by the parson we're told,
By line, square, and compass our actions to mould,
And at joining himself the right sort is;

For he pins man and wife
Together for life,
Just as firm as a tenon and mortice.

So, by cutting, &c.

And the heroes that serve in our army and ships,
When they're fighting our battles, are all brotherships,
So entirely our trades are according;

For, with tools of sharp steel,
Soldiers cut a great deal,
And the tars are nate workmen at boarding.

So, by cutting, &c.

Then our nobles and marchants, and stock-jobbing lads,
Like joiners, work best whey they've plenty of brads;
Each projector's a great undertaker;

And, to clenach up the whale,
Our good Queen, bless her soul!
Is an elegant cabriolet maker! So, by cutting, &c.

THE WELCOME.

Irish Melody.—The Poetry by Thomas Davis.—Published in Duffy's Spirit of the Nation.
Allegro.

Come in the ev'ning, or come in the morn-ing, Come when you're look'd for, or come with - out
warn-ing, Kis-ses and wel-come you'll find here be-fore you, And the oft'-ner you come here, the
more I'll a - dore you. Light is my heart since the day we were plight-ed,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blight-ed, The green of the trees looks far
greener than ev - er, And the lin - nets are sing - ing, 'True lov - ers, don't sever!'

I'll pull you sweet-flowers to wear if you choose them,
Or, after you've kiss'd them, they'll lie on my bosom;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you,
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that wont tire you.
O! your step's like the rain to the summer-ver'd
farmer,
Or sabres and shield to a knight without armour!—
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wanderer, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.
We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, 'Love as unchangably
beaming.'

And trust, wheo so secret, most tunefully streaming
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river.
So come in the eveolng, or come in the morning,
Come wheo you're look'd for, or come without warn-
ing,—
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oft'-ner you come here the more I'll ador-e
you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ev - er,
And the linnets are singing, 'True lovers, don't
sever!'

DEEP IN THE ABRUZZI.

Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; Music from Flotow's Opera of Stradella.—Published by Davidson.

A musical score for a solo voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano range, and the piano part features a bass line and harmonic support. The lyrics describe a bandit who watches from the shade, plunders travelers, and dwells among robbers. The score includes ten staves of music and corresponding lyrics.

There comes a wayfarer—“Hello! who art thou?”
A man much like others; no better, I vow.
Like you, I, too, steal, and cry stand!
From night I steal often its sleep and its dreams;
From day rob, by sleeping, its brightest of beams.
Tra, la la la la la la la la!

Friends, like you, I've oft compassion;
I am not the worst of men;
And, when kisses I've been strallog,
I still give them back again.

The world has

THE GARLAND OF LOVE.

Composed by Hook.

Mandibular

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor) in G major, common time. The vocal parts are arranged in three staves above an accompaniment staff. The lyrics describe a pastoral scene with flowers, fountains, cowslips, breezes, and mountains.

fresh blow - ing gar - land, With li - tes and ro - ses, and sweet bloom-ing po-sies; I'll
 weave a gay gar - land, a fresh blow - ing gar - land, With li - tes and ro - ses, and
 ad lib. expres.
 sweet bloom-ing po-sies, To give to the lad my heart tells me I love.
 It was down in the vale where the sweet Torna [grove,
 gilding,
 In murmuring stream ripples through the dark

I own'd what I felt—all my passion confidng,
 To ease the fond sighs of the lad that I love,
 Then I'll weave, &c.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Natloo.'

Andante.

Who fears to speak of Nin - ty-Eight? Who blush - es at the name? When
 cow-ards mock the pa - tri - ot's fate, Who hangs his head for shame? He's all a
 knave, or half a slave, Who slightslights his coun - try thus; But a true man, like
 you, man, Will fill your glass with us. He's all a knave, or half a slave, Who
 slightslights his country thus; But a true man, like you, man, Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,
 The faithful and the few,—
 Some lie far off beyond the wave—
 Some sleep in Ire-land, too;
 All, all are gone—but still lives on
 The fame of those who died—
 All true men, like you, men,
 Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands
 Their weary hearts have laid,
 And by the stranger's heedless hands
 Their lonely graves were made;
 'twt, though their clay be far away,
 Beyond the Atlantic foam—
 Is true men, like you, men,
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth,—
 Among their own they rest;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast;

And we will pray that from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men, like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.
 They rose in dark and evil days,
 To right their native land;
 They kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand.
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—
 They fell and pass'd away;
 But true men, like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.
 Then here's their memory—may it be
 For us a guiding light,
 To eber our strife for liberty,
 And teach us to unite!
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate;
 And true men be you, men,
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

THE CORK LEG.

Moderato.

A tale I'll tell you with-out a - ny flam: In Hol-land there dweit Myn-beer Vos Clam, Who
s - ve - ry morn - ing said, 'I am The rich - est mer - chant in Rot - ter - dam.' Ri
too ral loo ral loo la loo, too ral loo lu ral, ri too loo la la.

One day he had stuff'd as full as an egg,
When a poor relation came to beg;
But he kick'd him out without hrosching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his own leg.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration;—
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So fuiyah'd the job by amputation.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Said Mynebeer, when he'd dinne his work,
My your knife I lose one fork;
But upon crutches I'll never strik,
For I'll have a beautifull leg of cork.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

An artist in Rotterdam, 'twould seem,
Had made cork legs his study and theme:
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
The springs a compound of clock-work and steams.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The leg was made and fitted right,
Inspection the artist did invite;
The fine shape gave Mynebeer delight,
And he fix'd it on and screw'd it tight.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walk'd through squares and past each shop,
Of speed he went at the very top;
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
Till he found his leg he couldn't stop.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

A curious tale I'm going to unfold
To all of you, as I am told,
About a soldier stout and bold,
Whose wife, 'tis said, was an arrant scold.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

At Waterloo he lost an arm,
Which gave him pain and great alarm;
But he soon got well, and grew quite calm,
For a shilling a day was a sort of balm.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Horrer and fright were in his face,
The neighbours thought he was running a race!
He clung to a post to stay his pace,
But the leg remorseless kept up the chase.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

Then he call'd to some men with all his might,
'Oh, stop me, or I'm murdered quite!'
But, though they heard him aid invite,
He in less than a minute was out of sight.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He ran o'er hill, and dale, and plain;
To ease his weary bones, he faid
Did throw himself down, but all in vain,—
The leg got up, and was off again.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He walked of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour;
He die'd,—but, though he was an more,
The leg walked on the same as before.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

In Holland sometimes he comes in sight,
A skeleton on a cork leg tight;—
Na cash did the artist's skill require,
He never was paid—and it serv'd him right!

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

My tale I've told both plain and free
Of the richest merchant that could b
Who never was buried though dead, ye see,
And I have been singing his L R G.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

THE STEAM ARM.

To the Tune of 'The Cork Leg.'

On i wonders sure will never cease,
While works of art do so increase—
Nu matter whether in war or peace,
Men can do whatever they please.
Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The story goes on, that ev'ry night
His wife would bang him, left and right;
So he determin'd, out of spite,
To have an arm, cost what it might.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He went at once, strange it may seem,
To have one made to work hy steam;
For a ray of hope began to gleam,
That force of arms would win her esteem.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

The limb was finished, and fixed unto
His stump of a shoulder, neat and true;
You'd have thought it ther by nature grew,
For it stuck to its place as tight as glue.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He started home, and knock'd at the door,—
His wife her abuse began to pour ;
He turn'd a small peg, and before
He'd time to think, she fell on the floor.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

With policemen soon the place was fill'd,
But every one he nearly kill'd ;
For the soldier's arm had been so drill'd,
That nace in action it couldn't be still'd.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

They took him at once before the mayor,
His arm kept moving all the while there ;
The mayor cried, ' Shake your fast, if you dare !'
When the steam arm knock'd him out of his chair.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

This rais'd in court a bit of a clamour,
The arm going like an auctioneer's hammer :
It fell in weight like a pavior's hammer,
And many with fear began to tammer.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He was lock'd in a cell, fram doing harm—
To satisfy those who had still a qualm ;
Where, all at once, they had so alarm.—
Down fell the walls, and out popp'd the arm.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He soon escap'd and reach'd his door,
And knock'd by steam-raps half a score ;
But, as the arm in power grew more and more,
Bricks, mortar, and wood soon strew'd the floor.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

With eagerness he stepp'd over each chair,
Popp'd into the room,—his wife was there :
' O, come to my arms ! ' she cried, ' my dear !'
When his steamer smash'd the crockery-ware.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

He left his house at length outright,
And wanders about just like a sprite ;
For he can't get sleep, either day or night,
And his arm keeps moving with two-horse might.

Ri too ral, loo ral, &c.

THE MOMENT AURORA PEEP'D INTO MY ROOM.

By Charles Dibdin.

Fifteen.

The mo-ment Au - ro - ra peep'd in - to my room, I put on my clothes, and I
 call'd for my groom; And my head, heav - y yet from the fumes of last
 night, Took a good glass of bran - dy to set all things right; And
 now we're well sad-died, Dash, Dap - pie, and Grey, Who seem'd long - ing to
 hear the glad sound, hark a way! hark a - way! hark a - way!
 Who seem'd long - log to hear the glad sound, hark a - way!

Will Whistle by this had uncoupled his hounds,
Whose ecstasy nothing could keep within bounds ;
First forward came Jowler, then Scentwell, then
 Snare,—
Three better stanch harriers ne'er started a hare ;
Then Sweetlips, then Driver, then Stanoch, and
 then Trasy.—
All ready to open at—Hark ! hark away.
 Twas now by the clock about five in the morn,
And we all gallop'd off to the sound of the horn :
Jack Gater, Bill Babble, and Dick at the Gun,
And by this time the merry Tom Fairplay made one ;
Who, while we were jogging on, blithsome and gay,
Sang a song, and the chorus was—Hark ! hark away.

And now Jemmy Lurcher had ev'ry bush beat,
And no signe of madam, or trace of her feet ;
Nay, we just had begun our hard fortune to
 curse,
When all of a sudden out starts Mistress Pass :—
Men, horses, and dogs, all the glad call obey,
And echo was heard to cry—Hark ! hark away.
 The chase was a fine one ; she took o'er the plaois,
 Which she doubled, and doubled, and doubled again ;
 Till at last she to cover return'd out of breath,
 Where I and Will Whistle were io at the death :—
 Then in triumph for you I the hare did display,
 And cried to the horses, ' My boye, hark ! hark away.'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

WE'RE A' NODDIN'.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegro Moderato.

And we're a' nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' noddin' at our house at hame. Guds
e'en to ye, Kim-mer, And are ye a-lane? O, come and see how blythe are we, For
Jam-is he's come hame; And O! but he's been lang a-wa', And O! my heart was
air, As I sob-bed out a lang fars-weel—May-be to meet nae mair. *Noo we're*
Repeat f
a' nod-din', nid, nid, noddin', And we're a' nod-din', at our house at hame.
O I sair ha'e fought—
Ear' and late did I toll,
My bairnes for to feed and cleed :
My comfort was their smile.
When I thought on Jamie far awa',
An' o' his love so faint,
A bodin' thrill cam' through my heart—
We'd maybe meet agaio.
Noo we're a' noddin', &c.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Moderato.

Up amang you clifly rocks Sweetly rings the ris-ing e-cho, To the maid that tends the goats
Lilt-ing o'er her native notes. Hark, shesing, Young Sandy's kind, Hero's a brooch, I ne'er shall tire't
Till he's fair-ly mar-ried to me : Drive a-way, ye drone-time, And bring a-bout our bridal-day.

Sandy herds a flock o' sheep ;
Oftan does he blow the whistle,
In a strain sue safty sweet,
Lammies list'ning darena blent.
He's as fleet's the mountain roe,
Hardy as the highland heather,
Wading through the winter snaw,
Keeping aye his flocks thegither ;
But a plaid wi' bare boughs,
He braves the bleakest norland blast.

Brawly can he dance and sing
Caitie glee or highland cronach ;
Naes can ever match his sing
At a reel or round a ring ;—
Wightily can he wield a ruzg ;—
In a brawl he's ay'e the bawster :
A' his praises can ne'er be sang
By the laugtest-winded sangster.
Sangs that sing o' Sandy
Seem short, though they were s'er sae lang.

THE DEATH OF TOM MOODY.

Composed by W. Shield.

With Animation.

Dejectedly.

You all knew Tom Moody, the whip - per in, well: The bell just done
 toll-ing was hon-est Tom's knell;— A more a - ble sports-man ne'er
 fol - low'd a bound, Through a coun - try well known to him Fif-ty miles
 round, Through a coun - try well known to him Fif - ty miles round. No
 bound ev - er o - pen'd with Tom near the wood, But he'd chal - lenge the
 tone, and could tell if 'twas good; Loick; Loick! And all with at - ten-tion would
 ea - ger - ly mark, When he cheer'd up the pack—Hark! to Rock-wood! hark!
 hark! Whoop, whoop, whoop! Tally-ho! Tally-ho! Whoo - - - - - - - - p! And
 all with at - ten-tion would ea - ger - ly mark, When he cheer'd up the pack—Hark! to
 Rock-wood! hark! hark! Heigh! Wind him! and cross him! Now, Rat-tier, boy! hark! hark!

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunters' green dress'd,
 Supported poor Tom to an earth made for rest;
 His horse, which he styl'd his 'Old Soul,' next ap-
 pear'd, rear'd,

On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was
 Whip, cap, boots, and spurs in a trophy were bound,
 And here and there follow'd an mid straggling bound.
 Ah! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace;
 Nor the wrenkles resound his first burst in the chase,
 With High over, Now press him, Tally ho! &c.

Thus Tom spoke his friends, ere he gave up his breath:
 'Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
 One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave,—
 Give a rattling view-hallo thrice over my grave!
 And, unless at that warning I lift up my head,
 My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead.'
 Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the
 sky,
 For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally-ho cry!
 Hark forward, High over, Tally ho! &c.

THE COTTAGE OF LOVE.

Andantino.

Composed by W. Reeve.

Where in sil-s - ters the grape's pur-ple blush decks the vine, And na-ture and
art join the sport to ap - prove, Con-tent and good-hu-mour en - rap - tur'd com -
bine To ren-der life bless'd in the cot-tage of love, in the cot-tage of
love, in the cot-tage of love, to ren-der life bless'd in the cot-tage of love.
The carols of spring sweetly sound on the ear;— Mild autumn's response give new life to the year,
The glad voice of summer the lay shall improve. And winter seem spring in the cottage of love.

IN GRIEFS AND IN DANGERS.

By Lemass Rede, to Moore's Melody. 'The Last Rose of Summer.'

Moderato.

In griefs and in dangers, At land and at sea, 'Midst plea-sures and
strangers, My soul was with thee, Whilst thou with thy kin-dred, At
peace and at home, Taught thy fan-cy to wan-der, Thy wish - es to roam.
Whilst I suffer'd capture,
Wrong'd, wounded, oppres'd,
Thy heart beat with rapture
To Netherville's breast :
In my wants and my sorrows,
I fear'd th' un-should'st mourn ;
And my heart was distress'd,
Lest thine should be torn !

To the right of the vocal line, there is a column of lyrics:

The' false friends have de-creed thee,
I join not their hate ;
Tho' the world may deride the-e,
I pity thy fate.
I know thou hast wrong'd me,
Will ne'er be my own ;
But I feel that I love thee,
And love thee alone !

THE RISING SUN.

The Poetry by H. J. Sharpe; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Moderato.

On a rock-y cliff I stood, And the o - cean wash'd its base; A pros -pect broad and
good The grate-ful eye could trace; Not a cloud ob-scur'd the sky, The dawn was
bright and fair; Nature, sum-b-ring, seem'd to lie Un-ruf-fled by the air.

In the east the rising sun
Display'd his golden crest;
His daily race he had begun
T'ward the glowing west.
O'er the waters of the deep
His glitt'ring rays he shed,
While the sparkling billows leap
From out their liquid bed.
See where bright Aurora twines
Her tresses round her braw,
As the rugged lofty pines
With admiration bow:

Dewy mists, in sportive play,
Their glitt'ring veils unfold;
Like happy spirits, flee away
In tints of molten gold.
Gentle zephyrs float around,
And murmur'ring surges meet,
Blending their notes of sound
In music wild and sweet.
How the grateful bosom burns
With wonder and with love,
As the soul in rapture turns
To brighter scenes above.

THE NEW SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPH.

The Words by H. J. Athol Wood.—The Music written for this work by H. West, R. A. M.

Fifteen.

In this im - prov - ing age Our won - der ne - ver ceas - es; For
sci - ence is so the rage, That 'tis pull - ing the an - cients to pie - ces. Ar - chi -
me - des they set down a flat; I - key New-ton a sub - ject for chaff; Since our
mo - derns have in - vent - ed, so pat, The New Sub - ma - rine Tel - e - graph!

We're to have railroads to traverse the world,
Ship canals to the Bay of Panama;
Going, gone, and away you are whir'd,
'Midst the engines' loud puffing and clamor.
Such common-place stuff, I declare,
A fit subject to make you all laugh;
For I'm sure they are not to compare
With the New Submarine telegraph!

Fol lo! &c.
The transit is novel, no doubt;
But, as things are not done now by half,
Only think that, the whole of the route,
You're on the New Submarine Telegraph.

Fol lo!, &c.

Light travels like lightning, 'tis said,
But I really think now we outdo it,
Since this faun's discovery's made,
By the aid of electric fluid.
If a message to Turkey you'd send,
By means of this unrivall'd power,
You'd an answer get, you may depend,
To England sent back in an hour.

I've heard there's a company forming,
And 'twill be advertised very soon,
Who the planets intend to be storming,
In order to people the moon.
If the famous projector you'd know,
"Tis Monsieur Antoine de Moonsealf,
Who will bring us green-cheeses, I trow,
On this far-famed New Telegraph.

Fol lo!, &c.

Fol lo!, &c.
The fishes, I'm thinking, 'twill shock,
When a swimming at ease through the ocean,
If perchance they should happen to knock
'Gainst the wire when it is in motion.
Galvanism I tell you's no joke,—
To be shook till you tumble in half;
But it's all like a bottle of smoke,
To the New Submarine Telegraph.

And, I fath' there's another scheme, too,
Which has recently been set in motion;—
I confess 'tis a tough yarn to chew—
This trip to the depths of the ocean,
In cork-dresses and Mackintosh cloaks,
A certain prevention from drowning,
And a new apparatus—a hoax—
To pump air from the water surrounding.

Fol lo!, &c.

Fol lo!, &c.
'Tis said—but that's all, I'm thinking—
If to China a trip you'd desire,
They can send you right over like winking,
By your sitting cross-legged on the wire.

Gravesend voyages will now be no go,
For they're common, and very immoral,
And our swells are all on the tip-toe
For a trip to the sea-caves of corn.
They're tired of the belles of the town,
So with mermaids would chatter and laugh;—
That's the reason they want to go down
On the New Submarine Telegraph.

Fol lo!, &c.

O! HAD MY LOVE NE'ER SMIL'D ON ME!

From the Opera of the Duenna.

Andante.

O! had my love ne'er smil'd on me, I ne'er had known such an-guish; But
 think how false, how cru - el she, To bid me cease to lan - guish, To
 bid me hope her hand to gain, Breathe on a flame half pe - - - rish'd, And
 then, with cold and fix'd dis - - disdain, To kill the hope she che - - - rish'd !
 Not worse his fate who, on a wreck,
 That drove as winds did blow it,
 Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
 To find a grave below it :
 Then land i was cried ;—no more resign'd,
 He glow'd with joy to hear it ;—
 Not worse his fate, his woe, to find,
 The wreck must sink ere near it.

O! ITALY, MY NATIVE LAND.

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music from Flotow's 'Stradella.'—Published by Davidson.

Allegro.

O! I - ta - ly, my na - tive laud! Thou fair - est of earth's bow - ers! All
 gir - dl'd in by dark - blue waves, With fields of fair - est flow - ers! To
 thee my heart— to thee my song, Through all the chang-ing hours, be-long; Where-
 e'er my wan-dring course may be, This heart is still with thee; This heart is
 still, is still with thee! Whers - e'er my wan-dring course may be, This
 heart is still with thee; This heart is still, is still with thee!
 Oh! Italy, my native land,
 How many thoughts of glory
 Are waken'd by thy ruin'd piles,
 Where time has writh thy story!
 To thee my heart, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

O, WEEL MAY THE BOATIE ROW.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by the late Mr. Ewen, of Aberdeen.
Moderato.

O, weel may the boatie row, And bet-ter may she speed! O, weel may the
boatie row That wins the bairns' bread! The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
boatie rows in-deed, And hap-py be the lot of a' That wish the boat to speed.
When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten leär,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lightens a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The mairlain and the cruel.

And when wi' age we're worn down
And birpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairns' bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed.

MY NANNIE'S AWA'.

Scottish, Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

Now in her green man-thilthe Na-ture ar-rayes, And list-en the
lamb-kins that bleat o'er the braes; While birds wan-ble wel-come in
ill-ka green shaw, But to me it's do-light-less, my Nannie's a-wa'.
The snowdrap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
And violets bathe in the weet of the snow;
They pain my sad bosom, a sweetly they blow;
They mind me o' Nannie,—and Nannie's awa'.
Thou lavercock, that springs frae the dew of the lawn,
The shepherd to warn of the gray-breaking dawn;

And then, mellow manis, that hails the night fa'!
Give over for pity,—my Nannie's awa'.
Come, autumn, see pensive, in yellow and gray,
And soothe me wi' tidings o' nature's decay;
The dark dreary winter and wild driving snaw
Alane can delight me,—my Nannie's awa'.

BONNIE LIZZIE BAILLIE.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

My bon-nie Liz-zy Baillie, I'll row you in my plai-die; And ye maun
gang a-wa wi' me, And be a bigh-land la-dy, My bon-nie Liz-zy Baillie.
I am sure they wadna' en'me wise, Ye'll ha'e nae need to card or spin, To skip amang the heather.
Gin I would gang wi' you, Sir; Your mither weel can want ye. Now wee be to the silly chields
For I can neither card nor spin, Now she's cast aff her bonnie shoon That dwell near Castlecarry,
Nor yet milk ewe or cow, Sir. Made o' the gilded leather, To let awa' sic a bonny lass,
My bonnie Lizzy Baillie, And she's put on her higland A Highlandman to marry.
Let nae o' these things daunt ye; brogues,

THE WARRIOR'S RETURN.

Composed by J. M. Jolly.

Musica Propriosa.

Take the balm from my aching brow, Too long by its iron press'd; And
let my throb - ing tem - ples now Re-pose on thy gen - tle breast, Re -
pose on thy gen - tle breast. Take my shield-it has done its part Where the
bar - bed ar - row flies; But, ah! it must not guard my heart From
beau - ty's joy - lit eyes; But, ah! it must not guard my heart From
beau - ty's joy - lit eyes! Take my shield, take my shield-it has
done its part Where the bar - bed ar - row flies; But, ah! it must not
guard my heart From beau - ty's joy - lit eyes, From beau - ty's joy - lit
eyes, From beau - ty's joy - lit eyes. Return'd, return'd from the tented plain,
And, dearest, lead me to thy bower, Let me hear my triumph find;
And strik'st thy soft lute again, For honour's laurel-wreath is vain,
To wake the strain that hath the power Save with love's roses twind'.
To beguile each ling'ring pain : Take my shield, &c.

THE BRIDESMAID.

Allegretto. The Poetry by Edward Fitzball; the Music by Miss Mounsey.

By moon-light he met her, And whis - per'd soft vows That Hea - ven it - self had be -
liev'd; Then ask not why A - dn, so gen - tle so young, By his il - ber - tine spell was de - ceiv'd. He
sware on the cross, by the book, and the mass; And a type of his love and des - pair He
hung round her bo - som, a neck-lace of pearl-he placed the white rose in her hair.

Yet now he is gone with her sister to church.
And Ada the bridesmaid has been : [cade,
But she shrank, unobser'd, from the bright caval-
And cover'd her eyes from the scene.
Alas at her lattice, she hears the bells ring ;
Her heart is distracted with care ;
Her tears fall, like gems, on the necklace of pearl ;
The white rose lies torn from her hair.

With song and with dance from the altar they come,
The bride and the bridegroom so gay ;
But where is the bridesmaid, lovely and young ?
Why thus from the banquet away ?
They seek her above, and they seek her below,
At the bride's gilded mirror, and there,—
Yes, there she sits dead, in her necklace of pearl,—
The wither'd white rose lo her hair.

MADAME VANDERCROUT.

By Charles Dibdin.



A lawyer begg'd his cause to plead;
Said, if he ilk'd each title-deed,
'Twist Hymen, him, and her, that oight
He'd draw ludenture tri-partite:
'Come, come,' said she, 'my man of law,
In your proceedings there's a flaw,—
My goods and chattels you'd convey!
Please to convey yourself away.
You plead in vain,—the trial's pass'd;
Yoo're unsolicited, ejected, cast;
Yoo're ignoramus'ld, and thrown' out:
Then sue out Madame Vandercroout.

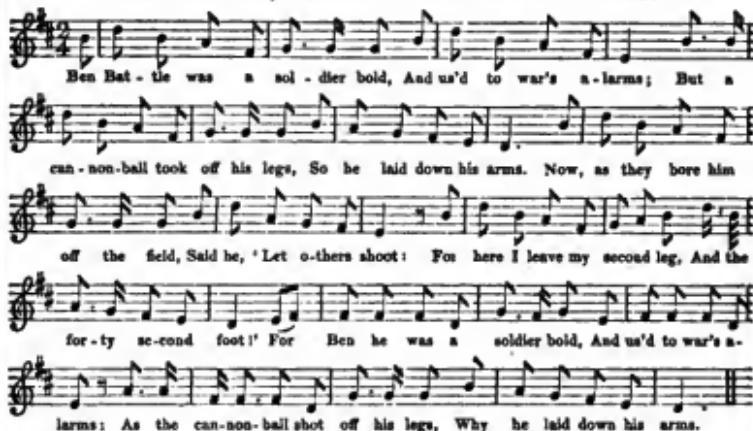
An Irish jolman swore away
He'd love for ever and a day;
And, if she'd him for husband have,
Her lord and master were her slave.
'Paddy, you're made a bull,' cried she;
You want to make a slave of me;
I'm his who for my person seeks;
Sure, en't you Irishmen all Greeks?
Nothing hat loss with you I'd gain;
No, never, wid your 'seven's the main,'
'Mongst Pharnoh's host shall fly about
The cash of Madame Vandercroout.'

An auctioneer, a cuoing dog,
Of her charms had made a catalogue;
With small talk keeping still a dio,
Said he should like to buy her in.
'Indeed,' cried she, 'by fortune cross'd,
Must I then wed to who bids most;
My person to the hammer brought,
And put up like a seury lot?
Be going, sir! lest with a frown,
Without reserve, I knock you down.
'Tis heart for heart, you babbling lost,
Must purchase Madame Vandercroout.'

Thus lover after lover came,
The fortune courting, not the dame;
Which fortune rather than eathur,
She vow'd she would not wed at all.
This conduct's given a hundred names;
Some say she drinks, some say she gambes;
But none have hit the truth,—not one;—
The fact is,—she has married John.
John's tall and comely; and beside,
She knew him ere her husband died.
And now the hist'ry's fairly out
Of lovely Madame Vandercroout.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

BEN BATTLE, OR FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.



The army-surgeons made him limbs;
Said he, 'They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs.'
Now Ben, he lov'd a pretty maid,—
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devours'd his pay!

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And, when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off:—
‘O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
Should be more uniform!’

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

Said she, ‘I lov'd a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave.
Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now.’

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

‘O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajoz's breaches.’

‘Why then, said she, ‘you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms;
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feasts of arms?’

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

‘O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
To you, a long farewell;
For though you'll be my death—alas!
You will not be my Nellie Gray.
Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot!

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line!
One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs;
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town;
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!
A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a stake in his inside!

For Ben he was a soldier bold, &c.

YOUNG BEN THE CARPENTER AND THE FAITHLESS
SALLY BROWN.

To the Tune of ‘Ben Battle.’

YOUNG Ben, he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade,
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
Who was a lady's maid.

But, as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a pressgang crew,
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That, though she did seem so a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.
'Come, girl,' says he, 'hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For, when your swain is in the boat,
A boatswain he will be.'
So, when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roun'd, and found she only was
A-comin' to herself.
'And is he gone? and is he gone?'
She cried, and wept outright;
'Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight.'

A waterman came up to her:
'Now, young woman,' said he,
'If you weep oo so, yne'll make
Eye water in the sea.'
'Alas! they've taken my Ben Ben
To sail with nide Benbow;
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she'd said, gee-wo.'

Says he, 'They've only taken him
To the tender-ship, you see!'
'The tender-ship!' cried Sally Brown;
'What a hard ship that must be!
Oh! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim!'

'Alas! I was not born beneath
The Virgin and the Scales;
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in walls.'
Now, Bea had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were fur'l'd.
But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went no,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian name was John.
'Oh! Sally Brown,—oh! Sally Brown,
How could you save me so?
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!'
Then, pond'ring o'er his 'baccy-box,
He heav'd a heavy sigh;
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.
And then he tried to sing Alf's well i'
But couldn't, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.
His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty odd b'felf;
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tol'd the bell.
Now Sal his fun'r'al did attend,
With fearful, anxious look;
She waited in the cold churchyard,
Till the person—shut his book.

ALL HAIL, HAPPY MEETING.

By T. B. Brett, St. Leonard's.

Moderato.

All hail, hap - py meet-ing, right wel-come art thou! All hail to the
 plea-sure that beams on us now! All hail to the friend-ship, the truth, and the
 love; All hail to the friend-ship, the truth, and the love,— Those em-blems of
 hap - pi-ness drawn from a - bove, Those em-blems of hap-pli-ness drawn from a - bove.

'Tis here that we find, free from tumult and strife,
The balm of our care and the comfort of life;
'Tis here that within us a feeling doth glow,
Which binds us in harmony's bonds here below.

'Tis good thus to spend a few bright sunny hours,
Where laurels of peace and goodwill deck the bow'rs;
'Tis good thus to dwell where such scenes do attend,
And quaff cups of joy with a really true friend.

Then let us be merry, and let us be wise!
The poor and distress'd may we never despise!
But freely and truly rejoice with each other;
And then shall we merit the title of brother.

All hail, happy meeting, right welcome art thou!
All hail to the pleasure that beams on us now!
All hail to the friend-ship, the truth, and the love,
Those em-blems of hap-piness, drawn from above!

WHEN BIDDEN TO THE WAKE OR FAIR.

Composed by W. Shield.

Moderato.

When bidden to the wake or fair, The joy of each free - heart-ed swain, Till
 Phoe-be pro - mis'd to be there, I loiter'd last of all the train; If
 chance some fair - ing caught her eyne, The rib - bon gay or silk en glove, With
 ea - ger haste I ran to buy—For what is gold com - par'd to love
 My posy on her bosom plac'd,
 Could Harry's sweeter scents exhale?
 Her auburn locks my ribbon grac'd,
 And flutter'd in the wanton gale
 With scorn she hears me now complain,
 Nor can my rustic presents move:
 Her heart prefers a richer swain,
 And gold, alas! has banish'd love. -

MUST I LEAVE THE FRIENDS THAT LOVE ME?

The Poetry by George Soane, A.B.; the Music from Verdi's Opera of 'Nino.'—Published by Davidson.
Andante Cantabile.

Must I leave the friends that love me? And the lights so brill - iant a -
 bove me? Miss the sound of those dear vol - ces, Still at which my
 heart re - joic - es? Though they come now as mur - murs on - ly, Heard in
 fo - rest, from wa - ters lone - ly— Ah! dark - ness ga - thers fast a -
 round me, Breaks the chain, breaks the chain to earth that bound me; Breaks
 the chain, breaks the chain to earth that bound me; Breaks the
 chain that bound me, that bound me.

But a fairer day is dawning;
Ah! it is another world's morning!
Bright, as earth recedes, 'tis growing;
Round me waves of light are flowing!
Is this death, whose gentle finger

Only makes me wish to linger?
Ah! farewell, wood and stream and mountain;
Welcome, life's eternal fountain!
Welcome to the joys of Heaven!
Death is past, my sins forgiven.

THE SORROW-STRUNG HARP.

Moderato,

Words by S. T. Hunt.—Music by T. B. Brett.

Musical score for 'The Sorrow-Strung Harp'. The score consists of four staves of music in G major, common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first two staves begin with 'Ma-ry, thy name no lon-ger is spo-ken, For the charm that round thee hung'. The third staff begins with 'Is for ev - er, ev - er bro-ken, And my harp to sor - row strung.'. The fourth staff begins with 'How my heart once glow'd to meet thee! Like some love - - en - - chant - ed bird,'. The vocal line continues with 'Rap - ture - wing'd, it flew to greet thee, When thy fal - ry steps it heard.' and 'Love, thy elfin flowers are blighted, And thy shrine is ruin'd now; For the maid who once delighted Wears a cold and aiter'd brow.' The right-hand side of the score contains the corresponding piano accompaniment.

FROM NIGHT TILL MORN.

Moderato.

Musical score for 'From Night till Morn'. The score consists of five staves of music in G major, common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The first two staves begin with 'From night till morn I take my glass, In hopes to for - get my Chlo - e; From night till morn I take my glass, In hopes to for - get my Chlo - - - e;'. The third staff begins with 'But, though I take the pleas - ing draught, She's ne'er the less be - - - fore me!'. The fourth staff begins with 'Ah! no, no, no! Wine can - not cure the pain I en - dure for my Chlo - e. Ah! no, no, no!'. The fifth staff begins with 'To wine I flew to ease the pain Iller beanteous charms created;'. The right-hand side of the score contains the corresponding piano accompaniment.

Chlo - e. But wine more firmly bound the chain,
Ah! on, no, no, &c.
To wine I flew to ease the pain
Iller beanteous charms created;

And love would not be cheated.

THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

By Chas. Arnold.

Andantino espressivo.

When the breeze is soft - ly sing - ing, Over the deep blue sea,
 And the ves - per-bell is ring - ing, I'll steal a - way to thee, to
 thee, I'll steal a - way to thee! From a world whose i - ron chain
 Sits hea - vy on my soul, From man - ny a wan - ry pain be -
 yond my weak con - - trol - - - - - O! When the breeze is sing - ing,
 Over the deep blue sea, And the ves - per - bell is ring - ing.
 I'll come, my love, to thee, to thee— I'll come, my love, to thee.

Away to the shining waters,
 Bipping o'er the land;
 Away to the rocks of coral,
 Along the moon-lit sand.

The glow of health will meet us,
 On the sweet ev'ning air;
 The sparkling waves will greet us,
 With a murmur'ring welcome there,
 When the breeze, &c.

GRATITUDE.

Composed by William Reeve.

Andante.

How lost the mind which, cold and dark, From Gra-ti-tude's ce - lestial fire In vain re -
 ceives the hal-low'd spark, Fall-ing, a - las! but to ex - pire! Oft be my fer - vent
 vows re-new'd, Oft be my fer-vent vows re-new'd, At the shrine of Gra - ti - tude, of
 Gra - ti-tude, of Gra - ti-tude; Oft be my fervent vows re-new'd, At the shrine of Gra - ti - tude.
 Honour abhors the darksome cell
 Unbless'd by Gratitude's bright flame;
 There pale distrust and treach'ry dwell,

There fraud asserts her wily claim —
 Oft be my fervent vows renew'd,
 At the shrine of Gratitude.

SAINT PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

Saint Pa - trick was a gen - tie - man, he came of da - cent peo - pie; In
 Dub - lin town he built a church, And he put up - on't a stee - ple. His fa - ther was a
 Cal - lag - han, His mo - ther was a Bra - dy, His aunt was an O'Shaughnes - sy, And his
 un - cle was a Gra - dy;—Then, suc - ceess to bold Saint Patrick's fist—He was a saint so
 cle - ver; He gave the snakes and toads a twist, And ba - nish'd them for e - ver!
 There's not a mile in Ireland's isle where the dirty
 vermin mu - sters;— [them in clusters.
 Where'er he put his dear fore - foot, he murder'd
 The toads went hop, the frogs went flop, slap dash
 into the water, [selves from slaughter.
 And the beasts committed suicide, to save them -
 Then suc - ceess to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.
 Nine hundred thousand vipers hiss he charm'd with
 sweet dis - courses, [courses.
 And din'd on them at Kilaloo, in soups and second
 When blind worms, crawling in the grass, disgusted
 all the nation, [sense of their situa -
 tion.
 He gave them a rise, and wend their eyes to a
 Then suc - ceess to bold St. Patr - ck's fist, &c.
 No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free
 and frisky, [pling the whisky;
 For St. Patrick taught them first the joys of tip -
 No wonder that the saint himself to taste it should
 be willing, [taniskillin.
 For his mother kept a sheebean - shop in the town of
 Then suc - ceess to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.
 The Wicklow hills are very high, and so's the hill
 Of Howth, sir; [than them both, sir;
 But there's a hill much higher still,—ay! higher
 'Twason the top of this high hill St. Patrick preach'd
 the sermon, [the verment.
 That drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all
 Then suc - ceess to bold St. Patrick's fist, &c.

THE CONVENT BELL.

Composed by T. Attwood.

Larghetto.

When unken'd by the con - vent bell, At mid-night's dark and dreary hour, the
 con - vent bell, at mid-night's dark and dreary hour, I rose, my mourn - ful heads to
 tell, And think of life and love no more, no more, no more,—In vain I
 wept,—I blush to own I dropp'd the tear for him a - - lone; In
 vain I wept,—I blush to own I dropp'd the tear for him a - - lone.
 At sober eve or twilight gray,
 The swelling organ's awful sound
 Would warn the vestals when to pray:
 While holy tears bedew'd the ground,
 In vain I wept,—I blush to own
 I dropp'd the tear for him alone.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

A YOUNG ROSE IN MY GARDEN GREW.

Composed by Henry Russell.

Moderato.

A young rose in my gar - den grew, All flush'd with sum-mer's pride, And
 bul - my frag - rance round it threw, As flut - ting breez - es sigh'd, As flut - ting
 bree - es sigh'd. In mild con - tent there did re - pose A
 vio - let in the shade, While scorn - ful - ly the blushing rose The sim - ple flow'r sur -
 vey'd, The sim - ple flow'r sur - vey'd, The sim - ple flow'r sur - vey'd.
 I view'd the flower of summer's pride, But, when I view'd the changeful sky,
 By beams and gales caress'd, That fairest flow'r's endure,
 [And then to be a rose I sigh'd, I'd be the violet, said I,
 And thought its lot the best : In humble shade secure.

SUCH A BEAUTY I DID GROW.

Fineze.

When I was a lit - tie boy, some twen - ty years a - go, I
 was the pride of Mam-my's heart,—she made me quite a show, Such a Bea - ty
 I did grow, did grow, did grow, such a Bea - ty I did grow.

Straight hair I had, and goggle eyes, with such a roguish leer, [tear to ear;
 A broad flat nose turn'd up, beside a mouth from And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.
 My mother prais'd my little charms, and when she did me fill, [fed me with a quill;
 Lest she should spoil my mouth with spoons, she And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.
 But when I came to riper years, and should have studied books, [books;
 I sat out at the kitchen-door, a watching of the And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.
 So elevated were my thoughts, no wonder I look'd wise; [the files;
 When my sweet mouth was always open, catching of And a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.

A broad, to take the summer air, sometimes I us'd to go,—
 The children, screaming, ran away, and cried 'a [bug-a-bo!'
 Such a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.
 At moustebanks a candidate, I beat them all dead hollow,
 And thrice I won the gold-lac'd hat by grinoing thro' a collar;
 Such a beauty I did grow, did grow, &c.
 Now, ladies, if you're smit in love, I pray do not disguise,
 But command me to a handsome wife, that is her pretty eyes
 For a beauty I may go, may go; for a beauty may go.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by John Hamilton.

Finner.

Could blows the wind frae north to south, The drift is driv-ing sair - ly, The
sheep are cowr - in' in the henc'h—O, sirs, 'tis win - ter fair - ly:
Now up in the morn - in's no for me, Up in the morn-in' ear - ly;— I'd
ra - ther gae sup - per-less to my bed, than rise in the morn - in' ear - ly.

The sun peeps awer you southland hills,
Like ony timorous carlie;
Just blinks a wee, then sinks again,
And that we find severely.
Now up in the mornin's no for me
Up in the morning early;—
To sit all the nicht I'd rather agree,
Than rise in the mornin early.

A cosie house and cantie wife
Aye keep a body cheery;
And pantries stow'd wi' meat and drink,
They answer uncouthly.
But up in the mornin—na, na, na,
Up in the mornin early;—
The gowans manus gleut on bank and bane,
When i rise in the mornin early

BUSK YE, BUSK YE, MY BONNIE BRIDE.

Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Moderato.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - ny bride; Busk ye, busk ye, my wim - some mar - -sw;—
Busk ye, busk ye, my bon - -nie bride, And let us to the brass of Yar - row.
There we will sport and gath - er dew, Dan - eing while lav' - rocks sing to the morn - ing;
There learn frae tur - tles to prove true. O! Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning!

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
And when the beans are kindly warming,
Blytheness appears n'er all the fields,
And nature looks mair fair and charming.
Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
Though on their banks the rose blossom,
Yet hastily they flow to Tweed,
And pour their sweeteness in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonnie Bell,—
Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee;
With free conceit my fears repel,
I'll with my love and care reward thee.
Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
What rais'd my hopes wi' kind reteaving:
O, queen of smiles! I ask nae minis,
Since now my bonnie Bell's compeinting.

I WOULD SING OF HER I LOVE.

The Poetry by J. W. Dalby; adapted, expressly for this work, to an Air by Rossini.
Moderato.

I would sing of her I love— But how shall I frame my song? How
 breathe a pas-sion a - bove — All o - thers sin-cere and strong? Shall I
 swear, as some have done, When they spoke of la - dies dear, That her
 eyes n - elipse the sun, And her brow the ery - stal clear?
 That the incense breath of May
 Is less fragrant than her own?
 That the rose's hue no gay
 Is by her bright cheek outshone?
 That the song-birds in the grove,
 Or the brooklet murmur'ring near,
 Could never make such music
 As her sweet voice in mine ear?

No! this were not language fit
 For a breast that rolls like mine;
 Love that scorns the aid of wit,
 Nor would seek in verse to shine,
 Muse welcome to her the line
 That says, 'I'll love thee ever!'
 Than the studied stanzas fine,
 The head's, not heart's, endeavour.

THE LAY OF THE MOUNTAINEER.

The Poetry by A. D.; adapted, expressly for this work, to an Air by Donizetti.
Moderato.

I am a child of the moun-tain, I sigh for no ci-vic wreath; My
 mir - ror I find in the foun - tain, My couch in the flow - ry heath; My
 mu - sic is that of the bird, E-ver-more soar-ing and spring - ing; And my
 soul in its depths is stir'd, By the heav'n - taught hymn he is sing -
 ing. I am a child of the moun-tain, I sigh for no ci-vic wreath; My
 mir - ror I find in the foun - tain, My couch in the flow - ry heath,
 The moon and stars at night
 Have for me a lang-uage holy;—
 They berath-e a calm delight,
 Half joy, half anarcho-ly;
 The sun in his uprise
 Is a warn-ing spirit splen-did,
 And I gaze with reverent eyes
 When he comes, by pomps attended

I am a child of the moun-tain,
 I sigh for no ci-vic wreath;
 My mir - ror I find in the foun-tain,
 My couch in the flow'ry heath:
 Here is the life, in sooth,
 Though cities are bright in seem-ing;
 Here we are bless'd in truth,—
 There we are bless'd but in dream-ing.

MY SKIFF IS ON DE SHORE.

Allegretto.

Sung by the Ethiopian Seraphim.

Ping man, I'u gwan to see my lub - ly Di - nah, Dows a - mung de swamps in
 ole Car - li - an: Hap-py den we'll he in lub I say, Counting till de
 brake'n de day. Tra la la la la la in ia a la la la a la la,
 Tra la la la a la in ia a la la la - My skiff is by de shore dere -
 don't you see?— O-pen den de door, and gwan wid me; And as we paddle on, my
 song shall be— My dear-est Di - nah, I lub but de; And as we pad - die
 on, my song shall be, My dear - est Di - nah, I lub but de.

Come, O! Dinah come, de time don't waste;
 Come, O! Dinah come, make haste, make haste: Now, O! now, we lib la peace an pleasure.—
 Hap into de boat, an gwan wid me,
 Unto de Norden country. Blincking ob de boots I money makes;
 I in Dinah find a precious treasure—
 She can hurry up de cakes.

Tra la la, &c.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The Poetry translated from the German, and adapted expressly for this work to a German Air.

Andantino.

Be-side a fountain's border, Where wanton ze-phrys rove, A nymph in sweet dia-or - der,
 Now sleepin yon - der grave: If thus her beau-ties charm me, All sleep-ing as she
 lies, What ills, a - lus! shall harm me When once she opes her eyes.
 On her white arms reposing,
 Reclines her lovely cheek;
 Far sweeter tints disclosing,
 Than May's sweet mornings deck.
 What tender fears alarm me—
 What tender hopes arise;
 Alas! what ills shall harm me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

And faint would I discover
 What pains my breast invade;
 But, ah! too timid lover!
 My lips refuse their aid.
 May Love with boldness arm me,
 And cheek desponding slights;
 Oh, what ills shall harm me,
 When once she opes her eyes!

HAVE YE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

Music by T. B. Brett, St. Leonards.—Composed expressly for this Work.

Moderato.

Have ye faith in one na - oth - er, When yo meet in friend-ship's name! —
 For the true friend is a brother, And his heart should bent the same.
 Though your paths in life may dif - fer, Since the hours when first ye met,
 Still have faith in oac an - oth - er— You may need that friend - ship yet.
 Have ye faith in one another, We have all some transient sorrow
 When ye whisper love's food vow! That o'ershadows us to-day;
 It will not be always sunnier, But have faith in one another,
 Nor be always bright as now: And it soon shall pass away.
 And, when winter time comes o'er thee, Have ye faith in one another!
 If some kindred heart ye share— Let true honour be your guide,
 Have ye faith in one another! And let truth alone be spoken,
 Then ye never shall despair. What else ever may betide.
 Have ye faith in one another! Falsehood may at times prevail—
 Nor should doubts alone incline;— Yes, my friends, no doubt it will;
 That would make the world a desert, But have faith in one another,
 Where the sun would never shine. And the truth shall triumph still!

THE OLD COMMODORE.

Composed by W. Reeve.

Allegro.

Od's blood! what a time for a sea-man to skulk Un-der glin - ger-brend hatch - es a-
 shore! What a damn'd bad job that this bat - ter'd old hulk Can't be rigg'd out for
 sea once more. Can't be rigg'd out for sea once more: For the pup-pies, as they
 pass, cock-ing up a squinting-glass, Thus run down the old com - mo - more:
 That's the old com - mo - dore, The rum old com - mo - dore, The gout - y old com - mo - dore!
 He, he, he! Why the bul-lets and the gout Have so knock'd his hull a-bout, That be'll
 nev - er more be fit for sea! He'll nev - er more be fit for sea!

Here am I in distress, like a ship water-logg'd,
Not a tow-rope at hand or a sail;—
I'm left by my crew,—and, may I be flogg'd,
But the doctor's a son of a whale!—
While I'm swallowing his stops,
How nimble are his chops;
Thos queering the old commandore:—
‘Bad case, commandore—
Can't say, commandore—
Mus'nt flatter, commandore,’ says he:—
‘For the bullets and the goot
Have no knock'd your hull about,
That you'll never more be fit for sea!’

What! no more be afreet!—blood and fury! they
I'm a seaman, and only threescore! [He]
And if, as they tell me, I'm likely to die,
Oxzoeks! let me not die ashore.
As to death, ‘tis all a joke—
Sailors live in fire and smoke;
So, at least, says the old commandore;
The roun old commandore—
The tough old commandore—
The fighting old commandore, says he:—
Whom the bullets cor the gout,
Nor the foreigners to boot,
Shall kill, till they grapple him at sea.

WIDOW WALMSLEY'S SHINERS.

By Charles Dibdin.

Moderato.

Wi-dow Walm-sley, scarce her hus-band cold, A lit-tle worn, and ra-ther old, But
 roll-ing in her dear-le's gold, Was o-pen to de-sign-ers, Was o-pen to de-
 sign-ers. The first week, like th' Eph-e-sian dame—The first week, like th' Eph-e-sian dame, She
 sunk in grief, the next the same; The third a troop of lov-ers came, the
 third a troop of lov-ers came, To touch, touch, touch, touch, touch, To touch Wi-dow
 Walmaley's shin-ers. To touch Widow Walm-sley's shin-ers; The third a troop of
 lov-ers came, The third a troop of lov-ers came To touch Wi-dow Walmaley's shiners.

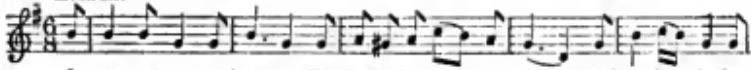
The neigh'ring squire chas'd her in view,
Whose fortune out at elbows grew;
And Irish jolmen, not a few,
All sapp'd the fort, like milners.
They ogled, hilarney'd, sung, and dress'd;
She swallow'd ev'ry false-ous jest,
Till 'twas a bet, who fatter'd best
Would touch Widow Walmsley's shiners.
A paliter knew what to be at;
He drew her squirrel and tom-cat,
A cupid made her ugly hat,
An adept 'mongst designers;

Gave to each wrikles in her face
A softness, symmetry, and grace,
Turn'd rough to smooth at ev'ry trace,
To touch Widow Walmaley's shiners.
Vermilion grac'd her sallow cheek;
On the canvas lovely, fair, and sleek,
A living Venus seem'd to speak,
Till thin pattern of designers,
When he had won the jolly dame,
Like hook-nose Caesar, great in fame,
With his semi, ridi, rici came,
And touch'd Widow Walmaley's shiners.

I MET UPON A JOURNEY.

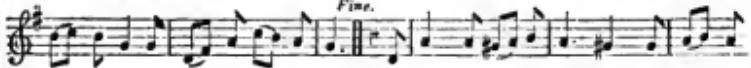
The Verses from the Athenaeum, translated from the German of Heine, adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Beethoven.

Moderato.



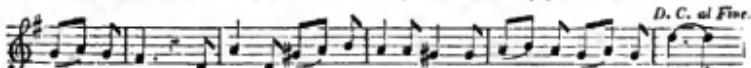
I met up - on a jour - oey The fam - i - ly of my fair, And cor - dia - ly they

Fine.



hail - ed me, With un - af - feet - ed air. They ask'd me ma - ny ques - tions, If all were

D. C. al Fine.



right and well? And said, I had not al - ter - ed, Ex - erpt that I was pale.

I ask'd for old relations.

And friends of auld lang syne,
And for the little dog that used
To lick my hand and whine;
For my belov'd, now wedded,
I asked with careless brow,
And joyfully they answer'd
She was a mother oow.

I met upon a journey, &c.

Hi - r Little sister told me

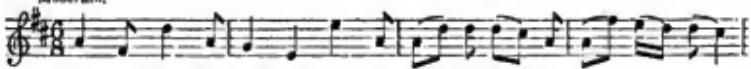
The pup of auld lang - syne
Had grown a growling mastiff.
And fallen into the Rialie ;-
The fairy's like her sister,-
The very smile she wore
Still lives in ev'ry dimple,
And charms me as of yore.

I met upon a journey, &c.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

The Poetry by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson.—Adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Weber.

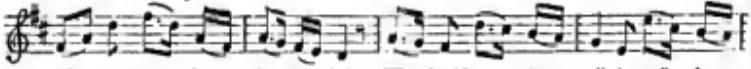
Moderato.



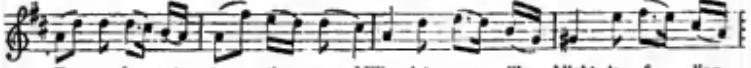
Day - light blush - es o'er the moun - tain, Sun - ny beams sa - lute the sea;



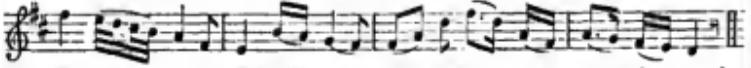
Mists oo - loo - ger veil the foun - tain, — Na - ture wa - kens joy - ous - ly!



Na - ture wa - kens joy - ous - ly! Why should man, where all is smil - ing,



To a des - er - torn the scene? Why let care, like blight de - fi - ling,



Steal the ro-se's leaves be - tween, steal the ro - se's leaves be - tween?

Ev'ry bird, from brake and valley
Warbling, tells its tale of love;
Beasts from leafy covert sally,
O'er the smiling earth to rove.

Why should man, 'mid happy creatures,
Shroud aine his brow with cares?
Let him gaze on Nature's features,
Till his heart her gladness shares!

COME, IF YOU DARE!

Cos Spirin.

From Artaxerxes.

Come, if you dare our trans - pet's sound! Come, if you dare the foe's re-bound! We
come, we come, we come, we come, Says the double, double, double beat of the
thund' - ring drum. Now they charge on a-main, Now they ral - ly a-gain; The
gods from a-bove the mad la - bour be-hold, And pi - ty mankind that will
pe - rish for gold, And pi - ty mankind that will pe - rish for gold.

The fainting Saxons quit the ground,
The trumpets languish in their sound;
They fly, they fly, they fly,—
Victoria! Victoria! the bold Britons cry.

Now the victory's won,
To the plunder we run;—
We return to our lasses like fortunate traders,
Triumphant with spoils of vanquish'd invaders.

EARLY DAYS, HOW FAIR AND FLEETING.

Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.

Largo Aff. Humor.

Ear - ly days, how fair and fleet ing, Bless'd us ere the part - ing scene; Now the
fates for-bid our meet - ling, And the deep seas roll between. Fare thee well! the love I
bear thee, Hope-less, yet shal true re-main, Hope-less, yet shall true re-main. Ne - ver
one I lov'd be - fore thee, Ne'r thy like shall see a - gain; Ne - ver one I lov'd more
dear - ly, Ne - ver one shall see a - gain, Ne - ver one shall see a - gain.

Yet with hope should fortune cheer me,
Peace and jny may still be mine;
Were my soul's dear idol near me,
I would ne'er at fate repine;—

For thy sake alone, believe me,
Through the what'ry hours I'd toll;—
Trust me, love, I'd ne'er deceive thee,
Could I once but gain thy smile.

MARY, I BELIEV'D THEE TRUE.

Composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

Andante.

Mary, I believ'd thee true,— And I was bless'd in thus believ-ing; But now I mourn that e'er I knew A girl so fair and so de-ciev-ing. Few have e-ver lov'd like me— Oh! I have lov'd thee too sin-cere-ly; And few have e'er de-ciev'd like thee! — Ah! de-ciev'd me too se-ver-ly. Fare thee well! fare thee well!

Fare thee well, yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee, than live without thee.

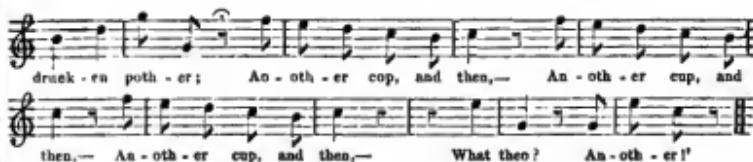
Fare thee well, I'll think of thee—
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone—my heart is broken.
Fare thee well, &c.

ANOTHER CUP, AND THEN.

By Charles Dibdin.

Piæsso.

Mat Mudge, the sex-ton of our town, Tho' oft a lit-tle ben-dy, The drink not so his wits could drown, But some ex-euse was ren-dy. Mat said, the par-son lov'd a sup, And eke al-so the clerk; And then it kept his spi-rits up 'Mongst spi-rits in the dark; Swore 'twas his pre-de-ces-sor's fault, A cur-ed drunk-en fel-low.—The ve-ry bells to ring he taught, As if they all were mel-low. 'Hark, hark!' cried he, in tip-sy peal, 'Like roos-ing to-pers as they red, Hark! what a



For good news Mat got drunk for joy,
If he could beg or borrow;
Did anything his mind annoy,
He drak to drown his sorrow.
Thus he'd rejoice, or he'd console;
Cried Mat, 'Be 't joy or grief,
As the song says, the flowing bowl
Still gives the mind relief.
'Twas all my predecessor's fault, &c.

Were peace the theme, and all its charms,
Mat fill'd the sparkling noggins;
If war, he drank, 'May British arms
Still give the foe a flogging.'

The person once took Mat to task,
Bid him beware the bowl:
'Your pardon, I most humbly ask,'
Cried he, 'hut, 'pon my soul,
'Twas all my predecessor's fault,' &c.
And then no liquor came amiss,
Wherever he could forage;
That gave him spirits, wisdom this,
And t'other gave him courage.
Thus was he merry and jocose,
If fortune smil'd or frown'd;
And, when he'd fairly got his dose,
And all the things turn'd round,
Swore 'twas his predecessor's fault, &c.

DEAR MARY, ADIEU!

Moderato.

Fare-well to old Eng-land! thy white cliffs, adieu! Can the gale be auspicious that
bears me from you? Though o - ceans di - vide me as wide as the pole, No
dis-tance can change the true love of my soul, No dis-tance can change the true
love of my soul. As well might my mess-mates de - ter-mine to hale All the
wa - ter that fill up old Neptune's great pale, As di - vert my firm mind
from its fond thought of you! Fare - well to old Eng-land! dear
Ma - ry, a - dieu! Fare - well to old Eng-land! dear Mary, a - dieu!

Dear Mary, adieu! can that ship go to wreck,
When ev'ry plank bears your sweet name on the deck?
Nay, many love-knots on the tops have I made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd.
Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,—
My mind is more happy in sighing to thee,
More happy, by far, when I'm thinking of you.
For the hope of return takes the sting from ailen.

Yes, the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm—'tis his guide, and his star;
The impress'd on his bosom the moment he sails;
It shortens long nights, and it quickens light gales:
The dull midnight watch it sends limping away,
And dawns a new hope on his mind with the day;
With rapture it makes his affections to burn.
And changes adieu into welcome return.

A LIFE IN THE WEST.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro con Spirito.

Music score for 'A Life in the West' in common time, treble clef. The vocal line consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics describe a life in the West, mentioning forests, mountains, and a simple life.

Ol hro - thgs, come hi-thr, and list to my sto - ry,— Mer - ry and brief will the
nar - ra - tive be,— Here, like a mon - arch, I reign in my glo - ry— Mas - ter am
I, boys, of all that I see:— Where once frown'd a fo - rest a gar - den is
smil - ing, The meadows and moor - lands are marah es no more; And there curls the
smoke of my cot - tage, be - guil - ing The chil - dren who clus - ter like grapes at the door. Thra
en - ter, boys—cheer - ly, boys, en - ter and rest; The land of the heart is the land of the
west! O-ho! boys! O-ho! boys! O-ho! boys! O-ho!

Talk not of the town, boys—give me the broad prairie,
Where man, like the wind, rolls impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colours all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is even as changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here!

Then enter, boys, cheerily, &c.

Here, brothers, secure from all tumult and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own:—
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne.
We never know want, for we live by our labour,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbour,
And die, boys, in peace and goodwill to mankind!
Then enter, boys, cheerily, &c.

GAIETE DE COEUR.

The Words adapted expressly for this Work, to an Air by Winter.

Music score for 'Gaiete de Coeur' in common time, treble clef. The vocal line consists of eight staves of music with lyrics underneath. The lyrics express a sense of joy and contentment despite challenges.

Moderato.

They tell me that love is a fol - ly; They tell us that hope is vain,—That life is all
me - lan - chol - y, Yet, cousin, I ne'er com - plain; Yet, cousin, I ne'er com - plain.

I dance with the Spring wheo she calleth;
I laugh at the bright June day;
And when the wild Autumn faileth,
I look for the Christmas gay.

Time's evils for ever are flylog
Away, like the swift-wing'd rack,

Life's shadows are daily dylog;
Ah, why should we call them back?
The mind, it should gladden the seasons,
Should strengthen the heart in pain;
And so—and for other bright reasons—
Sweet cousin, I ne'er complain.

O! NAME NOT THOSE DAYS.

The Poetry by W. M.—Adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Louis Spohr.

Andante.

O, name not those days Which for e - - ver are past,— I deem'd them too
bright For their bright - ness to last; I deem'd them too bright for their brightness to
Fine.
inati O, sing not that song Which in joy was once sung,— Re-tune not the
harp, Let it still be unstrung— Retune not the harp, Let it still be unstrung'

Those chords have oft spoken,
Mid light hearts and gay;
But the charm is now broken,
And withered away.

The lips that once echoed
Thy vibrating thrill,
And the heart that so felt it,
Now for ever are still.

THE BROKEN HEART.

The Poetry by Sarina.—Adapted expressly for this Work to an Air by Mayer.

Andantino.

I gau'd u - pon her face— No sign of guilt was there; — A-
ha! I could alone but trace the calmness of despair. No tear was in her
eye, Its li - quid light to dim; Her gen - tie bo - som heav'd no sigh, To
tell the grief with - in; Her gen-tie bosom heav'd no sigh, to tell the grief with-in.

The purity of heaven
Graz'd her fair and spotless brow;
But I knew her heart was riven,
For her very smile was woe.
The cold world's cruel scorn
Had rent that heart in twain;
For she knew, though she was born,
That her soul was free from stain.

There was one whom she had lov'd
With a woman's warmest glow;
But he had faithless prov'd,
And she sank beneath the blow.

Yet her love remain'd unshaken,
Though its brightest hope was gone;
And, while her heart was breaking,
It still clung to him alone.

I mark'd the dazzling light
Which sparkled in her eye;
I beheld her cheek's pure white
Stain'd with a beetle dye;
More fragile grew her frame,
And I knew her earthly doom;—
She died—and then the false one came
To weep beside her tomb.

HERE WE MEET, TOO SOON TO PART.

Composed by Rossini.

Andante.

Here we meet, too soon to part— Here to leave will raise a smart— Here I'll press thee
 to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee. Here I vow to love thee well—
 Could hot words unseal the spell—Had but lan-gage strength to tell, I'd say how much I
 love thee. Here we meet, too soon to part— Here to leave will raise a smart—
 Here I'll press thee to my heart, Where none have place a - bove thee.
 Here the rose that decks thy door—
 Here the thorn that spreads thy bower—
 Here the willow on the moor—
 The birds at rest above thee—

Had they light of life to see—
 Sense of soul like thee and me,
 Soon might each a witness be
 How dotingly I love thee.

THE PARSON'S CLERK.

By Thomas Hodson

Adagio.

Near Moonfields is a house of prayer, Which e - very cha - pel - go-er knows, And
 pious folks they do go there, To sport their Sun - day clothes. The par - son, filled with
 gos - pel grace, Could show good liv - ing to his face, And fruits of the Spi - rit
 you might trace—In the dark. Justhe - neath him did appear A man who sang, so
 sweet and clear, The hymns for twe - ty pounds a year—The par - son's clerk!
 Mister Joseph Joshua Twight
 Always dress'd as if a priest;
 His eyes were beautifully bright,
 Though they had a little squint.
 He gave out a hymn, his head he shook,
 One eye was fix'd upon the book,
 T'other would round the chapel look—
 Only mark.
 Like others, he could not resist,
 Sloging with a beautiful nasal twist,
 The while he beat time with his flat,
 The person's clerk!

By fate's decree a rich man died,
 Whose widow, with much grief and paino,
 On Suodays to the chapel hied,
 In hopes—to wed again.
 The flesh did the spirit sore assail;
 She pray'd that her prayers might avail,
 And sang as sweet as a nightingale—
 On a lark.
 She look'd as meek as any dove,
 Thought love-feasts were feasts of love,
 Turn'd her eyes on heaven above—
 And the person's clerk!

Mister Twilight, though his eyes were bad,
A nose so keen and sharp had got,
In less than 'no time at all' egad!
He smelt out what was what,
And soon gave her to understand,
By plausy talking of wedlock's band,
Sigh'd, and groan'd, and squeeze'd her hand—
To the dark.
A month from the time her husband died,
At living alone so much she sigh'd,
She went to church and was fairly tied—
To the person's clerk!
Ere the honey-moon had flown,
His manners somehow seem'd so strange.—
He dress'd quite spruce, left her alone,
Astonish'd at the change.
From righteous path he turned astray.
And even on the Sabbath day
Druved himself in a one-horse-shay—
In the park.
And all the week—I doo't know how,
At singing gies he made a row,
And got as drunk as 'Davy's sow'—
Did the person's clerk!

Only a short time after that,
These revels turn'd to grief and care;
He was took by a man, with large cock'd hat,
Before the great Lord Mayor.
Charges against him, not a few,
For being in love and being untrue,
And children sworn, a dozen or two—
Fair and dark.
And when at the truth they did arrive—
To show what a rare game he did drive—
He'd three wives besides, and all alive—
Had this person's clerk!
Committed to Newgate's dreary cell—
Proof of guilt beyond all doubt—
He served three years in Clerkenwell,
And then, quite fresh, came out.
His wives were gone—he knew not where,
And, what was more, he did not care;
He wanted a trade—the wind was fair—
To embark.
For gospel grace his bowels year'd,
He had a call, and it was not spora'd,
And now a methodist parson turn'd—
Is this person's clerk?

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA.

Poetry by M. N. O.—Arranged, expressly for this Work, to an Air by Donizetti.

Allegro Moderato.

I'm a spir-it of o-cean! and wan-dor through Its caves' and its pa-la-ces'
gor-geous bluel From the whale so rude to the nau-ti-lus small, I com-mand with a
breath, and command them all.— I teach them to sport on its bill-low-y breast, And
guard them all as they sink to rest; I teach them to sport on its
bill-low-y breast, And guard them all as they sink to rest!

I blow with the Naiads the zephyr light,
Or storm the wide waters in wild affright;
I go with the bark to a distant land,
And return with the home-bound happy band;
I mark the patriot's gladdening eye,
As the ship sails on so gallantly.
I pilot the vessel through dangerous seas,
And nafaril the sails to the whirling breeze;
I convey it home, and the friendly band
On their country's shore once more I land;
And to join my fellows I hasten away,
Skimming swift as light to ilume the day.
I encounter the storm as I pass along;
I laugh at its thunders, and mock with my song;
The lightnings play harmless on heaving waves,

Whose voice as the voice of the madman raves;
And the bowl of the waters is music there,
Tho' this music that charms not the spirits of air.
With the pride of Armada I sport across
The boundless sea, and its surges toss;
I drink with its king in his rocky bower,
Where my throne is made of the crystal wave;
And, as night comes on, I sport with the moon.—
On the breast of a billow I reach her soon.
In the sea's vast hall my repose I take,
And with morn's first bow to the sun I wake,
Sportive again on the briny wave,
And dancing with sea-nymphs, loud Eolus brave
Endless my days, and eternal my bliss.—
Can the children of earth ever equal this?

STEP TOGETHER.

From Duffy's Spirit of the Nation.

Allegro Fermata.

Step to - geth - er—bold - ly tread, Firm each foot, e - rect each head; Fix'd in front be ev' - ry glance, For - ward at the ward ad - vance!

Serried files that foes may dread,

Like the deer on moun-tain heath - er, Tread light, Left, right,— Left right,—

Steady, boys, and step to - geth - er! Steady, boys, and step to - geth - er!

Step together—be each rank
Dress'd in line, fram flank in flank,
Marching so that you may halt
'Mid the onset's fierce assault,
Firm as is the rampart's bank,
Rais'd the iron rain to weather—
Proud sight!
Left, right—

Steady, boys, and step together!

Step together—be your tramp
Quick and light, no plodding stamp,
Let its cadence quick and clear
Fall like music on the ear;
Noise befits not hall or camp—

Eagles soar on silent feather—
Tread light,
Left, right—

Steady, boys, and step together

Step together—self-restrained,
Be your march of thought as trained,
Each man's single pow'r combin'd
Into one battalon'd mind,
Moving on with step sustain'd,
Thus prepar'd we rock not whether
Foes smite,
Left, right—

We can think and strike together!

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

By John Sinclair.

Allegretto con Animæ.

The moon-tain maid from her bow'r had hied, And sped to the glass - ey ri - - ver's

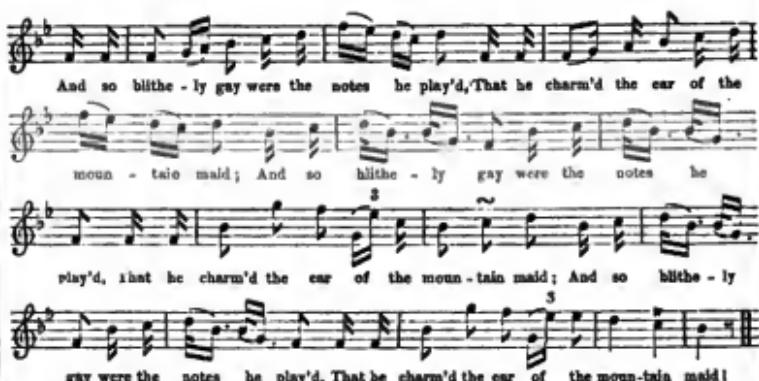
side, Where the ra - diant moon shone clear and bright, And the wil - lows wav'd in the

sil - ver light, the wil - lows wav'd in the sil - ver light; On, a mos - ey

bank lay a shep - herd swain,— He woke - - - his pipe to a

3

tune - ful strain, He wake - - - his pipe to a tune - ful strain.



She stopp'd, with timid fear oppress'd,
 While a soft sigh swell'd her gentle breast,
 He caught her glance, and mark'd her sigh—
 And triumph laugh'd in his sparkling eye.

So softly sweet was his tuneful ditty,
 He charm'd her tender soul to pity;
 And so blithe! gay were the notes he play'd,
 That he gain'd the heart of the mountain maid.

I'VE LOVERS KIND, AND SUITORS MANY.

Composed by T. Hook.

Andantino.

Musical score for 'I've lovers kind, and suitors many'. The score consists of five staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The vocal line is supported by a harmonic bass line.

I've lo - vers kind, and suit - ors many. Who sigh and promise to be true; But
 ne'er will I be kind to a - ny, Till such a one I find as you. The
 a - ngs of absence thus o'er - paid, A Bri - tish maid would never mour - n; Her charms her country's
 cause can aid— She shares his fate at his re - turn. I've lovers kind, and suitors
 many, Who sigh and promise to be true; But ne'er will I be kind to a - ny, Till such a
 such a one I find as you; But ne'er will I be kind to any, Till such a one I find as you.
 one I find as you; But ne'er will I be kind to any, Till such a one I find as you.

THE FEMALE CRYER.

Composed by Hook.

All'gratto.

I've lost my heart, I've lost my heart; Pray tell me if you've found it: 'Tis free from
scorn, from pride, or art—Has Da-moe's name a-round it. I've lost my heart, I've
lost my heart; Pray tell me if you've found it: 'Tis free from scorn, from pride, or art, Has
Da-mon's name a-round it. Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes! I've lost my
heart! I've lost—I've lost my heart! ————— I've lost my heart!
No heart so con-stant, soft, and true, Till from this breast last night it flew, When
Da-mon dane'd up-on the green, The sweet-est youth that ere was seen; When Da-mon
dane'd up-on the green—The sweet-est youth that e'er was seen! Such charms a lone my
heart could move,—'Tis constant as the tur-tle dove, 'Tis constant as the tur-tle dove!
M. = r.
Oh bring me back my heart a-gain, or bring me Da-mon's in re-turn; Oh
bring me back my heart a-gain, or bring me Da-mon's in re-turn. At-tend my
call, my cry re-guard, And beau-ty's smile be your re-ward; And may the fair you
fond-ly love Be constant as the tur-tle dove! Be constant as the tur-tle dove!

D. C.

FAINT AND WEARILY.

Composed by Dr. Arnold.

Andante. Allegretto Moderato.

Faint and wea - ri - ly the way - worn tra - vel - ler Plods on - cheer - i - ly, a -
fraid to stop: Wan - d'ring drear - i - ly, and end on - ra - vel - ler of the
max - es tow'rd the moun - tain's top: Doubt - ing, fear - ing, while his course he's
steer - ing, Cot - tag - es ap - pear - ing as he's sigh to stop;— O, how
busk - ly theo the way - worn tra - vel - ler Threads the mazes tow'rd the moun - tain's top,

Though so melancholy day has pass'd by,
T'would be folly to think on't more;
Blithe and jolly be the can holds fast by,
As he's sitting at the goatherd's door,

Eating, quaffing, at past labours lauging,
Better far by half in spirits than before;—
O, how merry then the rested traveller
Seems while sitting at the goatherd's door!
O! how merry, &c.

HOW OFT, LOUISA, HAST THOU SAID.

From the Dueona.

Andante.

How oft, Lou - i - sa, hast thou said, Nor wilt thou the food boast dis - awo, Thou
wouldst not lose An - to - nio's love, To reign the part - ner of a throne. And
by those lips which spoke so kind, And by this hand I press'd to mine, To
be the lord of wealth and pow'r, I swear I would oot part with thine.

Theo how, my soul, can we be poor,
Who own what kingdoms could oot buy;
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
And, serving thee, a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss,
And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
De thou snatch treasures from my lips,
And I'll take kingdoms back with thine.

HE WAS FAM'D FOR DEEDS OF ARMS.

Composed by D. Corri.

Andante Espressivo.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms; She, a maid of ev - eied charms, Now to
him her love im-parts.— One pure flame per-vades both hearts. Ho-nour calls him
to the field, Love to con - quest now must yield: "Sweet maid," he cries, a -
gain I'll come to thee, I'll come to thee, Who the glad trum-pet sounds a Vie - to - ry.
Battle oow with fury glows,
Hostile blood lo torrent flows;
His duty tells him to depart,—
She preas'd her hero to her heart,
And now the trumpet sounds to arms,
And now the clash of war's alarms :—
Sweet maid," he cries, 'agno I'll come to thee,
When the glad trumpet sounds a Victory.'

He with love and conquest burns,—
Both subdue his mind hy turns ;
Death the soldier now enthrals !
With his wondros the hero falls !
She, disdaining war's alarms,
Rush'd and caught him in her arms !
'O death !' he cried, 'thou'rt welcome now to me,
For hark ! hark ! the glad trumpet sounds a Victory.'

SO YOUNG AND SO LOVELY.

Composed by Henry Russell.— Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Andante Moderato.

So young and so lov - ly, so wise yet so kind—She has gone, she has left me with
and - ness be-hind; The hope of my life from my fond arms is torn, And a -
lose in the world I must oow wander on. O! El - len, fond mem'ry re -
calls the delight, When, like the fair moon, you ill - lu - mio'd my night—I see thee, O!
lov'd one—I see thee a - gain, And the vi-sion hot brings back the pain - ure of pain.

I see thy bright form, and thy face, once so fair,
And the pearls made more white by thy raven black hair;
I see thee io joy, on thy lip the bright smile
Of love and of beauty, so thoughtless of guile;
I see thy pure thoughts as in sparkles they rise
From thy fair spotless soul to thy beautiful eyes;
I hear thy low voice, and its sweet gushing thrill,
As it charm'd and enchaio'd my fond heart to its will.

I see thee, I hear thee, I feel thy soft kiss,
And madness succeeds to the mem'ry of bliss;
She has gone, she has left me alone and to mourn,
From the fading of day to the flush of the morn;
But, O! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last;
But O! while my thoughts can rove back to the past,
Fond mem'ry will bid me love on to the last!

OF ALL THE LANDS THAT ON EARTH ARE FOUND.

Composed by Henry West, R.A. of Music.

Moderato Vivace.

Of all the lands that on earth are found, The best is our good old Eng - lish ground, So rich in each bless-ing of heav'n, So rich in each bless-ing of heav'n: The south's su-per-fu - i-ties grow not here, But our men have hearts that know no fear, And our maids are by God's self giv'n; The south's su-per-fu - i-ties grow not here, But our men have hearts that know no fear, And our maids are by God's self giv'n: Of all the lands that on earth are found, The best is our good old Eng - lish ground.

Of all the tongues that on earth are found,
The best is that spoken on English ground:
If less soft than some of its brothers,
Our words convey a meaning clear,
And every friend the heart holds dear
Can understand another's.

Of all the maids that on earth are found,
The best is the maid born on English ground—
The earth's fairest flower is she!
Some call her the rose, and she would be such,
But she has no thorn to wound our touch;
And her bloom in all seasons we see.

Of all the wives that on earth are found,
The best wife dwells upon English ground,
For she loves for ever truly;
To sickness and sorrow she tends on her lord,
And none can doubt the worth of her word—
While her fame she merits duly.

Long life to all that on earth are found—
But for ever success to our English ground,
The birth-land of worth and beauty;
Nor let us care, though we think it strange,
That other lands their morals change,
If we be true to each duty.

MY HEART'S MY OWN.

Moderato.

My heart's my own, my will is free, And so shall be my voice; No mor-tal man shall wed with me Till first he's made my choice Let pa-rents rule—cry Nature's laws, And chil-dren still o - obey; And is there then no sav - ing clause Against ty-ran-nic sway? A-gainst ty - ran - nic sway? And is there then no sav - ing clause A-gainst ty - ran - nic sway?

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

SWEET KITTY CLOVER.

Words by Knight.—Music by Kean.

Moderato con Espressione.

Sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - - O! - - -
 Sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - O, O! Her
 face is round, and red, and fat, Like pul-pit - eu-shion, or red-der than that. O,
 sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me eo, O, - - - O! - - - O;
 Sweet Kit - ty Clov - er, she bo-thers me so, O, - - O, O!

Sweet Kitty in person is rather low, O, O!
 She's three feet tall,
 And that I prize,
 As just a fit height
 For a man of my size!—
 O! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, O, O!
 Where Kitty resides, I am sure to go, O, O!
 One moonlight night—
 Ah! me, what bliss!

Through a hole in the window
 I gave her a kiss!
 O! sweet Kitty Clover, you bother me so, O, O!
 If Kitty to kirk with me would go, O, O!
 I think I should never
 Be wretched again,
 If after the parson
 She'd say 'Amen.'
 Then Kitty would ne'er again bother me so, O, O!

TO THE BROOK AND THE WILLOW.

Largo Affettuoso.

Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.

To the brook and the willow that heard him complain, Poor Colin wept a weeping, and
 told them his pain: 'Sweet stream,' he cried sad-ly, 'I'll teach thee to flow, And the
 wa-ters shall rise to the brink with my woe,— willow, wil-low, willow,
 willow, wil-low, willow, willow, willow. Abi - poor me!

'Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,
 Few sighs to thy loss, and few tears will I give; One fate to thy Colin and thee shall betide,
 And soon lay thy shepherd down cold by thy side.
 Willow, willow,' &c.

THE IRISH WAKE. *

By Charles Dibdin.—Published with Piano-Forte Accompaniment in Davidson's Edition of his Songs.

Andantino.

Life's as like as can be to an I - rish wake, Where their ta - pers they light, And they
 sit up all night, Wid their 'Why would you leave your poor Pad - dy to moan? Ar - rah!
 how could you be such a cake? Mush-a, what will I do? Lil - ly, ill - ly,
 ill - ly, la loo! O hone! Faith, we're left all to - geth - er a - lone!" But
 whea the grief the li - quor puts out, The fun is all chang'd in a crack :—But
 whea the grief the li - quor puts out, The fun is all chang'd in a crack :—A -
 way like smoke goes the whis - ky a - bout, And they foot it, cross o - ver, and
 back to back, With their tip - to - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - to - la - ry,
 whack! With their tip - te - la - ry, tip - te - la - ry, tip - to - la - ry whack!

Poor ma, bolted safe wid a good lock and key,
 Like Thisbe, may call
 Through the hole in the wall,
 How hard's my misfortune—I'm left here to moan!
 Will no one take pity on me?
 Mush-a, what will I do?
 Lilly, lily, lily, is loo!
 O hone!
 I shall be after lying alone.
 But when the rope ladder affords her relief,
 And she turns on her mother her back, [grief,
 'Mong her friends and relations she leaves all her
 And awar to Scotland they trip in a crack,
 With their tiptelary whack.
 The toper, next morning, low, sick, and in pain
 The glasses all break,
 Beats his head 'cause it aches,
 And wishes that wine may to poison be grown,
 If e'er he gets tipsy again:
 With him—What will I do?
 Lilly, lily, lily, is loo!

O hone!
 From this moment I'll drinking disown :
 But when, in a posse, come Bacchus's troop,
 He changes his tone in a crack ;
 They drink, and they slug, and they hallo, and
 Till they don't know the colour of blue from black,
 And it's tiptelary whack.
 And so 'tis through life: widows left in the neck,
 Dying swains in disgrace,
 Patriots turn'd out of place,
 Don't they, cursing their stars, make a horribile [moan,
 Just like when the devil was sick ?
 Wid their—What will I do?
 Lilly, lily, lily, is loo!
 O hone!
 Faith, we're left all to grunt and to groan :
 But when the widow gets married again,
 When the lover is taken back,
 When the patriot ousted a place shall obtain,—
 Away to the devil goes care in a crack,
 And it's tiptelary whack.

WHEN BIBO WENT DOWN.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin.—The Music by Travers.

Allegro.

When Bi - bo went down to the re - gions be - low, Where Le - the and Styx round e -
ter - ni - ty flow, He a - woks, and he cried that he would be row'd back, For his
soil was a - dry, and he want - ed some sack. 'You're drunk,' replied Charon, 'you were
drunk when you died, And you felt not the pain that in death is al - lied, And you
felt not the pain that to death is al - lied.' 'Take me back,' roard out Bi - bo,—" I
mind not the pain; Take me back, take me back, let me die once a - gain.'

'Forget,' replied Charon, 'those regions of strife—
Drink of Lethe divine, 'tis the fountain of life,
Where the soul is new born, and the past is a dream,
And the gods themselves drink of the care-drowning
stream.'

'Let the gods,' replied Bibo, 'drink water that will
The maxin of mortals I'll always fulfil:
Prate, prate not to me of your Lethe divine,
For our Lethe no earth was a humper of wine.'

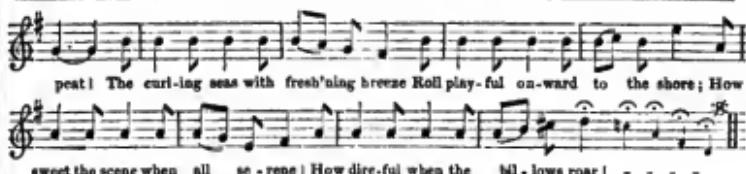
At length grim Cerberus began for to roar,
And the crazy old bark struck the Stygian shore;
Who Bi - bo arose, and he stagger'd to land,
But he jostled the ghosts as they stood on the strand.
'Have a care,' cried old Charon, 'tis in vain to
rebel,
[hell.]
For you're hanish'd from earth, and your soul is in
That's a truth,' replied Bibo, 'I knew by the sign:
'Twas a hell upon earth to be wanting of wine.'

THE MAIN.

The Poetry by Henry John Sharpe.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Allegro Moderato.

The main, the main, the flow - ing main! Where proudly rides Vic - to - ria's
fleet— The main, the main is Free - dom's strain; Let ev - - 'ry voice the
Fine.
lay - re - peat! Where proudly rides Vic - to - ria's fleet— The main, the
main, is Free - dom's strain; Let ev - - 'ry voice the lay - - re



From depths profound the waves resound,
And murmur'ring music fills the air;
With what delight the prospect bright
Invites the mariner to share!
The feather'd car puts out from shore,
And swiftly o'er the waters glides;
The swelling sail heeds not the gale,
But safely through the tempest rides!

The main, &c.

That noble bark with wonder mark,
Emerging from a wat'ry cave.
Now toss'd on high, it braves the sky,
A feather on the mighty wave.
The tempests cease, and, hush'd in peace,
The baffling surges soon are spread;
As Nature sleeps, old Neptune leaps
Triumphant from his liquid bed!

The main, &c.

THE CLEVER WOMAN.

The Poetry by the Hon. Grantley Fitzhardinge Berkeley.—The Music by J. Blewitt.

Allegretto.

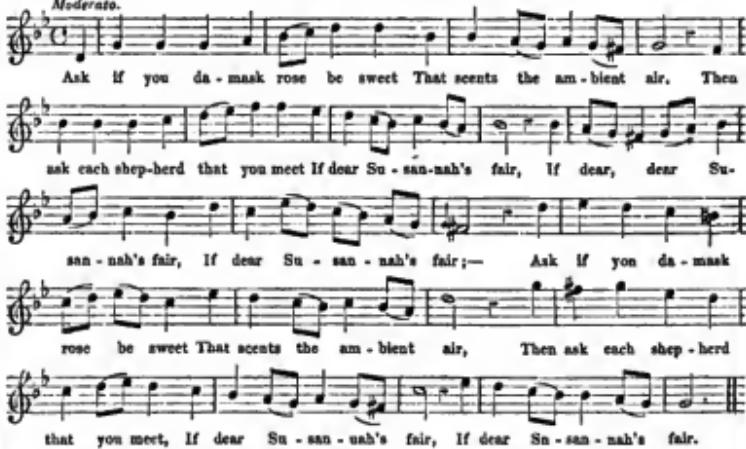
I'll sing you a song I am sing-ing for ev - er, Or sleep - ing or
wak-ing 'tis al - ways the same,— Fly, fly, then, O fly from a wo-man dubb'd
cle-ver, At least when the world has ac - cord-ed the name. You call in the morning, she
Ries to her ta - ble, She seix-es a pen, and, in at - ti-tude pian'a'd, She tries to look wis-dom as
well as she's a - bie, And leans on her el - bow, her face in her hand. I'll
sing you a song I am sing-ing for ev - er, I'm sing-ing, I'm singing for ev-er.

She's coarse among females, with men she is funny;
She frightens the timid and tickles the strong;
She calls them (right easy) Dear Tom and dear
Johnny,
And tries to sow discord the married among.
Intriguing in public, but cautious in private,
The ice of her nature there only is known;
Though feeling no passion, she wills to arrive at
A character Modesty's fain to disown.
I'll sing you a song I am singing for ever, &c.
You meet her at parties, and soon you discover
Her men, who by turns like the sentries must rest;
She sends one fool off to make way for another,
And leads each to think that his suit is the best.

' You are too much with me—the world it will whisper —
For heaven's sake leave me—my fate's in your hands;
There, run off—that's right, and got talk to my sister,
Until for your presence I've further commands.'

' I'll sing you a song I am singing for ever, &c.
She gets some rich victim to pay for her pleasures,
And learned revisers are waiting the same,
To alter her prose and to finish her measures,
And give to her poetry all but their name.
Save, save, then, O save me from women thus clever,
Who outrage their nature to gain but a name:
I've sung you a song, and I'll sing it for ever—
Or sleeping or waking the burden's the same.
I've sung you a song, and I'll sing it, &c.

ASK IF YON DAMASK ROSE BE SWEET.

Moderato.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
 And warble through the grove?
 Bid wanton lambs quit the spray,
 Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
 Let pride in splendour shine;
 Ye hards, unenvy'd laurels wear,—
 Be fair Susannah mine!

O, TELL ME NOT THAT LOVE CAN FADE.

The Poetry by F. M.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Donizetti.

Moderato.

I would not have my present bliss
 Diminish'd by one dark suspicion;
 I would not stain a joy like this
 By sullen Doubt's intrusive vision;
 I would not lose the thoughts that now
 Revisit me, as deev the bough
 Scorch'd by hot gales, for all that fate
 Can give to smile on wealth or state.

My heart rejects all other cares
 Than that of tooting on thy merit,
 And in its almost cell it bears
 The memory of a tender spirit,
 That, like the treasur'd sea-shell, makes
 Mysterious manmurs, as it wakes
 Its wishes for the distant wave
 That was its cradle and its grave.

TURN TO ME, LOVE.

Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq.—Music by Sir John Stevenson.

Affettuoso.

Turn to me, love, the morn-ing rays Are glow-ing o'er thy languid charms—
Take ooe lux-u-riant part-ing gaze, While yet I sin-ger, I sin-ger in thy
arms: Twas long be-fore the noon of night I stole, I stole in - to thy
bo - sum dear, And now the glances of morn-ing light Has found me,
found me still in dal-liance here, Has found me still in dal-liance here.

Turn to me, love,—the trembling gicams
Of morn along thy white neck stray;—
Away, away, ye envious beams!
I'll chase you with my lips away.

Kiss me once more, and then I'll fly,—
Our parting woud to noonday last;
Then close that languid trembling eye,
And sweetly dream of all that's past.

IRELAND FOR EVER.

Andante.

At - tend to me, lands-men, and sail - ors, and o - thers,—My dit - ty ap-peals to your
cour-age and sense,—Come round me, my lads, let's shake hands like bro-thers, And join one and
all in old Ireland's defence. Though foe - meo by tricks to se-duce us en-deav-our, We'll
stand by our Queen and old Ire-land for ev - er, By our Queen, our Queen and old
Ire-land for ev - er; We'll stand by our Queen and old Ire-land for ev - er.

Our forefathers fauly consider'd the cause
Of justice, of wisdom, of honour, and fame,
Then wisely and bravely establish'd such laws
As rais'd above others Hibernia's great name:
Then shall we lose sight of them?—Never, boys,
never!
Huzza for our Queen and old Ireland for ever!

Ye sons of Hibernia, come join hand in hand,—
We'll drive all lavadars quite out of the land;
And when o'er the grog the first toast that isgiv'a
Shall be, 'Plenty and peace to the land that
we live in'
Though foemen by tricks to seduce us endeavou',
We'll stand by our Queen and old Ireland for ev - er!

DOWN BY THE RIVER THERE GROWS A GREEN WILLOW.

Words by G. Colman.—Music by Stephen Storace.

Larghetto.

Down by the riv - er there grows a green wil - low,—Sing, O for my true love, my
true love, O! I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pil-low,-And all for my
true love, my true love, O! When chill blows the wind and tem-pests are beat-ing, I'll
count all the clouds as I mark them re - treat - ing, For true lov-ers' joys, well-a-
day, are as fleet-ing : Sing, O for my love; sing, O for my true love, my truelove, O!

Maids, come in pity, when I am departed ; Make me a grave, all while the wind's blwing,
Sing all for my true love ! my true love, O ! Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,
When dead on the bank I amfound, broken-hearted, And over my corse keep the green willow growing,—
And all for my true love ! my true love, O ! 'Tis all for my true love, my true love, O !

ONE BOTTLE MORE.

Vivace.

As - sist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile, To sing in the prais-es of
old Ire-land's isle : Where true hos - pl - ta - li - ty o - pens the door, And
friend-ship de - tains us for one bot - the more. ne bot - tie more, ar - al
one bot - the more; And friend-ship de - tains us for one bot - tie more.

Old England, your taunts an our country forbear ;
With our bulls, and our brogues, we are true and
sincere.
For if but one bottle remain'd in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.
And, by way of example, I'll sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met ;
Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,
And nothing remain'd but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grapp'd each man by the heart ;
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irish
man roar, [more.
And the whack from shilelah brought six bottles
Slow Pheebus had shone thro' our window so bright,
Quite happy to view his bless'd children of light ;
So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,
Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

WHEN A TREMBLING LOVER DIES.

Poetry by James Kenney.—Music by I. Nathan.

Pianof.

When a trem-bl-ing lov-er dies, With a heart brim-full of woe—Stands a - loof, and,
 when he sighs, What he wants won't let us know, Let him go, let him go,
 Wo-men are not con-quér'd so; Let him go, let him go, Wo-men are not
 con-quér'd so; Let him go, let him go, Wo-men are not con-quér'd so.
 But the youth who boldly speeds,
 Like a hero, to the fray—
 Speaks his mind, and, when he pleads,
 Will not let us answer nay;

Let him stay, let him stay,—
 He's the man to win the day.
 Let him stay, &c.

ZEPHYR AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Words by George Darley.—Music by A. Bennett.

Moderato.

When the bright - hair'd morn, With her drop - ping horn, Blows sweet, blows sweet on the
 moun-tain side, — Where the dale - - queens lie, With a fra - - grant
 sigh, O'er their co-ro-nets green I glide; —
 Where the dale - queens lie, With a fra - grant sigh, O'er their co-ro-nets green I
Lento.
 glide, — — — — — O'er their co-ro-nets green I glide.

I waken each flower in her grassy bower,
 But I do not—I dare not stay;
 For I must be gone to attend the sun
 At the eastern gate of the day.
 Fare thee well, farewell, as I leave her cell,
 I can hear the young rose sigh;
 And the hare-bell, too, bids me oft adieu
 With a tear in her dim blue eye.
 As pale as the snow does the lily grow,
 When my wild feet near her rove,

Yet she lets me sip of her nectarous lip,
 As long and as deep as I love,
 To make me her prize pretty primrose tries,
 Kissing and clasping my feet;
 But violets cling so fast to my wlog
 That my feathers are full of them yet!
 Each flower of the lea has a bed for me,
 But I will not—cannot stay,
 For I must be gone to attend the sun
 At the western gate of the day!

THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

Modem.

The groves of Blarney, they look so charm-ing, Down by the pur-ings of sweet si-lent
brooks, All grac'd by po-sies that spon-ta-neous grow there, and plant-ed in
or-der in the rock-y nooks;— 'Tis there the dai-ty and sweet car-
na-tion, the bloom-ing pink and the rose so fair, The dai-ty-dawn-dill-y,
be-sides the li-ly, Flow'rs that scot the sweet o-pen air.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys, that owns this station,
Like Alexander or like Helen fair;
There's no commander in all the natioo,
For regulation could with her compare;—
Such walls surround her, that no nine-pouder
Could ever plunder her place of strength,
Till Oliver Cromwell he did her pun-Well,
Made breaches in all her battlements.

There is a cave where no daylight enters,
Bot cats and badgers are for ever bred,
And moss'd by natur', makes it complainer
Than a coach and six, or a downy bed.
'Tis there the lake is well stor'd with fishes,
And comely eels to the verdant mud,
Besides the leeches and groves of beeches,
Standing in order to guard the flood.

There are great walks there for recreatioo,
And conversation is sweet solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove or
The gentle plover in the afternoon.
There's Biddy Murphy, the farmer's daughter,
A washing the prates befor the door,
With Paddy O'Blarney from sweet Killarney,
All blood relations of Lord Doooughmore.

There's statues gracing this noble mansioo,
All heathen gods and goddesses so fair;
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodamus,
All standing in the open air.
So now, to finish this bold narration,
That my poor geno could not cutwine;
But, were I Homer or Nechochadoezza,
In every feature I'd make it shine.

ADIEU, MY LOV'D HARP.

Adante.

A-dieu, my lov'd harp, for no more shall the vale Re-s-cho thy
notes, as they float on the gale; No more melt-ing pi-ty shall
sigh o'er thy string. Or love to thy trem-blings so teo-der-ly sing.

When battle's fell strife I souch'd its thunders afar,
And valour's dark brow wore the honours of war,
'Twas thou breath'd the fame of the hero around,
And young emulation was wak'd by the sound.

Ye daughters of Erin, soon comes the sad day,
Wheo over the turf where I sleep ye shall say—
'O! still is the soog we repaid with a tear,
And silent the string that delighted the ear.'

DICKY GOSSIP.

Vivace

As sung by the celebrated Snett.

When I was a young-ker I first was ap-prentice'd Un-to a gay
bar-ber so dap-her and air-y; I next was a car-pe-ter—then turn'da
den-tist—Then tai-lor, good Lord—then as a-po-the-ca-ry, Then as a-po-the-
ca-ry: But for this trade or that, why they all come as pat, they
all come as pat as they can,— For shav-ing and tooth-draw-ing, bleed-ing,
cab-bag-ing, and saw-ing, Dick-y Gos-sip, Dick-y Gos-sip is the man!

Though tailor and dentist but awkwardly tether,
In both the vocations I still have my savings;

And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in shavings.
So for this trade and that, &c.

IT IS THE HOUR.

The Poetry by J. F.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Donizetti.

Allegretto.

It is the hour when soft, love, The re-phyr woos the gale, Not sweet-er than we've
oft, love, Breath'dforth the ten-der tale! The breeze up-on the moun-tain will
fan thy love-ly brow— More fair than at the foun-tain The pur-est ill-es
grow, More fair than at the foun-tain The pur-est ill-es grow.

Then smiling come with me, love,—
The stars from those blue skies,
That light the vales and sea, love,
Look dim without thine eyes.
Reflected on the flower, love,
The dew-drops sparkle bright;
The glow-worm courts the hour, love,
To shed its mystic light.

In sweet and plaintive measure,
The nightingale's soft tone
Sheds melody's sweet pleasure,
As thrilling as thine own!
Then smiling come to me, love,—
The stars from those blue skies,
That light the vales and sea, love,
Look dim without thine eyes!

ANACREON, THEY SAY, WAS A JOLLY OLD BLADE.

Française.

A - na - cre - on, they say, was a jol - ly old blade, A Gre - cian, choice spi - rit, and
 po - et by trade; A - na - cre - on, they say, was a jol - ly old blade, A Gre - cian, choice
 spi - rit, and po - et by trade; To Ve - nus and Bac - chus he tun'd up his lays—For
 love and a bum-per he sang all his days; To Ve - nus and Bac - chus he tun'd up his
 lays—For love and a bum-per, For love and a bum-per, he sang all his days.

He laugh'd as he quaff'd still the juice of the vine,
 And though he was banan' was look'd on the vine,
 At the feast of good-bumour he always was there,
 And his fancy and sonnets still banish'd dull care.
 "Good wine, boys," says he, "is the liquor of joys—
 'Tis our comfort below, and their nectar above;
 Then, while round the table the bumper we pass,
 Let the toast be to Venus and each smiling lass.
 Apollo may torture his catgut or wire,
 Yet Bacchus and beauty the theme must inspire,

Or else all his humming and strumming is vain,—
 The true joys of heaven he'd never obtain.
 "To love and be lov'd, how transporting the bliss!
 While the heart-cheering glass gives a zest to each
 With Bacchus and Venus I'll ever combine, [kiss!] F
 For drinking and kissing are pleasures divine.
 As sons of Anacreon, then, let us be gay—
 With drinking and love pass the moments away,
 With wine and with beauty let's fill up the span;
 For that's the best method, — deny it who can?

HERE'S A HEALTH.

Andante.

Here's a health to those far a - way, Those who're gone to war's fa - tal plain! Here's a
 health to those who were here t'other day! But ne'er may be with us a - gain—no, never! 'Tis
 hard to be part-ed from those With whom we for e - ver could dwell! But bit-ter in -
 deed is the sor - row that flows, When per -haps we are say - ing fare - well, for ever!

Yet we hope some guardian divine
 Will each youth from danger defend,
 Whilst glory for them bright laurels shall twine,
 Whose beauty no peril can end,—no never.

Though those whom we tenderly love
 Our tears at this moment may claim,
 A halo to our sorrows this truthsure must prove,
 They'll live in the record of fame, for ever.

THE GALLANT TROUBADOUR.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—Adapted to a favourite French Air.

Tempo di Marcia.

Glow - ing with love, on fire for fame, A trou - ba - doer that hat - ed
 sor - row Be -neath his la - dy's win - dow came, And thus he sang his last good -
 D. C.
 mor - row:— * My arm it is my coun - try's right—My heart is in my true love's
 bow'r;—Gay - ly for love and fame to fight Be - fits the gal - iant Trou - ba - doeur.
 And, while he march'd with helm on head,
 And harp in hand the descent rang,
 As faithful to his fav'rite maid,
 The minstrel burthen still he sang:—
 * My arm it is my country's right;
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r;
 Resolv'd for love and fame to fight,
 I come, a gallant Troubadour.
 E'en when the battle's roar was deep,
 With dauntless heart he hew'd his way,
 'Mid splintering lance and falchion-sweep,
 And still was heard the warrior lay:—

* My life it is my country's right;
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r;
 For love to die, for fame to fight,
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.
 Alas! upon the bloody field
 He fell, beneath the foeman's glaive,
 But still, reclining on his shield,
 Expiring sang th' exulting strain:—
 * My life it is my country's right;
 My heart is in my lady's bow'r;
 For love and fame to fall in fight
 Becomes the valiant Troubadour.

A FAREWELL.

The Poetry by J. F.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Mozart.

Andantino.

Weep not, my love,—since we must part, How vain it is to fal - ter; And
 sighs but ill be - come a heart Which time can nev - er al - ter. Could now my
 lot be link'd with thine, Nor grief nor care should move me; With thee I'd kneel at
 fortune's shrine, And prove how well I love thee. And prove how well I love thee.
 That fate must part us in its ruth,
 I cannot, love, accuse thee;
 Yet would I ne'er had known thy troth.
 Since I must love, and lose thee.
 Adieu, my love;—in vain these tears
 Bewail each threaten'd danger;
 Where many a hostile band appears,
 The desert, and the stranger.

And, ah! when thou shalt eager come
 Across the raging billow,
 The eye that seeks thy once-lov'd home
 May find my lowly pillow!
 Yet still my hovering spirit there,
 Though it can ne'er caress thee,
 May linger o'er thee in the air,
 To fondly gaze, and bless thee!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

BONNY CHARLEY.

Voice,

Words by Upton.—Music by Hook.

O! dear - ly do I love to rove a - mang the fields of bar - ley,—Twas
there that Charley told his love, The blithe, the winsome Char - ley. Then he so sued, and
he so wo'd, and mar - riage was the par - ley; What could I do but buck - le to, With
bon - ey, bon - ey Char - ley? O! my bon - ey, bon - ey boy, my bon - ey, bon - ey
Char - ley,— O! my bon - ey, bon - ey boy, my bon - ey, bon - ey Char - ley.
I ken the lasses rue the day
I sought the fields of barley,
And strive to win from me away
The heart of winsome Charley;
But ah! how vain I they cannot gain
His love by all their ploys;
And now they see he woos but me,
My bonny, bonny Charley.
O! my bonny, &c.

O! like blessing on the laird
That owns the fields of barley;
And ken I him alone regard,
For he is winsome Charley.
The gentle youth, with purest truth,
So wooes me late and early,
I can't withstand to give my hand
To bonny, bonny Charley.
O! my bonny, &c.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

Andante Express.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

John Anderson, my jo, John, When we were first aquent, Your locks were like the
ra - ven, Your bon - ey brow was brent; But now your head is bald, John, Your
locks are like the snow, Yet blessings on your frosty paw, John An - der - son my jo!
John Anderson my jo, John,
I wonder what ye mean—
Tu rise sue early i' the morn,
And sit sue late at e'en;
Ye'll bleer oot a' your eeo, John,
And why should ye do so?
Gang sooner to your bed at e'en,
John Anderson my jo!
John Anderson my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her canay hand, John,
Her master work was man:

And you amang them a', John,
So trig frac tap to toe,
She prov'd to be moe journey-work,
John Anderson, my jo!
John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na think it strange, John,
Though I can' ye trim and neat;
Though some folk say ye're auld, John,
I ne'er can think ye so—
Ye're aye the same kin' mon to me,
John Anderson, my jo!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms.
And see are ye in mine, John—
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that we ha'e seen,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We climb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
Hot hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Fine.

The laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind lists a'en up wi' the things o' the state: He
wanted a wife his braw house to keep, But far-a-wi' wooing was fashious to seek.

Doun by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Cleish's an daughter o' Claver-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weed pouther'd, as guid as when new,
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He pot on a ring, a sword, and cock'd hat—
And wha coold refuse the Laird wi' a that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cananile—
And rapp'd at the port o' Claver-ha' Lee;
'Gae tell Misses Jean to come speedily here:
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine;
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put off her spon, and oo her silk gown,
Her moth wi' red ribbons, and gaud awa doo.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low;
And what was his errand he soon let her know,
Amaz'd was the Laird, when the lady said, Na,
And wi' a laigh curstie she turned awa.

Dumfounder'd he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare, and rade cananile;
And after he thought, as he gae through the gien,
'She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on whar she had said:
'Oh! for aye I'll get better, for waur I'll get ten—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

The oest time the Laird and the lady were seen.
They were guanarm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen,
But nae chickens as yet has appear'd at Cockpen.

HE'S OWER THE HILLS THAT I LO'E WEEL.

Scottish Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

B: Moderato.

He's ower the hills that I lo'e weel, He's ower the hills we daur na name, He's ower the hills a-
yont Dumblane, Wha soon will get his wel-come hame. My father's gane to fight for him, My brithers
wio-na bide at hame, My mither greets and prays for them, And deid she thinks they're no to blame.

His right these hills, his right these plains—
O'er Highland hearts secure he reigns;
What lads e'er did, our laddies will do,—
Were I a laddie, I'd follow him too.

He's ower the hills, &c.

Sae noble a look—sae princely an air—
Sae gallant and hold—sae young and sae fair:
O, did ye het see him, y'd do as we've done—
Hear him hot ance, to his standard ye'll ruo.

He's ower the hills, &c.

JOLTERING GILES.

By Charles Dibdin.

Allegro.

Hark, with what glee you mer-ry clown re-sonds, re-marks, and sows; To
 pain and care a - like unknown, he whis-tles as he goes. From Na-ture's love to
 rea-son taught, he knows not sub-tle rules, But ven-tures oft some pith-y thought That
 might in - stract the schools. 'This ground's just like the world' cries he, 'And
 these - um seeds its ears!' 'How'stant?' cries one. 'Wounds! can't 'a' see? Why, I be a
 sow-ing o' tares!' Taw, law, la law de-rum taw, tum, tawl! For drill + broad-cast
 none do know Better than Jolt - ring Giles to sow: Be't beans, or wheat, or
 whate, or rye, Or bar - ley, you mun come to I. Tol de rol li - ty tum
 li - ty tum ti. Thus Jolt - ring Giles, the mer-ry clown, re-sonds, re-marks, and
 sows; To pains and care a - like un-known, he whis-tles as he goes.
 One day some dashing sprig came by,
 Imported neat from town;
 As they pass'd on, Giles heard them cry—
 'I say, let's quiz the clown!'
 And just as they their fun began,
 An ass was heard to bray—
 'Ichaw!'—Here, fellow, clown!—'Anon!
 One at a time, sur, pray I'
 'We reap the fruit of all that's sown
 By felowa of your stamp!'
 'That's very likely, sur, I own,
 Vor I be a sowin' o' hamp!' Taw law, &c.
 * A vrend to all the country round,
 My labours all regale;
 'Twas I the barley pot i' the ground,
 That hrew'd th' excise-man's ale;
 The wheat I sow with even hand
 To thousands shall give bread :—
 Why, there's no king or 'squire o' the land
 Zo many mouths ha' ved.
 I zaves sum souls, vor aight I know—
 If how thond'st wish to larn—
 The tithe of ev'ry grain I sow
 Goes to the parson's barn. Taw law, &c.
 * But what at last be all my pains?
 Just like to wheat or rye,—
 A man comes forward, counts his gains,
 And holds his head up high:
 And scarcely vull and ripe he's grown,
 However great he be,
 Death with his sickle cuts us down,
 And there be an end o' he i!
 Zo, while a body's here below,
 Clean hands be sure to keep ;
 Vor, zurz at death, as we do now
 We zertainly shall reap!' Taw law, &c.

A musical score for 'The Light of Love' featuring five staves of music with corresponding lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

oft for pi-ty woo'd, Was not, was not their light of love and troth?
 When his bright form my steps par-su'd, Came he to mock my sim-
 ple youth? Haste, haste, I pri-thee haste a-way, And seek my gen-tle cav-a-
 her; And, if he ev-er lov'd me, say, A grate-ful heart a-waits him
 here, A grateful heart a-waits him here— a-waits him here

THE MINSTREL TO HIS HARP.

The Poetry by Wilmington Fleming.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Anber.
Moderato.

A musical score for 'Friend of my soul' featuring three staves of music in G clef, common time, and a treble clef. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff starts with 'Friend of my soul! when all has fled'. The second staff continues with 'My bo - son glow'd to own, Like friend ship's voice in'. The third staff begins with 'fo - reign clime, I hear thy thrill-ing tons;—Life's fai - ry dreams—youth's hopes have pass'd, And'. The fourth staff starts with 'man-hood's trance of fame; Methinks I am old, for my blood runs cold, Yet thou art still the'. The fifth staff concludes with 'same! Me - thinks I am old, for my blood runs cold, Yet thou art still the same.'

The gay fond voices, that in youth
To transport wokt the mind,
Are bush'd in icy death's embrase,
So strangely turn'd unkind ;
Amid the world I wander loose,
A sad and cheerless thing :—
But my heart can bound to the thrilling sound,
When fancy wakes thy string.
Friend of my soul ! why dost thou elag
So fondly in my woe—
As when, in youth's gay wantoness,
I felt thy magic glow ?

The worldly prudeot answer make,
And blame with scorn's deep wrong—
That they harp might wake, then didst all forsake,
For poverty and song.
And did I thus,—could prophet old
The heaven-sent missiou spurn?
When rapture fires the young food heart,
Can it refuse to burn?
Let empathy the minstreil blame,
The prudent error see;—
But through sorrow's night, with a proud delight,
I'll sing, lov'd harp, to thee!

WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE.

Irish Melody.

Pirce.

At six-teen years old you could get lit-tle good of me : Then I saw Norah, who soon un-der-
stood of me, I was in love—but my-self, for the blood of me, Could not tell what I did
all ! 'Twas dear, dear, what can the mat-ter be ? Och, blood and 'ounds ! what can the
mat-ter be ? Och, gra-ma-chree ! what can the matter be ? Bo-ther'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess to Father O' Flannigan,
To lish my ease—made an end—then began again :
'Father,' says I, 'make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.'
'Dear, dear !' says he, 'what can the matter be ?
Och, blood and 'ounds ! can you tell what the
Bother'd, 'what can the matter be ?' [matter be ?]
Bother'd from head to the tail.
Soe I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again ;
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again :
Gave me a kiss : och, sounds ! that threw me
worse again ;
Well she knew what I did all.

But 'Dear, dear !' says she, 'what can the matter be ?
Och, blood and 'ounds ! what can the matter be ?
Och, grama-chree, what can the matter be ?
Bother'd from head to the tail.'
'Tis long ago eow since I left Tipperary :
How strange, growing older, our nature shoud
vary !
All symtoms are gone of my ancient quandary ;
I cannot tell now what I ail.
But, dear, dear ! what can the matter be ?
Och, blood and 'ounds ! what can the matter be ?
Och, grama-chree ! what can the matter be ?
Bother'd from head to the tail.

THE KNITTING GIRL.

Composed by Hayde.

Adagio.

Hark, Phil - lis, hark ! through yon - der grove Re - spon - sive Na - ture sings; Love
seeks the deep em - bower'd al - cove, And leads swift Fan - cy wings !
Phil - lis heard, but Phil - lis sat Si - leet knit - tieg, si - leet knitt-ing at her
cot - tage gate; Phil - lis heard, but sat si - leet keit - tieg, at her cot - tage gate.
Eathron'd he's seated in thine eye ;
Where, though blind, can see
Himself reflected in each sigh,
He bids me brethe for thee.
Phil - lis heard, but Phil - lis sat,
Silent knitting, at her cottage gate.
Lo ! tow'rds the how'r he beckons now ;
O ! rise and come away ;—
From ill toward thee is his vow,
To guard, and eot betry.
Phil - lis heard, but Phil - lis sat,
No longer knitting, at her cottag - gate.

FATHER, I CALL ON THEE.

The German Prayer during Battle.—The Poem translated from Korner's "Leyer und Schwerdt."—
The Music composed by Himmel.

Andante con moto.

Fa-ther, I call on thee! The roar-ing ar-til-le-ry's clouds thick-en
round me— The hiss and the glare of the bolts con-found me! Ru-ler of
Bat-tles! I call on Thee! O, Fa-ther, lead thou me!

O Father, lead thou me! [me!
To victory or death, dread Commander, O guide
The dark valley brightens when thou art beside me!
Lord, as thou wilt, an lead thou me!
God, I acknowledge thee!
Lord, I acknowledge thee!
When the breeze through the dry leaves of autumn
is moaning—
When the thunder-storm of battle is groaning,—
Pount of Mercy, in each I acknowledge thee!
O Father, bless thou me!
O Father, bless thou me!
I trust in thy mercy, whate'er may befall me!

'Tis Thy Word that hath sent me—that Word can
Living or dying, O bless thou me! [recall me
Father, I honour thee!
Father, I honour thee! [tending;
Not for earth's honours or honours we here are con-
All that is holy our swords are defending!
Then, falling or conquering, I honour thee!
God, I repose in thee!
God, I repose in thee!
When the thunders of death my soul are greeting—
When the grub'd veins bleed, and the life is fleeting,
In thee, my God, I repose,—in thee!
Father, I call on thee!

MY PHILOSOPHY.

Poetry by John Jarvis.—Arranged expressly for this Work, to an Air by Mozart.

Allegro Moderato.

Since pride is the pa-rent of pain, Say, why should a mor-tal be proud, And
vain-ly eu-de-a-vour to gain Ap-plause from the hu-mour-some crowd? Let him
step but a lit-tle a-wry, And but once their fine feel-ings of - fend, Their
ven-geance at him they let fly, And his van-i-ty's all at an end.
Ambition is just like a kite,
Which boys for amusement oft swing,—
They first let it soar a great height,
And then pull it down—with a string:
Then let us be humble and tame,
Nor with the ambitious he found,—
To-day in the phæton of fame,
And to-morrow thrown flat on the ground.
As for me, I shall never comply
With the temer of ambition at all,—
So, if I ne'er rise very high,
I shall have no great distance to fall:
Let him who despises my rule
Soar after a fanciful crown;—
Before he can grasp it—poor fool!
I shall see him come hopelessly down.

Some men quit the world in a noose,
To purchase themselves a great name;
Their heads some will cheerfully lose,
To shine in the volume of fame:
Such notions are charming,—but I
Can never subscribe to the plan;
For, though I expect I shall die,
I'll just live as long as I can.
Since danger awaits his ascent,
Who above his condition would soar,
I'll be in my station content,
A very had poet—and poor;
To the proud no offence will I give,
For fear of a knock n' the head;
If they'll let me alone while I live,
They may spatter my name when I'm dead.

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

The Words by J. Graham.—The Music by Dr. J. Smith.

Moderato.

Moonlight, moonlight soft-ly is bring-ing Light o'er the bow-ers, Light o'er the bow'rs; Let us
haste-low mu - sic sweet-ly is ring-ing From the deep flow - ers, from the deep flow'rs.
Moonlight, moonlight, while the world sleep - eth, Round us so near, round us so near, With
dance and spell the fa - ry world keep - eth Joy a-wake here, joy a-wake here. - - -
Al tempo. >
Moonlight, moonlight softly is bring - ing Light o'erthe bow - ers, Light o'er the bow'rs; Let us
haste-low mu - sic sweet-ly is ring-ing From the deep flow - ers, from the deep flow'rs.
Moonbeam, over earth's bosom
Spread thy rich hues,
While we deeply drink in each pearl-lit blossom
Nectarine dews !

Mooobeam, while thy soft beauty falls
O'er the still bowers,
Thus fairies waste beneath heaven's starry halls
Night's silent hours. Moonlight, &c.

HASTE, HASTE, I PRITHEE HASTE AWAY.

The Poetry by James Keoney.—The Music by I. Nathan.

Moderato.

Haste, haste, I pri - thee haste a - way, And seek my gen-tle cav-a - lier; And, if he
ev - er lov'd me, say, A grate-ful heart a - waits him here. When his bright
form my steps pur - su'd, Came he to mock my sim - pie youth?—Those eyes that
oft for pi - ty woo'd, Was not their light of love and truth? When his bright
form my steps pur - su'd, Came he to mock my sim - pie youth?— Those eyes that

D. C.

D.C. Minore.

pi - ty, 'tis pi - ty, sure, to part so soon. O, hear me, De - lia! hear me
now—In - cline pro - pi - tious to my vow! So may thy charms no
chan - ges prove, But bloom for ev - er likes my love,—So may thy
charms no chan - ges prove, But bloom for ev - er likes my love.

MY SEVENTEENTH YEAR SCARCE OVER.

Moderato.

My sev'enteenth year scarce o - ver, Blithe Da - mon woo - ing came,— A
young and ten - der lov - er, He own'd his ar - dent flame: Such a pit - eous tale he told me Of his poor wounded heart—Twas heaven to be - hold me: But death if we mee - part, O dear! O dear! O dear! My heart it beat so strange - ly, I felt I can't tell how: 'Lord, Lord,' thinks I, 'what ails me? Ah! what's the mat - ter now?'

The question soon was answer'd,—
Sly Cupid's dart was thrown:
I lov'd as well as Damon;
But that I would not own;
For, if he talk'd of dying,
Or mourn'd his hapless case,
I seldom fail'd replying
By laughing to his face—
O dear! O dear! O dear!
At length, his patience failing,
He proudly swore he'd go:—
'Not yet,' said I, half smiling;
'Why, what's the matter now?'
He slyly seiz'd that moment
To press me to be his,
And, how it was I know not,
I thoughtless answer'd Yes.
O theo, when first we married,
How easily I reign'd;
If check'd, my point I carried

By sobs and tears well feigo'd,
O dear! O dear! O dear!
The poor good soul was melted,
Not proof against my woe,
And coaxingly consented,
With, what's the matter now?
Alas! those times are over,
And I have had my day;
No mors a doting lover,
He swears he'll have his way;
To all intresties callous,
Whole days from me he'll roam;
Get tipsy at the alehouse,
And then come staggering home.
O dear! O dear! O dear!
If then I weep or chide him,
With consequential brow,
He sets his arms beside him,
With, what's the matter now.

HOW SWEET ARE THE MOMENTS.

Moderato.

How sweet are the moments when Fan-ny is nigh me—How sweet 'tis to
gaze on her fea-tures so dear— What trans-ports I feel when my
charm-er is by me, To whis-per the feel-ings of love in her ear: Our
bo-some soft glow-ing, Our hearts fond-ly throe-ing, We breathe forth the warm, the sus-
cep-ti - ble sigh,— The dear thrill-ing plea-sure flows
quick be-yond mea-sure, And all is de-light when my Fan-ny is by.

How oft, by the side of the streamlet when straying,
And the lark highly poise'd, his sweet notes war-
bling forth,
As the herd in the fold were skipping and playing,
And May gave the valley a floweret birth,

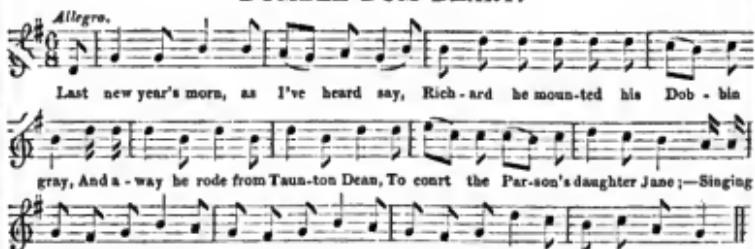
With transport delighted, our vows we have plighted,
And each sworn to constancy till we may die;—
Ah! sweet was the pleasure, but, 'reft of my treasure,
All, all is a blank when my Fanny's not by.

CUSHLAMACHREE.

Moderato.

Dear E - rin, how sweet-ly thy green bo - som rie - es, An em - - - rald
set in the ring of the sea; Each blade of thy meadows my faith - ful heart
prix - es, Thou queen of the west, the world's Cus - h - la - ma - chree! Thy
gates o - pen wide to the poor and the stran-ger— There smiles hos - pl-

DUMBLE DUM DEARY.



Last new year's morn, as I've heard say, Rich - ard he moun- ted his Dob - bie
gray, And a - way he rode from Taun-ton Dean, To court the Par-son's daughter Jane;—Singing
dum - ble dum dea - ry, dum - ble dum dea - ry.

Then Dick put on his Sunday clothes,
His buckskin breeches, Sunday hose,
Besides a new hat upon his head,
Which was bedeck'd w/ ribbons red.
Dumble dum, &c.

Then on he rode wi/out dread or fear,
Till he came to the house of his sweet dear,
Where he knock'd and shouted and hellow'd hallo!
'Be the folks at home?' say yes or no!
Dumble dum, &c.

A servant quickly let Dick in,
That he his courtship might begin;
And now he strutted up and down the hall,
And loudly for Miss Jane did call.
Dumble dum, &c.

Miss Jane came down without delay,
To hear what Richard had got to say:
'I do suppose, my dear Miss Jane,
You know I be Richard o' Taunton Dean?
Dumble dum, &c.

'I'm an honest lad, though I be poor;
I never was in love before;
My mother has sent me here to woo,
And I can fancy none but you.'
Dumble dum, &c.

'Well, if I consent to be your bride,
Pray, how will you for me provide?
'I'll give them all I yarns, I'm sure,
And what can a husband, pray, do more?
Dumble dum, &c.

'O ! I can reap, and I can sow,
And I can plough, and I can mow;
And I goes to the market to sell feyther's hay.
And I yarns my ninepence every day!'
Dumble dum, &c.

'O ! ninepence a-day will never do,
For I mast have silks, and satins too;
Ninepence a-day ! it wouldn't buy meat !'
'Adooors !' cries Dick, 'get a sack o' wheat !'
Dumble dum, &c.

'Besides, I've a pig pok'd in a sty,
Which comes to me when Granny does die!
And, if you'll consent to marry me now,
I'll feed you as fat as my feyther's old sow !'
Dumble dum, &c.

Dick's compliments were so polite,
That all the company laugh'd outright;
And, when he had gotten no more to say,
He mounted old Dobbie, and gallop'd away.
Dumble dum, &c.

THE FAIRY.

Fair-est of the vir-gin train That trip it o'er the magic plain, Come, and dance and sing with
me, Un-der yon-der a-ged tree; Come, and dance and sing with me, Un-der yon-der a-ged tree.

There I'll tell you many a tale,
Of mountain, rock, of hill, and dale,
Which will make you laugh with me,
Under yonder aged tree.

See the moon all silver bright,
Shining with a tenfold light,
To try to see my queen with me,
Through the boughs of yonder tree.

Who is that whom I espy,
Just descended from the sky.—

E'en, faith ! 'tis Cupid, come to see
My fair beneath yonder aged tree.

A little rogue ! but he shall smart !
I'll take away his bow and dart,
And give them, 'fore his face, to thee,
Under yonder aged tree.

Then we'll play, and dance, and sing,
Ce-ehrating Pan our king ;
And I'll always live with thee
Under yonder aged tree.

COME NOW, ALL YE SOCIAL POWERS.

Please.

Come now, all ye so - cial pow'rs; Shed your in-su-ence o'er us, Crown with joy the
pre-sent hours, En - liv - en those be - fore us. Bring the flask—the mu - sic bring—
Joy shall quickly find us; Drink and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull care be -
hind us. Bring the flask—the mu - sic bring— Joy shall quick - ly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing, And cast dull care be - hind us!

Chorus.

Friendship, with thy pow'r divine,
Brightens all our features:
What but friendship, love, and wine,
Can make us happy creatures?
Bring the flask, &c.
Love, thy godhead we adore,
Source of generous passion;
Nor will we ever bow before
Those idols, wealth and fashion.
Bring the flask, &c.

Why should we be dull or sad,
Since on earth we moulder?
The grave, the gay, the good, the bad,
They every day grow older.
Bring the flask, &c.
Then, since time will steal away,
'Spite of all our sorrow,
Heightens every joy to-day,
And never mind to-morrow;
Bring the flask, &c.

HUSH, EV'RY BREEZE.

Composed by Hook.

As Andantino.

Hush, ev -'ry breeze, Let no - thing move,—My De - lia sings, and sings of love; A -
round the win - ning Gra - - ces wait, And calm con - tent-ment guards thy
fate. Hush, ev -'rybreeze, let no - thing move,—My De - lia sings, and sings of love;
In the sweet shade, my De - lia, stay, You'll scorch those charms more sweet than May: The
sun now ra - ges in his noon— 'Tis pity, 'Tis pi - ty, sure, to part so soon; 'Tis

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

win a pen - ny fee, And ses an o - nie bon - nie lad, n - nie
Allegro.
 lad will fan - cy me! He's com'in frae the north that's to fan - cy me, He's
dolc.
 com - in' frae the north that's to fan - cy me, — A fea - ther in his bon - net, And a
f
 rib - bon on his knee: O, he's a bon - ny lad - dis, And you be he

WELCOME, ROYAL CHARLIE.

Cos Spirite.

O, wel - come, Char - lie, o'er the main,—Our Hig - land hills are a' your sin: Thries
 wel - come to our isle a - gain, Our gal - lant roy - al Char - lie! Auld Scotia's sons, 'mang
 bea - ther hills, Can fear - less face the warst o' ills, For kin - dri - drie ilk bo - som
 fills At sight n' roy - al Char - lie! Her an - chent this - ile wrags her pow, And proudly
 waves o'er hill and knowe, To hear our pledge and sa - cred vow, To live or
 die wi' Char - lie! An' O, but ye've been lang n' com - in', lang o' com - in',
 lang o' com - in'; O, but ye've been lang n' com - in'! Wel - come, roy - al Char - lie!

We daur na brew a peck o' mant
 But Geordie aye is finding fault;
 We canna mak' a pickle sout
 For want o' royal Charlie.
 Then up and quaff asing wi' me,
 A bumper ewron'd wi' ten times three,
 Ta him that's come to set us free;
 Huass for royal Charlie!
 O, but ye've, &c.

From a' the wilds o' Caledone,
 We'll gather every hardy son,
 Till thousands to his standard run,
 And rally round Prince Charlie.
 Come, let the flowing queb go round,
 And boldly hid the pibroch sound,
 Till every glen and rock resound
 The name o' royal Charlie!
 O welcome, Charlie, o'er the main, &c.

THE FLOWING BOWL.

Composed by Charles Dibdin.

Moderato.

Of all Heav'n gave to com - fort man, And cheer his droop - ing soul, Show
me a bless - ing, he who can, To top the flow-ing bowl, To top the flow-ing
bowl. When am'-rous Strophon, dy - ing swain, Whose heart his Daph-ne stole,
Whose heart his Daph - ne stole— Is
jilt-ed: To re - lieve his pain, He seeks the flow-ing bowl, the flow - - -
ing bowl— He seeks the
flow - leg, flow - ing bowl— He seeks the flow - ing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,
The knell begin to toll,
They mourn awhile,—then, for relief,
They seek the flowing bowl.
The tar, while swelling waves deform
Old Ocean as they roll,
In spite of danger and the storm,
Puts round the flowing bowl.
The miner, who his devious way
Works like the purblind mole,
Still comfort for the loss of day
Finds in the flowing bowl.

It gives to poet, lyric wit,
's jesters to be droll:
Anacreon self had never writ,
But for the flowing bowl.
Moisten your clay, then, sons of earth;
To Bacchus, in a shout,
Come on, the volunteers of mirth,
And by the flowing bowl
Become immortal, be ador'd,
'Mongst gods your names carol:
Olympus be the festive board,
Nectar the flowing bowl!

O, THEN SHALL OUR MEETING BE, MY LOVE.

The Music by J. R. Pianche.—The Music by J. Watson.

Andante con Espressione.

When the sun hath sank so red be - hind the fir - clad hill, And the
last faint light hath fled from the snow on its summit still; And the last faint light hath



They sons are all brave, but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree;
And the rosette cheeks of the daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush, that says Cushalama -
chree.

Then flourish for ever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!
And firm as the mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own Cushalamachrees.

FORGET ME NOT.

Moderato.

For - get me not when, friends and for - tune smil - ing, 'Mid sweets and
sor - rows thy care - less foot - steps stray— When lov - er's looks and
ten - der words be - guil - ing Would steal thy thoughts from him who
wan - ders far a - way; If e'er thy change - ful heart, o'er plight - ed vows pre -
vail - ing, Thou heard'st a wretch - ed soul, Deep in thy breast be -
wall - ing, O think 'tis mine, my love, and dark de - pair my lot,—
For - get me not, for - - - get me not, for - - - get me not!

When care and pain with phantoms dread surrounding, When from her clay-built nest my soul, departing,
Appal thy trembling mind forlorn, oppress'd, Prepares a blissful flight to realms on high,
An inward voice, in tender whispers sounding, O! should I see one tear of anguish starting,
Shall soothe thy boding fears, and fortify thy breast; To catch the falling drops I'll leave my native sky,
And round thy weary couch, a gentle spirit flying, Then round thy loving form a watch incessant keeping
Shall breathe these gentle notes, in hollow murmurs And ev'ry sigh of love in thrilling transports steeping,
sighing, I'll snatch thy constant soul, to share in Heav'n my lot.
Paint not, dear maid, but think thy lover shares thy lot. Forget me not, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THERE GROWS A BONNY BRIAR-BUSH IN OUR KAIL-YARD.

Scottish Ballad, composed of Five different Melodies.

Andante con Espressione.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music in common time, featuring a mix of treble and bass clefs. The key signature varies between G major, F# major, and C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some lines appearing above the staff and others below. The vocal line is primarily in the upper half of the staves, with harmonic support from the lower voices. The score includes dynamic markings like *f*, *p*, and *dolce*, and performance instructions such as *Lentando* and *Moderato*.

There grows a bonny briar-bush in our kail-yard, There grows a boosy
 briar-bush in our kail-yard; And below the bonnie briar-bush there's a
 laesie and a lad, And they're busy courtaining in our kail-yard. We'll
 court nae mair below the bush in our kail-yard, We'll court nae mair be-
Lentando.
 low the bush in our kail-yard: We'll a-wa to A-thole's green, And
Lentando.
 there we'll no be seen, Whare the trees and branch-es will be our safe-guard.
Moderato.
 Will ye go to the dane-in' in Car-lyle's ha'? Will ye go to the dane-in' in
 Car-lyle's ha'? Will ye go to the dane-in' in Car-lyle's ha'? Will ye go to the
 dane-in' in Car-lyle's ha'? Where San-dy and Nan-cy, I'm sure, will ding them
 dolce.
 a'. I win-na gang to the dance in Car-lyle's ha', Where San-dy and Nan-cy, I'm
 dolce.
 sure, will ding them a'; I win-na gang to the dance in Car-lyle's ha'.
Andante e dolce.
 What will I do for a lad when San-dy gangs a-wa'? What will I
 do for a lad when San-dy gangs a-wa'? I will a-wa' to Ed-inburgh, and

Heraclitus would never deny
 A bumper to cherish his heart;
 And, when he was mandarin, would cry,
 Because he had emptied his quart;
 Though some were so foolish to think
 He wept at men's folly and vice,
 When 'twas only his custom to drink
 Till the liquor ran out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
 To tipple and cherish his soul;
 Would laugh like a man that was mad,
 When over a jolly full bowl;
 While his cellar with wine was well stor'd,
 His liquor he'd merrily quaff;
 And, when he was drunk as a lord,
 At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus, too, like the rest,
 Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
 And knew that a cup of the best
 Made reason the brighter to shine:
 With wine he replenish'd his veins,
 And made his philosophy reel;
 Then fancied the world, as his brains,
 Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
 Had been hot a dunce without wine,
 For what we ascribe to his parts
 Is due to the juice of the vine;
 His belly, some authors agree,
 Was as big as a watering-trough;
 He therefore leapt into the sea,
 Because he'd have liquor enough.

When Pyrrhus had taken a glass,
 He saw that no object appear'd
 Exactly the same as it was,
 Before he had liquor'd his beard;
 For things running round in his drink,
 While sober he motionless found,
 Occasion'd the sceptic to think
 There was nothing of truth to be found.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
 Who wisely to virtue was prone;
 But, had it not been for good wine,
 His merit had never been known:—
 By wine we are generous made;
 It furnishes fancy with wings;
 Without it we ne'er should have had
 Philosophers, poets, or kings.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

Irish Melody.

Moderato.

As down on Ban-na's banks I stray'd One ev'-ning in May, The lit - the birds, in
 blith - est notes, Made vo - cal ev - 'ry spray; They sang their lit - tie tales of love, They
 sang them o'er and o'er,— Ah! gra-ma-chree, ma col - lee-nouge! ma Mol - ly As - thore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of Nature yields,
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate.
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear!
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive?
 That love was all I ask'd na earth,—
 Nay, Heaven could give no more.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

O had I all the flocks that graze
 On yonder yellow hill,
 Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill,
 With ber I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleety store.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves above my head
 Sat courting on a hough,—
 I envied not their happiness,
 To see them bill and coo,
 Such fondness once for me she show'd,
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I c'er shall mourn;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone!
 Though then art false, may Heaven on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

IS THY HEART WITH ME.

The Poetry by G. J. De Wilde.—Arranged expressly for this Work to an Air by Auber.
Moderato.

Maid-en who art bow-er'd By the au-tumn-tint-ed vine, Round thyfa ther's dwelling
Nigh the ra-pid Rhine: Now the sun-set ten-der hal-low-eth all to thee;
Maid-en, lov-ing maid-en, Is thy heart with me? Now the sun-set ten-der
Hal-low-eth all to thee, Maid-en, lov-ing maid-en, Is thy heart with me?

Love to thee, dear maiden,
Brings out its lighter joys,
Thy young life hath not o'erdarken'd
With the passion that destroys;—
It hath cast a twilight over
The bright places of thy heart,
Yet its deep recesses
Lighting ev'ry part.

We shall never, maideo,
By the autumn-tinted vine,
Sing again sweet songs, love-laden,
To the rapid Rhine.
Yet at sunset tender,
Wheresoe'er I be,
Maiden, dearest maideo,
Is my heart with thee.

SWEET ELLEN, THE MAID OF THE MILL.

The Poetry by Thomas Blake.—The Music by W. H. Cutler.

Andante.

O, sweet is the blos-som that hangs on the tree, And its fra-grance is far sweeter
still; But sweeter's the voice of my charm-er to me— Of El-len, sweet El-len, the
maid of the mill. How of-ten, de-light-ed, I've gaz'd on her charms, As we've walk'd by the
neigh-b'ring rill; May those beau-ties long rest in my fond cir-cling arms! O,
El-len, sweet El-len! the maid of the mill. Thus the sor-rows of time will
quick-ly pass o'er, While with plea-sure we life's cha-lice fill; For, bless'd with thy
beau-ties, what heart can wish more? O, El len, sweet El-len, the maid of the mill!

fed from the snow on its sum - mit still: Then, then shalt thou steal to
me, -- love, O, then shalt thou steal to me. -- When the lights are
in the bow - er, And the war - der on his tow - er, O, then shall our
meet - ing be, my love, O then shall our meet - ing be!
When the jocund stars are high
Their golden tresses shake,
And the winds lie down and die,

By the side of the frozen lake,
O, then shall our meeting be, my love!
O, then shalt thou, &c.

THE EXILE.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay.—Music by Henry Russell.

Andante con Espressione.

O sad - ly, ye dark roll-ing waves of the o - cean, O sad - ly ye beat on this
de - so - late shore, And wake, with the voice of your rest-less com - mo - tion, Sad thoughts of the
home I must vis - it no more, Sad thoughts of the home I must vis - it no more.

From the far - dis-tant land which has spurn'd me for ev - er, The land for whose glo - ry I've
strug - gled in vain, Ye come, O ye winds! but, like me, ye can nev - er, O nev - er re -
turn to be - hold it a - gain! O, nev - er re - turn to be - hold it a - gain! O!

Thou bird that dost wing thy fair course o'er the
billow,
How happy, like thee, all unfetter'd to roam!
Each wave-circl'd rock can afford thee a pillow;
Each Isle of the ocean provide thee a home!

But I must still wander in sorrow and sadness,
And stifle the thoughts which for ever awake;
Must brood o'er my woes till they drive me to
madness,
And teach my proud spirit to bend or to break.

THE JOLLY RINGERS.

Composed by Charles Dibdin.

Allegro.

Oft has the world been well de - fin'd By say - ers and by sing - ers: I call't a
 bel - fry, And man - kind I call the jol - ly ring - ers;—Through ma - jor bobs and
 tri - ple bobs Each em - u - lous - ly ran - ges; And, while each anx - ious bo - som throbs, All
 try to ring the chan - ges, All try to ring the chan - ges And
 while each anx - ious bo - som throbs, All try to ring the chan - ges.

These College youths are sent to school,
 And afterwards to College;
 And thence return by square and rule,
 Well vers'd in warthy knowldege.
 As genius leads, to cram his maw,
 Each art's close lab'riath ranges,
 And on religion, physie, law,
 Completely rings the changes.

The fortune-hunter swears and lies,
 And courts the widow's jointure,
 Then with a richer heiress files,
 Nor minds to disappoint her.
 The widow, too, has her arch whim,
 Nor thinks his conduct strange is;
 A titled heir succeeds to him,
 And thus she rings the changes.

The walter pillages the Greek,
 The Greek the spendthrift fleeces,
 The spendthrift makes dad's fortune squeak,
 Dad rack-rents and grants leases:
 The tenants break, gazette reports
 Each difference arranges;
 Till, pro and con, through all the courts,
 The lawyers ring the changes.
 Thus, like the bells, each fear and hope
 Hangs wa'ring and suspended:
 All tug away, while some a rope
 Get more than they intended.
 In merry cadence, as they roll,
 We'll rove where reason ranges;
 Nor shall the bell of sadness toll,
 Till death shall ring the changes.

DIOGENES SURLY AND PROUD.

Vivace.

Di - o - ge - nes sur - ly and proud, Who snarl'd at the Ma - ce - don youth, De - light - ed in
 wine that was good, Be - cause in good wine there is truth; But, grow - ing as poor as a
 Joh, And un - a - ble to purchase a flask, He chose for his man-sion a tub, And
 liv'd by the scent of his ca - sk, And liv'd by the scent of his cask.

PLENTY OF LOVE.

The Music by C. J. Hess; the Poetry from the Translation of Bernanger's Songs published by W. Pickering.
Moderato.

In spite of wis-dom's warn-ing voice, I'd fain a - mass a gol-den store; Straight
to the mis-tress of my choice I'd give it all, and search for more. Still, Harriet,
still, Harriet, should thy leat ea-price, O-bey'd each day, my du-ty prove; 'Tis
true, I'm free from n-va-rice— But not from love!—O! not from love! 'Tis true,
I'm free from a - va-rice— But not from love!—O! not from love!
And, if to consecrate her fame
My lays were worthily inspir'd,
They should preserve my Harriet's name,
And last for ages, still admir'd;—
So our two names, united, down
The rolling stream of time would move;—
I look ant, burn not, for renown,—
But, O! I burn with love, with love!
Would that the gods would make me great,
Bestow a throne, and crown me king,
To Harriet I would yield my state,
My throne, my crown, my every-thing.

To please her, I would e'en codore
Within a court's false maze to move;
Na'er tempted by ambition's lure;—
I'm caught by love, I'm caught by love!
But why those vain desires allow
My heart from its repose to stir?
My Harriet breathes an answering vow,
And what are these compar'd to her?
Conscious of bliss, of joy secure,
And Fate's reverses far above,
In fame, in rank, in fortune poor,
With only love, I'm rich in love!

AND MUST I PART WITH THEE.

Arranged by William Bell.

Andante Affettuoso. *pia.*

And must I part with thee, my love? And must I part with thee? My
first, my last, my on - ly love, Than life more dear to me? If
fate will thus be - - reave me, O! then, my lone lone heart, The
world has naught to give thee;—Let life, let all, de - - part.
O! there have been sweet hours, my love,
Sweet hours between us twain,
With Heav'n's own smiles illum'd, that now,
Will never beam again.

An endless night is falling,
No star, no dawn for me,
One Heav'n-ward glance recalling,
All all, is lost with thee!

THE FRIENDS.

Vivace.

In wine there is all in this life we can name: It strengthens our friend-ship, and
love - lights the flame: Though life is but short, and at best but a span, Let's
live all our days, and may this be the plan: To drink, my dear boys, and to
drive a - way sor-row, Let cash but hold out, and we'll ne'er ask to borrow; Though
paupers to-night, we'll be rich rogues to - mor-row, be rich rogues to-mor-row, be
rich rogues to-mor-row; Though paupers to-night, we'll be rich rogues to-mor-row.

In a neat country village, yet not far from town,
A clean bed for a friend whene'er he comes down,
With a choice pack of hounds, us to wake in the
A bunter for each to set off with the horn. [morn,

Then drink, &c.

Our dishes well chosen, and nice in their sort,
Our cellars well stor'd with good claret and port,
A bumper to hall, to hall the all-glorious ;-
Our grandaires did so, and our fathers before us.

Then drink, &c.

A jolly brisk chaplain that can well grace the table,
Who will drink like a man as long as he's able,
Who'll drink till his face port and claret makes red,

Then stagger, enlighten'd, quite happy, to bed.
Then drink, &c.

May each man have a lass, that as his wishes may
prove

To his honour most true, and sincere to his love,
With beauty, with wit, to change never prone,
And the bandage good-nature to bind them his own.

Then drink, &c.

And just as we've liv'd may we close the last scene,
Quite free from all trouble, quite free from all pain:
The young they may wonder, theold they may stare,
And lift up their hands, to see what friendship was
there. Then drink, &c.

PADDY'S BALLOON.

Allegretto.

Some have tra - vers'd the fa - thom-less o - cean, Others A - fri - ca's coast have ex-
plor'd; By the pow'r's, but I think the best no-tion Is ri - ding the sky on a
board. While tied to a bladder of smoke, sir, The hem-i-sphere round you may sail; You'll
look - by my soul, it's no joke, sir - Like a pig with a rat at his tail. Sing
"Doo - der roo do, doo - der roo, doo - der roo, doo - der roo do."

Upon land a thirteener a mile, Sir,
For every furlong you ride ;
By water no turnpike or stile, Sir,
But then you must wait for the tide.
Now this is a very sang way, Sir,
And the travelling charges so small,
If your neck should get broke, I dare say, Sir,
The expense would be nothing at all.
Sing dooder roo, &c.

Then with changing of horses such bother,
You'll be rid of all that very soon ;
Sure as I am the son of my mother,
You may breakfast to-night in the moon ;
While the stars will be blinking about, Sir,
To judge what this wonder may be,
And some would suppose, without doubt, Sir,
'Twas Ireland jump'd out of the sea.
Sing dooder roo, &c.

MY GAUNTLET'S DOWN.

The Poetry by James Keeney. The Music by I. Nathan.

Allegretto con espressione.

My gaunt - let's down, my flag un - furl'd, What - s'er my for - tune
be; For thee, my love, I'd lose the world, For thee, my love, I'd
lose the world, Or win a world in thee! Yes, thou shalt be my po - lar
star, O'er youth's be - wil - d'ring tide, To land of promise, bliss a - far, My
bright, my beam - ing guide, My bright, my beam - ing guide, My
bright, my beam - ing guide! Yes, thou shalt be my po - lar star, O'er
youth's be-wil-d'ring tide, To land of pro-mise, bliss a - far, My young, my beam-ing
guide. - - - - - My gaunt - - - - let's - -
down, my flag un - furl'd, What - s'er my for - tune be; For
thee, my love, I'd lose the world, For thee, my love, I'd lose the world, Or
win a world in thee, Or win a world - - in thee!

OUR COUNTRY IS OUR SHIP.

Composed by Reeve.



Among ourselves in peace, 'tis true,
We quarrel, make a roost,
And, having nothing else to do,
We fairly scold it out;

But, once the enemy in view,
Shake hands, we soon are friends ;
On the deck,
Till a wreck,
Each the common cause defends.

HOW STANDS THE GLASS AROUND ?

How stands the glass a - round? For shame, ye take no care, my boys; How
stands the glass a-round? Let mirth and wino a - bound. The trum - pets
sound,— the colours they are fly - ing, boys—To fight, kill, or wound; May
we still be found Con - tent with our hard fate, my boys, On the cold ground!

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why?
Whose businesse 'tis to die!
What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear; drink on; be jolly, boys!
'Tis he, you, or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
And soorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys—
'Tis but in vain
For soldiers to complain:
Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain;
But, if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
Cure all again!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST

THE ABSENT LOVER.—WHAT AILS THIS HEART O' MINE?

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Miss Blamire.

Moderately.

What ails this heart o' mine? What means this wat'-ry e'e? What mak's me aye turn
cauld as death, When I tak' leave o' thee? When thou art far a-wa', Thou'll
dear-er grow to me; Bot change o' folk, and change o' place, May gar thy fan-cy jee.

Theo I'll sit down and manan,
Just by yon spreadin' tree,
And gin a leaf fa' to my lap,
I'll ca'n't a word free tise.
Syne I'll gang to the bower,
Which thou wi' roses tied:
'Twas there, by mosy a hingalo' bud,
I strove my love to hide.

I'll dont on ilk a spot
Where I has been wi' thee;
I'll ea'n to mind some fond love-tale
By every burn and tree.
It's hope that cheers the mind,
Though lovers absent be;
And when I think I see thee still,
I'll think I'm still wi' thee.

WHALL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

Con Energico.

The news frae Moi-dart cam' yes-tree, Will soon gar mo-ny fer-ile; For
ships o' war has just come in, And land-ed roy-al Char-lie. Come
through the heather, a-round him ga-ther, Ye're a' the wel-com'er ear-ly; A-
round him cling, wi' a' your kin,—For whall be king but Charlie? Come through the
heather, a-round him ga-ther; Come, Ro-nald, come, Do-nald—come a' the
gi-ther! Am' crowa your right-fu' law-fu' king,—For whall be klog but Charlie?
The Highland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John-o'-Groats to Airly,
Hae to a man declar'd to stand
Or fa' wi' royal Charlie.
Come thru' the heather, &c.

The Lowland a', haith great and sma',
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declar'd for Scotia's King an' law,
And spier ye wha but Charlie.
Come through the heather, &c.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the land,
But vows baith late and early,
To man she'll ne'er gie heart or hand
Wha wadn's fecht for Charlie.
Come thru' the heather, &c.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete and early;—
Hi's very name my heart's blood warms;—
To arms for royal Charlie!
Come thru' the heather, &c.

O! TURN THOSE DEAR, DEAR EYES AWAY.

Music by J. De Pinna.

Moderato.

O! turn those dear, dear eyes a-way,—My cheek with love, with love is
blush-ing; And, though a smile may o'er it play, My eyes with tears are
gush - - ing. O! turn those dear, dear eyes a-way,—My cheek with
love, with love, is blush-ing; And though a smile may o'er it play, My
eyes with tears are gush - - ing O! look not in my eyes, love—They
tell a tale too true, too true; See not my blush-es rise, love, Nor listen to my
sighs, - - love; For blushes, sighs, and eyes, love, All speak, all speak of
you; For blush - es, sighs, and eyes, love, All speak, all speak of you.

THE OVEN.

Allegro.

The Words by George Colman.

Who has e'er been in Lon-don, that o - ver-grown place, Has seen 'Lod-gings to
Let' stare him full in the face: Some are good, and let dear-ly; While some, 'tis well
known, Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let a - lone;—Der - ry down down down derry down!

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only!
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.

Derry down, &c.

He enter'd his room, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Derry down, &c.

Next night 'twas the same! and the next, and the next:
He perspir'd like an ox,—he was nervous and vex'd.
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

Derry down, &c.

In six months his acquaintance began for to doubt him,
For his skin like a lady's loose gown hung about him;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a simy,—
"I have lost many pounds,—make me well, there's a guinea!"

Derry down, &c.

The doctor look'd wise:—"A slow fever," he said;
Prescriv'd sudorifics, and going to bed:—
"Sudorifics in bed!" exclaim'd Will, are humbuggs;
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs."

Derry down, &c.

Will kick'd out the doctor;—but, when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;

CRAZY JANE.

The Poetry by Monk Lewis; the Music by Miss Abrams.

Adagio.

Why, fair maid, in ev'-ry fea - ture Are such signs of fear express'd? Can a
wan - der - ing wretched crea - ture With such ter - ror fill thy breast? Do my
fren - si'd looks a - larm thee? Trust me, sweet! thy fears are vain:— Not for
king - doms would I harm thee;—Shun not, then, poor cra - zy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and avoid my woe!
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false;—I found them so:
For I lov'd him so sincerely,
None could ever love again,
But the youth I lov'd so dearly
Stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him,
Which was doom'd to love but once;
He sigh'd, he vow'd, and I believ'd him;
He was false, and I undone,

From that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain;
Henry fled,—with him for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
And with frenzied thoughts beset,
On that spot where last we parted,
On that spot where first we met,
Still I sing my love-lorn ditty,—
Still I slowly pace the plain;
Whilst each passer-by, in pity,
Cries, "God help thee, Crazy Jane."

THE OLD SEXTON.

The Poetry by Park Benjamin; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Quasi Allegro.

Nigh to a grave that was new-ly made Lean'd a Sex-tou oid, on his earth-worn
spade; His work was done, and he paus'd to wait The fun'-ral train through the
n - pen gate: A re-lie of by-gone days was he, And his locks were white as the
foamy sea; And these words came from his lips so thin: 'I gather them in,—
gather them in,— gather, gather, gather,— ga-ther them in.'

'I gather them in! For man and boy,
Year after year of grief and jay,
I've builded the houses that lie around,
In every nook of the burial-ground :
Mother and daughter—father and son,
Come to my solitude one by one;
But come they strangers, or come they kin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.'
I gather them in, &c.

'Many are with me—but still I'm alone :
I'm king of the dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold,
And my sceptre of rule is the spade I hold.

Come they from cottage or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all, all, all ;
Let them toil in pleasure or sorrowfully spin,
I gather them in, I gather them in.
I gather them in, &c.

'I gather them in, and their final rest
Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast ;
And the Sexton ev'n'd, for the fun'-ral train
Wound mutely n'er that solemn plain ;
And I said to myself, when Time is aid,
A mightier voice than this Sexton's aid
Will sound n'er the last tramp's dreadful diri:
'I gather them in,—I gather them in.'
I gather them in, &c.

FOR FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Andante Moderato.

Must peace and plea - sure's melt - ing strain For e - ver in this
cir - cle reign ? A-while the muse with ar - dour glows, To pay the debt that
Bri - tain owes, To pay the debt that Bri - tain owes. O! wave a -
while your soft de - lights ! To praise each val-iant son that fights, And braves a -



The soldier seeks a distant plain,
The sailor ploughs the boisterous main ;
Their toil domestic ease secures,
The labours theirs, the pleasure yours :
Then change awhile your soft delights
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think, on those who guard the shore,
While unmolested springs your store,
And change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

Ye swains who banish the shady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice,
Change, change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

And ye, who in this frolic train,
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
And wild with pleasure's airy round,
Bid flowing bows with love be crown'd,
Amid your social dewy delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For freedom and his native land.

HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.

Moderately.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

Hope told a flatt'-ring tale, That joy would soon re - turn;— Ah! naught my
sighs pre - vail— For love is doom'd to mourn. Ah! where's the flatt' - rer
gone?— From me, for ev - er flown; From me, for ev - er flown;— For
love is doom'd to mourn.— Ah! naught my sighs a - vail, For love is doom'd to mourn. Fine.
The happy dream of love is o'er— Life, — a - las! can charm no more;
The hap-py dream of love is o'er— Life, a - las! can charm no more. Hope

THE ROVER'S SONG.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work to an Air by Donizetti.

Allegro con Spirito.

On-wards, my bark! O'er the green waves fly! Scud, gal-lant - ly, scud 'neath the sun - lit sky; For who but a ro - ver should rule the wide main, Whose in - cen - tive's re-venge!—Whose mot - to is gain! For who but a ro - ver should rule the wide main, Whose in - cen - tive's re-venge!—Whose mot - to is gain!

None are worthy to sail on the sparkling wave
But those who revel in danger, and gaze on their grave

With a fearless eye; for well they know
'Twill be in the depths of the ocean below.

At the topmast-head our red flag is unfurl'd,
Proudly waving defiance, and daring the world;

It ne'er will be lower'd to give place to the blue
While man is left of our valiant crew.

Then give me the life of a pirate bold,—
That life I'll lead till this heart is cold;
Then landsmen may say what they please of me,
And tell of my deeds on the boundless sea.

ON BY THE SPUR OF VALOUR GOADED.

On by the spur of va - lour goad - ed, Pis - tois prim'd and car - bines load - ed,
Courage strikes on hearts of steel,— Courage strikes on hearts of steel. Like
serpents now thro' thick-ets creep-ing—Then on our prey like li - ons leaping, Let the weary
trav'ler dread us, Struck with ter - ror and a - mase. While our swords with lightnings blaze,
To the on-set let's a - way—Valour calls, and we obey; To the on-set, to the onset, to the
on-set let's a - way— Valour calls, and we o - bey,— Va - lour calls, and we o - bey.

MISS MUZ THE MILLINER.

Moderato.

Noted for las - ses kind and sweet, The neigh - bring ham - lets us'd to name us; And
then, good - na - tur'd, trim, and neat, Our lit - tle town for lads was fa - mous. All
went on qui - et - ly and well—We dress'd on ho - ly - days and high - days, And
listend care - ful - ly at church]On Sun - days, saints' days, and Good Fri - days, Till
on a sud - den came from town— I wen - der how we gave 'em har - boar—Two
toads to turn us up - side down, Miss Muz the mill - i - ner, and Bob the har - ber.

Away the devils went to work ;—
The men this fine Miss Muz ran after,
And as for Bob, this terrible Turk,
He courted ev'ry mother's daughter ;
For miss were dress'd from head to feet,
So white and slim, so fine and smirching,

Somewhat, d'y see, like a white sheet,
That I have seen 'em stand at church in.
Then he'd so dress and sing, and play,
That ev'ry creature gave 'em harbour,
Till through the town 'twas who but they,—
Miss Muz the milliner and Bob the barber.

I ASK THEE NOT TO THINK OF ME.

The Poetry by Mary.—Arranged expressly for this work to an Air by Spohr.

Moderato.

I ask thee not to think of me In sum - mer's cloud - less sky, Ere
thy young heart has known a care, Or a tear - drop dimm'd thine eye; But
there may come a dark - er hour, When sum - mer friends shall flee, And leave thee
lone and de - so - late—O! then re - mem - ber me,— O! then remem - ber me.
I ask thee not to think of me,
When early hopes are bright,
Ere all that now so blissful seems
Be chang'd to storm and blight
But there may come an hour of woe,
When all thou lov'st shall be
But shadows of the smiling past—
Oh, then remember me!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, PATTY?

Moderato.

Once my heart the truant play'd; Patience, how I sigh'd and said— Pa-tience, how I
 sigh'd and said—Why, what can be the mat-ter, Pat-ty? What can be the mat-ter, Patty? Patience,
 how I sigh'd and said, What can be the mat-ter, Patty? No an-swer could I
 make to that,—My heart kept go-ing pit - a-pat, While my mo-ther would be
 at—Why, what can be the mat-ter? Why, what can be the mat-ter, Pat-ty?
 Who can be the mat-ter? How I sign'd, laugh'd, and cried! How I sigh'd, laugh'd, and
 cried! And sang, and sang fal la! la! la! la! la! de ral de ra.

The youth I lov'd, he ask'd to wed,
 Blushing when 'O yes,' I said,
 What could be the matter, Patty?
 I went to church, but went to wait,
 And so I sent him packing straight;

Then what could be the matter, Patty?
 How I sigh'd,
 Laugh'd, and cried,
 And sang fal la!, &c.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN MY FATHER'S MUD EDIFICE.

Virace.

When I was a boy in my fa-ther's mud e - di - fice, Ten-der and bare as a
 pig in a sty, Out at the door as I look'd with a stea - dy phiz,
 Who hut Pat Mur - phy, the pi-per, came by. Says Pad - dy, 'But few play this
 mu - sic; can you play?' Says I, 'I can't tell, for I ne-ver did try!' He

told me that he had a charm To make the pipes pret-ti-ly speak; Then
 squeeze'd a bag un-der his arm, And sweet-ly they set up a squeak; With a
 fa ral la, lai lai la loo - - och hone! how he han-did the drone! And
 then such sweet mu-sic be blew, 'Twould have melt-ed the heart of a stone.
 'Your pipe,' says I, 'Paddy, so nately comes
 over me,
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows!
 And, if my father should try to recover me,
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes.
 The music I hear now takes hold of my ear now,
 And leads me all over the town by the nose!
 So I fallow'd his bag-pipe so sweet,
 And sang, as I leap'd like a frog,
 Adieu to my family seat,
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog.
 With my fa ral la, lai lai la loo, och hone!
 How sweetly he hand'd the drone;
 And then such sweet music he blew,
 'Twould have melted the heart of a ston!

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could sun-
 der us,
 Till he one morning had taken a sup,
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,
 Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.
 I roar'd and I bawl'd a nut, and hustily call'd a nut,
 'O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?'
 He was dead as a nail in a door;
 Poor Paddy was laid on the 'self;
 So I took up his pipes on the snare,
 And now I've set up for myself,
 With my fa ral la, lai lai la loo!
 To be sure I have not got the knock,
 To sing fa ral la, lai lai la loo, och hone!
 Ay, and bubbaroo, didderoo whack!

O! JEANNIE GRAY.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work, to an Air by Bellini.

Moderato con espre.

O! Jean-nie Gray, love, Jean-nie Gray, Dost ev-er think of by-gone
 times, When in ear-ly love, dear Jean-nie Gray, We rov'd beneath thy father's vines?
 I've wan-der'd ma-ny a mile since then, O'er ma-ny a path-less sea; Yet
 oft my heart does bound a-gain, With thoughts of them and thee.
 O! Jeannie Gray, love, Jeannie Gray,
 My heart stillingers there,
 Where first young love did homage pay,
 And breathe its lowly prayer;
 When, hand in hand, we rov'd along,
 Our path with verdure crown'd,
 And joyous birds their thrilling song
 In gladness woke around.
 O! Jeannie Gray, &c.

O! Jeannie Gray, love, Jeannie Gray,
 Dost thou remember yet
 Those days of love long past away,
 Which I can ne'er forget.
 Though weary wandering far I be,
 Fond memory ne'er does cease
 To sigh for them, and breathe for thee
 A prayer for joy and peace.
 O! Jeannie Gray, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

MARY MORISON.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—Poetry by Burns.

Moderato.

O, Ma - ry, at thy win-dow be,—It is the wish'd, the tryst-ed hour; Those
smiles and glan - ces let me see, That mak' the mi - ser's trea - sure poor. Haw
blitha-ly wad I bide the stoure, A wea - ry slave frae sun to sun, Could
I the rich re - ward se - cure, The love - ly Ma - ry Mo - ri - son.
Yestreen, when to the tighten'd string
The dancie gae thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing, —
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;—
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yan the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd and said, amang them a',
'Ye are na' Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Wha's only fain't is lo'ing thee?
If love for love thou wilt nae gie,
At least be pity to me shown;—
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

O, WAE'S ME FOR PRINCE CHARLIE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

Audiente.

A wee bird cam' to our ha' door; He war-bled sweet and clear-lic; And
aya the o'er-come o' his sang Was wae's me for Prince Char - lie! O!
when I heard the bon-nie bon-nie bird, The tears cam' drap - pin' rare - ly; I
took my bon - net off my head, For weel I lo'ed Prince Char - lie.
Quo' I, 'My bird, my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Is that a tale ye borrow?
Or is 't some words ye've learn'd by rote?
Or a lilt o' dule and sorrow?'
'O! no, no, no,' the wee bird sang,
I've flown sin' mornin' early;
But sic a day of wind and rain!—
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!
'On hills that are by right his ain,
He roams a lonely stranger;
On ilk a hand he's press'd by want,
On ilk a side by danger.
Yestreen I met him in a glen,
My heart near bursted fairily,
For sadly chang'd indeed was he—
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!

Dark night came on, the tempest howl'd
Out ower the hills and valleys;
And whar wadn't that your prince lay down,
Whase hame should be a palace?
He row'd him in a highland plaid,
Which cover'd him but sparsly,
And slept beneath a bush n' broom,—
O, wae's me for Prince Charlie!
But now the bird saw some red-coats,
And he shook his wings wi' anger:
'O! this is no a land for me;—
I'll tarry here nae langer.'
Awhile he hover'd on the wing,
Ere he departed fairily;
But weel I mind the farewell straile,—
'Twas—'Wae's me for Prince Charlie!'

ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE.

(By a Middle-aged Gentleman).—Arranged expressly for this work, to an Old English Melody.
Finace.

Fair in - dies, I (be - ing ra - ther shy) Take this means of ap - pri - sing Each
 dan - di - nette—I want to get A wife by ad - ver - tis - ing. My
 eyes are bright by can - dio - light, (I'm ra - ther weak in sight, though); My
 hair they say'n a lit - tle gray, But ve - ry spruce at sight, though.

By some I'm call'd a little bald,—
 A scandalous falset and horrid;—
 The brutes, I see, all envy me
 My broad and lofty forehead;
 To match my hair, complexion fair
 (I suffer much from pimples);—
 The three Miss L.'s talk of my dells—
 Part mixnes! I say dimples.
 Some blockheads scoff, and call me dwarf
 (I curl my lip the brutes on);
 I'm fit' foot neat, in stocking feet,
 And five foot two, with boots on.
 I never drink, nor ever wisk
 At girls; I love the graces;
 I say my prayers; I never swears;
 Nor goes to naughty places.
 To chapel I on Sunday fly,
 And sing my way to heaven;
 I'm home at ten each night, and then
 In bed before eleven.

I knit no brows, kick up no rows
 (Though aunt declares I'm whim-med);
 Some horses prides—I never rides,
 I'm so uncommon timid.
 Widow or maid, I'm not afraid,
 Nor my own merits lauding;
 My fortune's good (he 't understood
 That her'n must be according).
 Fair, but not check'd, I sha't object
 To age, whate'er disparity;
 No hair or eyes will I despise,
 Blue, gray, black, brown, or carroty.
 At half-past eight, each night, I'll wait
 In Regent Street, on view; don't
 Fear—make free—and speak to me,--
 I can't begin if you don't.
 Those who think better, send by letter
 (If for decorum sticklers)
 To S. A. P.—direct for me,
 Post-paid, and state perticklara.

FAIR JANET.

The Poetry by Miss Mitford.—Arranged expressly for this work, to an Air by Mozart.

Adagio Moderato.

Fair Jn - net sita be - side her wheel; No mai-dea bet-ter knew To pile up - on the
 eir - eling reel An e - ven thread and true;—But, since for Rob she 'gan to pine, She
 twists her flax lo vain; 'Tis now too coarse, and now too fine, And now 'tis snap'd in
 twain. 'Tis now too coarse, and now too fine, and now, 'tis snap'd in twain.

Robin, a bachelor profess'd,
 At love and lovers laughs,
 And o'er the bowl, with reckless jest,
 His pretty spinster quaffs;

Then, whilst, all sobbing, Janet cries,
 'She scorns the scowful swain,'
 With angry haste her wheel she piles,
 And—snaps the thread again!

AN IRISH DRINKING-SONG.

Composed by Charles Dibdin.

Pianiss.

Of the an-cients it's speaking, my soul, you'd be af-ter, That they ne-ver got
 how came you so; Would you en-ri-cious-ly make the good folks die of laughter—To be
 sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know; To be sure, their dogs' tricks you don't know. With your
 smal-li-low non-sense, and all your queer bod-der-y, Since whis-ky's a H-queen di-
 vine; To be sure the old an-cients, as well as the mo-derns, Did not
 love a sly sup of good wine, Did not love a sly sup of good wine.

Apelles and Eseop, as authors assure us,

Would swig till as drunk as a beast!

Den what do you think of that rogue Epicurus?

Was not be a tight hand at a feast!

With your smallilow, &c.

Alexander the Great, at his banquets who drank
 When he no more worlds could subdue, [hard,
 Shetdars, to be sure—but twas tears of the tankard,
 To refresh him—and pray would not you ?

With your smallilow, &c.

Den dat t'other old fellow they call'd Aristotle,
 Such a devil of a tippler was he,
 That one night, having taken too much of his bot-
 The taef stagger'd into the sea,

With your smallilow, &c.

Den they made what they call'd of their wine a liba-tion,

Which, as all autority quotes, fation !
 They threw on the ground—musha, what bother-
 To be sure, 'twas not thrown down their troats.

With your smallilow, &c.

THE WILLOW.

Composed by Hook.

Andantino espressivo.

A poor soul sat sigh-ing be-neath a tall tree,—O! willow, willow! O!
 willow! With his hand on his he - som, his head on his knee,—O! willow,
 willow! O! willow!— Sing 'O! the green willow!' sing, 'O! the green willow; The
 wi - low shall be a gar - land for me!— Sing, 'O! the green wil - low.'

He sigh'd in his singing, and, after each groan,
 O willow, willow, O willow!
 I'm dead to all pleasure, my true love is gone,
 O willow, willow, O willow!
 Sing, O the green willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me,—her scorn I thus prove,
 O willow, willow, O willow!
 She was born to be fair, I to die for her love,
 O willow, willow, O willow!
 Sing, O the green willow, &c.

WHY TARRIES MY KNIGHT.

The Poetry and Music by Mrs. William Marshall.

Allegretto.

Way tar - ries my knight? why tar - ries my own true knight? And why, ye ling'-ring
mo - ments, so ta - dious in your flight? Why tarries my knight? why tarries my
own true knight? And why, ye ling'-ring mo - ments, so te-dious in your flight? I
pri-thee, good dame, look out, look out, look out, a - broad! Is there no horse-man
rall. *ad lib.* *a tempo.*
com - lag. No horse-man on the road? O! why tarries my knight? why tarries my
own true knight? And why, ye ling'-ring mo - ments, so te-dious in your flight?
Why, why, my sweet mistress, all this suspense
and fear? *[near.]*
The hour thy knight appointed to meet thee is not
I prithee, good dame, look out, look out again;
Is there no horseman coming? No horseman on
the plain?
Hark! hark! methinks I hear the herald's horn!

'Tis he, my faithful champion—ye doubts and fears,
be gone.
Now, now, ye moments, linger, linger as you may,
But tell me, do not tears my foolish heart betray?
No, no, my sweet mistress, again thine eye is bright,
And never didst thou look lov'lier, look lov'lier
than to-night!

TO MY MOTHER.

The Words translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted, expressly for this work, to an
Air by Andre.

Mo - ther! thou didst watch my in - fant eye Drink the ear - list beam of earth-ly
day; And I saw thy cheek, when thou didst die, Light-ed up with heav'n's first morning
ray. Mother! thou didst watch my in - fant eye Drink the ear - best beam of earth-ly
day; And I saw thy cheek, when thou didst die, Light-ed up with
heav'n's first morn - ing ray, Light-ed up with heav'n's first morn - ing ray.

O! SWEET AS THE MILD SIGHS OF EVENING.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work, to an Air by Donizetti.

Allegro: Moderato.

O! sweet as the mild sighs of even - ing that play O'er the scent -
breathing vi - o - let, trem - bling with dew, More dear to my heart than the
night - in - gale's lay, Are the thoughts that re - minded me, Al - min - ran, of
you, Are the thoughts that re - minded me, Al - mo - ran, of you.

Though years have gone by since we parted, I know,
I feel we are dear to each other as ever :
Nor joy's winning smile, nor the deep tear of woe,
One link of "the chain which entwin'd us could
sever.
O! no—such affection as ours could not
Be influenced by time, or by absence controll'd;

The long-cherish'd image can ne'er be forgot,
Till the breast that as fondly enshrin'd it is cold.
Then come, my belov'd, and, ah ! will press thee
To the heart which is thine till its pulses decay ;
And, should thoughts of the past ever rise to opp -
ress thee,
Sweet music shall chase the intruders away.

MY MAIDEN AUNT.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Smith.

Pinefully.

My Mai - den Aunt is com - ing ! how I wish she'd stay a - way ! For she
al - ways says 'how things are chang'd and al - ter'd' since her day ! And so I
do be - lieve they are, for 'tis a weary time, I should ima - gine, since Aunt Ta - bi -
tha was in her prime ! I should ima - gine, since Aunt Ta - bi - tha was in her prime !
My Maiden Aunt is coming ! how shell criticise
my dress ; [thought about it less !]
And say that 'girls were handsome once, and
if I look grave, shell ridicule 'Miss Prim'—if
guy. declare [sassy air !]
She 'cannot bear young ladies who have such a
My Maiden Aunt is coming ! and I fear I shall
offend, [bend :
And from her will be quite cut off, if I presume to
She says 'young people never long' d, or stoop'd,
in her young day !'— [stay away !
I'm sure she's stiff enough herself !—I wish she'd
My Maiden Aunt is coming ! there's an end of
comfort now ;— [she allow :—
Neither sofas, easy chairs, nor cushions soft, will

If I wear my hair in ringlets, 'tis the beauti -
style ! I'm told,— [vastly bold !
If I braid it simply n'er my brow, 'the girl looks
My Maiden Aunt is coming ! and I know shell
say I stink ! [sart ;
And vow that all her coterie the bruiser fact as
Yet I must listen patiently, for 'Aunty' to repeat
What crowds of ancient Strephon would come
sighing at her feet !
But if I sing with poor Sir Charles, or laugh
with Harry Lock, [shock !
She'll say 'such forward manners all her delicacy
Well, I'm sorry ! but, upon my word, of all the
playes extant, [Aunt !
Commend me to Aunt Tabitha ! my awful Maiden

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

BIDE YE YET.

Moderato.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

Glory I had a wee house, and a can-ty wee fire, A bon-nie wee wi-fie to
praise and ad-mire. A bon-nie wee yar-die be-side a wee burn, Fare-well to the
bo-dies that yan-ner and mourn; Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet.—Ye
lit-tie ken what may be-tide me yet: Some bon-nie wee bo-dy may
fa'-to my lot, And I'll aye be can-ty wi'-think-in' o't, wi'-think-in'
o't, wi'-think-in' o't,—I'll aye be can-tie wi'-think-in' o't.
Gie me my dear lassie to sit on my knee;
A kiss o' her mou' is worth thousands to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.
And, if there ever should happen to be
A diff'rence between my wee wife and me,
In hearty good-humour, although she be tens'd,
I'll kiss her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

Moderato. Recitative.

a tempo.

It fell a-bout the Mar-tinmas time, And a gay time it was then, O! When
our gude-wife had pud-dings to mak', And she boil'd them in the pan, O!
The wind blew cauld frae south to north,
It blew into the door;
Says our gudeman to our gudewife,
'Get up and bar the door.'
'My hand is in my hursyf skep,
Gudeman, as ye may see;
Au it shouldna be barr'd this huns'er year,
It's un be barr'd by me l'
They made a pactiun 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,—
The first that spak the foremost word
Should rise and bar the door.
Then by there cam twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at nicht;
And they could neither see house nor la',
Nor coal nor caudle-light.
'Now whether is this a rich mon's house,
Or whether is this a puir?'
But never a word wad one o' them speak,
For the barrin' o' the door.

And first they ate the white puddin,
And syne they ate the black;
And muckle thought our gudewife to hersel,
But never a word she spak.
They said the tane unto the other,
'Hae, mon, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the cauld man's beard,
While I kiss his gudewife.'
'But there's use water in the hou',
And what shall we do then?'
'What ails ye at the puddin' broo,
That boil'd into the pan?'
O! then up startit our gudeman,
And an angry man was he:
'Wad ye kiss my wife before my face
Aud scaud me wi' puddin' bree?'
Then up and startit our gudewife,
Gi'nd three skips on the floor:
'Gudeman, ye've spoken the foremost word
Get up and bar the door!'

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

The Poetry by Miss Edgeworth.—Composed by John Whittaker.

Andante.

When the leaves had for - sa - ken the trees, And the for - ests were chill - ly and
bare; When the brooks were be-gin - ning to freeze, And the snow wa-ved fast thro' the
air;— A Ro - bin had fled from the wood, To the sung ha-hi - ta - tion of man;
On the thres-hold the wan - der-er stood, And thus his pe - ti - tion be - gan:— The
snow's com - ing down ve - ry fast, No shel - ter is found on the tree; When you
bear this un - pli - ty - ing blast, I pray you take pi - ty on me.
The hips and the haws are all gone,
I can find neither berry nor sloe;
The ground is as hard as a stone,
And I'm almost buried in snow.
My dear little nest, once so neat,
Is now empty, and ragged, and torn:
On some tree, should I now take my seat,
I'd be frozen quite fast before morn.
O! throw me a morsel of bread!
Take me in by the side of your fire;
And, when I am warmed and fed,
I'll whistle without other hire.

Till the sun be again shining bright,
And the snow is all gone, let me stay;
O! see what a terrible night!
I shall die if you drive me away.
And when you come forth in the morn,
And are talking and walking around,
O! how will your bosom be turn,
When you see me lie dead on the ground.
Then pity a poor little thing,
And throw me a part of your store;
I'll fly off in the first of the spring,
And never w'll trouble you more.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

On Rich-mond Hill there lives a lass, More sweet than May - day morn, Whose
charms all o - ther maids sur - pass, A rose with-out a thorn. This lass so neat, with
smiles so sweet, has won my right good will; I'd crown re-sign to call her mine, Sweet
lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Rich-mond
Hill; I'd crown re-sign to call her mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wan-ton through the grove,
O! whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her and love.
This lass so neat, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
Who calls this nymph his own;
O! may her choice be fix'd on me,
Mine's fix'd on her alone.
This lass so neat, &c.

TELL ME, HAVE YOU SEEN A TOY?

Composed by W. H. Ware.

Allegretto Affezione.

Tell me, have you seen a toy Cal'd Love? a lit - tie boy Arm'd with arrows,
wan-ton, blind, Cru - el now, and then as kind— cru - el now, and then as kind?
If he be a - mong ye, say,— He is Ve-nus' run-a-way, a-way; If he be a -
mong ye, say,— He is Venus' run-a-way, a-way. And near, be sure,— For, lol his
lure— La rose d'a-mour, la rose d'a-mour; And near, be sure— For, lol his
lure, La rose, la rose, la rose d'a-mour; La rose, la rose, la rose d'a-mour.
Wings he hath, which, though ye clip, If, by chance, his arrows miss,
He will leap from lip to lip: He will shoot ye in a kiss:
If he be among ye, &c.

THE RIVULET.

The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Reisinger.

Andantino con Moto.

I love the lit-tle laugh-ing rill, That all the live-long day Goes spark-ling,
sing-ing, dan-cing still, Through mea-dows, far a-way! O! oft I've chas'd that
sportive stream, In summer's sun-ny hours; And watch'd each sil - vry rip-ple gleam, Or
pluck'd the bor-d'ring flow-ers. Or pluck'd the bor - der - ing flow'rs.
And still I love to stand and gaze But life, like thee, flows on, sweet rill!
Along its winding shore, And I, like thee, must haste,
And dream of happy, happy days, Each day to do my Father's will,
That will return no more! Nor turn one hour to waste.

A PREY TO TENDER ANGUISH.

Composed by Haydn.

Larghetto.

A prey to ten - der an - guish, Of ev' - ry joy be - reav'd, How oft I
sigh and lan - guish, How oft by hope de - ceiv'd; Still wish - ing, still de -
si - ring, To bliss in vain ns - pi - ring; A thou - sand tears I shed, In
night - ly tri - bute sped, In night - ly tri - bute sped.

And love and fame betraying,
And friends no longer true;
No smiles my face arraying,
No heart so fraught with woe:
So pass'd my life's sad morning,
Young joys no more returning.
Alas! now all around
Is dark and cheerless found:
Ah! why did nature give me
A heart so soft and true?
A heart to pain and grieve me,
At ills that others rue:
At others' ills thus wailing,
And inward griefs assailing.
With double anguish fraught,
To throb each pulse is fraught.

Ere long, perchance, my sorrow
Shall find its welcome close;
Nor distant far the morrow.
That brings the wis'd repose:
When death, with kind embracing,
Each bitter anguish chasing,
Shall mark my peaceful doom,
Beneath the silent tomb.
Then cease, my heart, to languish,
And cease to flow, my tears:
Though naught be here but anguish,
The grave shall end my cares.
On earth's soft lap reposing,
Life's idle pageant closing,
No more shall grief assail,
Nor sorrow longer wait.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by G. P. Morris, Esq.—The Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

Adagio.

Up - on the bar - ren land, A via - gle cap - tive stood; A -
round him came, with bow and brand, The Red Man of the wood; Like
Him of old, his doom he hours, Rock-bound on o - cean's rim:— The
chieftain's daugh - ter knelt, in tears, And breath'd a pray'r for him.
Above his head, in air,
The savage war-club swung;—
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb:—
Subdued by that heroic maid,
Who breath'd a pray'r for him!

'Unbind him!' gasp'd the chief,
'It is your king's decree!'
He kiss'd away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels, in woman's form,
And breathes a pray'r for him'

THE SAILOR BOY.

The Poetry by S. May.—The Music by T. P. Chipp.

Audiante. p

All hush'd were the breezes and smooth was the ocean, All na-ture look'd gay; but, with
fond - est e - mo-tion, My man-ther wept n'er me, for it was our first part-ing! The
eres. *p* *con express.*
sails were un-furl'd, and the boat was just starting. O, weep not, though hard is the
sail - or boy's pil-low,— Calm - ly he slum bers when rock'd by the bill-low, Calm - ly he
ad lib. *p*
slum bers when rock'd by the bill-low. Vi-sions of home will de-light him while dream-ing, And
eres.
when through the sky morn's red tin-ges are stream-ing, Will cher-ish the heart of the
p
poor sail - or boy, Will cher-ish the heart of the poor sail - or boy!

Our cannon soon thunder'd their hostile defiance,
To crush the proud foe who had scorn'd our alliance;
With vict'ry and wealth now in triumph return-ing,
Far home with impatience each bosom was burn-ing.
At night, though I safely recline on my pillow,

In fancy again I am rock'd by the billow,
And see the wild ocean's white foam in my dream-ing;
But, when through the sky morn's red tin-ges are
stream-ing,
They vanish, and gladden the poor sailor boy.

TO THE SETTING SUN.

The Words translated from the German, and adapted, expressly for this work, to an Air by Desselner.

Allegretto.

How I love to see thee, Gol-den even-ing sun! How I love to
see thee, When the day is done! Sweet-ly thou re-call-est child-hood's
joy - ous days,— Hours when I so fond-ly watch'd thy evening blaze.

When in tranquill glory
Thou didst sink to rest,
O! what holy longings
Fir'd my swelling breast!
Were it mine thus brightly
Virtue's course to run—
Mine to sleep so sweetly,
All my labours done!

Thus I wish'd in childhood,
When I gus't on thee—
Wish'd my heavenly pathway
Like thine own might be;—
Still I love to see thee,
Golden evening sun;
How I love to see thee
When the day is done!

COME, ROVE WITH ME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.—The Music by J. F. Danseley.

Moderato.

Come, rove with me! Come, rove with me! O'er glade and green-wood dell, - O'er
glade and green-wood dell: I've vows of truth to make, I've tales of love to
tell: The night-breeze whis-pers low In con-verse with the moon. The
bird of ev'-ning sings Her sweet, her love-lorn tune. - - -
Come, rove with me! Come, rove with me! O'er glade and green-wood
dell; - O'er glade and green-wood dell! Come, rove with me! O'er glade and
green-wood dell! Come, rove with me! - O'er glade and green-wood dell!
The dew of mellow eve Better than flaunting crowds,
Their balmy tears distil; Or gaudy gay saloon,
The pleasant summer winds Thru rove through forests green
Are dreaming on the hill: When shines the gentle moon.
Come, rove with me, &c.

MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.

Composed by Signor Giordani.

Larghetto.

My lod- ing is na the cold ground, And ve - ry hard is my fare; But that which
grieves me more, love, is the cold-ness of my dear;— Yet still he cried, 'Turn, love, I
pray thee, love, turn to me; For thou art the an-ly girl, love, That is a-dor-ed by me.
With a garland of straw I will crown thee, love— But if you will harden your heart, love,
I'll marry you with a rush ring; And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Thy frozen heart shall melt with love, O, I must endure the smart, love,
So merrily I shall sing. And tumble in straw all alone.
Yet still he cried, &c. Yet still he cried, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.

A Jacobite Song.

Cheerfully.

The piper came to our town, to our town, to our town—The pi-per came to our town, And he play'd bon-ni-lic. He play'd a spring the laird to please, A spring hrest new fine 'yont the seas; And then he ga'e his bags a wheeze, And play'd an-i-ther key.

And was an he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee?
He play'd 'The welcome ower the Main,'
And 'Ye'se be fow and I'se be faim,'
And 'Auld Stuart's back again,'
Wi' muckle mirth and glee.

And was an he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee?
He play'd 'The Kirk,' he play'd 'The Queen,'
'The Mullin Dhu,' and 'Chevalier,'
And 'Lang awny, but welcome here,'
Sae sweet, sae bonnile.

And was an he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee?
It's some gat swords and some gat nae,
And some were dancing muil til' eir lane,
And many a vow o' weel was ta'en,
That night at Assurie.

And was an he a roguy,
The piper o' Dundee?
There were Tullibardine, and Barleigh,
And Struan, Keith, and Osilvie,
And brave Carnegie—wha but he,
The piper o' Dundee?

WANDERING WILLIE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Poetry by Burns.

Moderately.

Here a - wa, there a - wa, wan - der - ing Wil - lie! Here a - wa, there a - wa,
hand a - wa hanse! Come to my bo-som, my ain on - ly dea - rie; Tell me thou
bring'st me my Wil - lie a - gain. Win - ter winds blew loud and cauld at our
part - ing; Fears for my Wil - lie brought tears in my e'e: Wel-come now
sum-mer, and welcome, my Wil - lie: The summer to na - ture, and Wil - lie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers! But, O! if he's faithless, and minds na his Naanie!
How your dread howling a-lover ainsme! Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main!
Wankens, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows! May I never see it, may I never trow it,
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms! But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

The Words by Thomas Hood.—The Music by J. Blewitt.

Pomposa.

How well I remember the ninth of November! The sky ve - ry fog- gy, the sun look-ing
grog- gy; In fact, al - to - ge-ther pea-soup- eo - lou'r'd weather;—Shop win-dows all
shutter'd, The pavement all butter'd, po - licie - men pa - ra-ded, The street bur-ri-ca - ded,
A tempo.

And a peel from the stee-pie of Bow - o - ol Low wo-men in pat-tens, High
ladies in satins, And cousin suburbs in flame-color'd turbans; Quite up to the at-tics,
in - vi - ting rheu-matics; A great mob col-lect - ing with-out much se - lect - ing, And
Pomposa.

some, it's a pi - ty, are free of the Ci - ty, As your pockets may happen to know.

[PATTER.]—Now, John, put up the shutters, lock the door, and clean the glass over it; the three Ma-ster Bells are coming to look through the fun-light.—(Maid curtseying.) If you please, sir, missis's compliments, and woud you oblige her and little family with four front windows—she has all her tape at your shop!—Very sorry; all my fronts are engaged; but she's quite welcome to all the backs, looking into the churchyard—my compliments!—Miss Maggs, my love, I hope you have room at the window?—(Miss M.—quite jammed in.) Plenty, mean think you—we could squeeze in one more!—O I do look opposite! what a beautiful cas-tshore!—Yes, she's a bad han' wi' of the shop, and her shawl of tallow!—(Citizen bowing.) Prond fair for the City, sir!—(Pomposa.) O vary—vary—Instalment—chief magistrate—first dignitary—first metropolis!—King of London!!! Blis-some pinscher!!! (Citizen bowing.) True, sir, true—I'm a partiple of the municipal myself.—A splendid sight, Mr. Bumble—how you see all the beauty and fashion of Charingeade. Yes—and the cheapside of beauty and fashion!—O he!—you are such a quib!—Bless me! I look at the streets! every body seems a king!—Yes, ma'am, even the Giants!—(In the street.) Marry! Marry! here's a nice deep door to stand up at!—!(In agony.) Drot the door! the seaper has just scraped acquaintance with my ankle!—Come—move on! move on!—Don't heifer me!—(Alfonso.) O Billy! What's the matter, Jimmy!—Look up there!—isn't she a angel!—She'll live in my art!—Ah! won't we chance, Billy!—Vy not, Jimmy!—Cos she lives in the heart of the City!—(Boy.) O ery!—look how that boy's relvences are coming through the lamp-iron!—Hesit, my dear, do you stand comfortable?—O very—on one leg—but when I put down the other, it goes into the gutter. Never mind—it will be over in an hour.—Why I say!—I say, my fine fellow—your hand's in my pocket!—Feed! your honour, it's so cold one's glad to put one's hands any where!—Lost anything, sir?—No, sir.—More lucky than me—I put in my pocket a pint of shrimps—and I've had 'em all picked as I came along!

Such bus - tie and bus - tie and mobbing and rubbing, Such bus - tie and
bus - tie and mobbing and rob - biug, All, all to see the Lord May'r's show.
How well I remember the ninth of November, A coach like a lanters,—I wonder it can turn;
Six trenpets on duty as shrill as Velluti; All curv'd like old buildings, and drawn by six
A great City Marshal, to riding not partial! geldings,
The footmen, the state ones, with calves, very great ones; With two chubby faces, where sword and where
The cook and the scullion, well basted with bullion; mace is;
And a squad of each Corporate Co-o-o; (jerkins;) The late May'r, the Ex-one—a thought that must
Four dragoons from Perkins', in steel and brass vex one;
The new May'r just come in to blow.

[PATTER.]—Here it comes!—here it comes!—(Trumpet obbligato.) That's the Show—it always leads with a trumpet!—(Woman.) If you please, sir—one, not you; the tall Gentleman—would you chide my Tommy with a pick-a-back?—No, I won't—You must pick a back somewhere else!—(Irishman.) A back is it!—Here, honest—put the legs of ye round my neck, and hold on by my eyebrows!—Here they come! Clear the way! Clear the way!—Stand back!—Stand back, ye Pensioner!—I shan't!—You must!—I shan't!—Bet you must!—I can't!—my wooden-leg's stuck in the plug!—Stand back!—O my head! my head!—My eyes, Jack!—look at those constab'ls!—There's a 'breaker ahead!'—Ab! do you know why them staffs are like bees?—No, I don't!—It's 'cause they give such lots of whacks!—There goes the City Marshal!—Hush!—lawh! I took him for the Duke of Wellington! (A medley of music.) No great things of a band, I think—Christmas waits on a small scale!—There's a fog!—I call that a proper wagger!—I say you chaps in the mustard caps! you'll have a fine drapgle-tail to your banner! Let 'em alone! it's like the weather—won't hold up!—(Child.) A tin man! a tin man! a tin man!—Hush, you little fool!—it's a man in armorial bearings!—Lady.) Splendid suit of armour, sir!—(Pomposo.) O! vary—vary—I am told it belonged to the Black Prince—O, Prince Le Boo!—There's another suit in brass—gray, is that mentioned in history?—Yes, ma'am—in Brandenburgh's Mammoth!—There's the state footmen—what lusty fellows!—No wonder they eat their master out of house and home in a twelvemonth.—(Distant shouting.) Here he comes!—there's the coach!—Bless me, what a vehicle!—like a gilt brougham!—More! like a Chinese lantern on its travel! Well, I do admire the horses—such splitty erection!—Ab! the coachman's a great brute to 'em!—Indeed!—Yes, look an 'em!—all cut into ribbons!—Pray, is that the Lord Mayor, with his nose flattened against the glass?—No; that's the gentleman that bears the City Mace!—Oh! then, of course he's the City Geerer!—And that little man in the back of the coach?—Oh! that's the great man himself!—(Cheers.) Hooray!—hooray!—why don't you shy off your hat?—Cox! It may be shy of coming back again!—Lady.) Allow me to ask—is the new Mayor of correct principles?—O vary—vary!—Folly, my dear, why don't you wave, then?—So I do, Ma, as well as I can hooray! hooray! the Lord Mayor for ever!—Hush, child!—don't say 'for ever,' it's so like a skip upon him—you know he only comes in at one ear and goes out at t' other! On the 5th of November he has to vacate the chair.—Poor dear man!—it must be a painful thing, sir, to be obliged to part with his seat of honour!—Oh, vary, vary.

Such bustle and bustle, &c.

How well I remember the ninth of November! The fine Lady Mayress an aristich's heiress, In best bib and Tucker, and dignified pucker; The learned Recorder, in Old Bailey order; The Sheriffs together, with their hanging weather, And their heads like John Anderson's pow-o-o;

The Aldermen country, and looking red portly; And buckler and bargemen, with other great large men; With streamers and banners held up in odd manners; A mob running after, to see it by water; And the wharfs popping off as they go.

[PATTER.]—There she is—a what a beautiful plume I and what a lovely stomacher!—Now, Mr. Drangie, what do you think of our Mayress?—May I speak my sentiments?—O, certainly!—Why, then, I think she has borrowed half the silks of Cheshire, and all the feathers of the Poultry!—You are as severe!—Pray, sir, would you be so good as inform me what are those gentlemen with fur gowns on, like judges?—Ah, they're no judges!—I mean those with white wands, like conjurers!—Ah, they're no conjurers—they're the Common Council!—Now, Bill, about out!—Hush, hush!—Bless me, what makes the Sheriffs so popular!—It aren't them—it's the charrois—they were built at our master's.—Keep off the wheels there!—Pray, which are the Sheriffs?—Those in seal'vet, ma'am, with collars of A double S: all the great city poets have chains to 'em!—Here we come! now, Barkey, be ready with your younguns!—(Blisses and groans.) Hold your noise, ye young tharves o' the world, and born blackguards!—I wish I was the mother on ye!—V'y, ye ain't a blessing at you, Judy: it's the Recorder—he had a vipp'd last session!—There goes Alderman Gobble!—No, it ain't his Judge Cross, and there ain't even a big wog as 'e eat and drink with bigger wigger!—Come, move on, move on!—Get-up, Pattern-makers!—Go along, Girdlers, you'll be too late for dinner!—Shove along, Jack!—did you see him take water?—(Woman.) Take water! what, with nothing in it?—No, you fool, with boats and bridges and barges, and every thing in it!—(Bowling clause.) Superb piece of pageantry! gorgeous specta-cta!—(Pomposo.) O, vary, vary—great magnificence—great eloquence—great corpulence—great greatness!—Mile Magga, my love, I hope you have been gratified!—O, so much!—Interesting sight—august ceremony—imposing effect—extremely obliged—so very comfortable—whist! (bowing!) Not quite open weather enough for open windows! (more sneezing)—Colds are catching, ma'am!—Then I wish they'd catch my turban, for I've just sneezed it out of window!

Such bustle and bustle, &c.

O, MARK YON LITTLE BOUNDING BARK.

Arranged expressly for this work, to a melody by Spohr.

Moderato.

O mark you lit-tle bounding bark That skims a-long the main! Ye roar-ing
winds, be mer-ci-ful—Re-turn it safe a-gain; And blow, ye breezes, gently blow, And
waft it near the shore: For one young heart would break with woe, should it re-turn no more!

A fair one stands at her lattice high,
And she sees it come in sight;
Her heart beats as it ventures nigh,
And she watches with delight.

Her lover's in yon little bark,
That rises with the foam;
Then gently blow, ye verdant trees,
And waft the sailor home.

THE GONDOLA.

The Poetry by T. K. Hervey; the Music by John Rogers.

Scherzando.

The gond-o-la glides Like a spi-rit of night, O'er the slum-ber-ing tides In the
 calm moon-light: The star of the north Shows her gold-en eye, But a bright-er looks
 forth From yon lattice on high, But a bright-er looks forth From yon lat-tice on high.

Her taper is oat,
 And the silver beam
 Floats the maiden about,
 Like a beautifull dream;
 And the beat of her heart
 Makes her tremble all o'er,
 As she lists with a start
 To the dash of the oar.
 But the moments are past,
 And her fears are at rest,
 And her lover at last
 Holds her clasp'd to his breast;

And the planet above,
 And the quiet blue sea,
 Are pledg'd to his love
 And his constancy.
 He looks to the stars
 Which are gemmimg the blue,
 And devoutly he swears
 He will ever be true;
 Then bends him to hear
 The low sound of her sigh,
 And kiss the fond tear
 From her beautiful eye.

THE THORNLESS ROSE.

The Poetry by Rosamond Wadams; the Music by W. Kirby.

Moderato.

O! long I've been wan-dring thro' val-ley and bow'r, in seek-ing a rose, love-ly
 queen of all flow'rs; And ma-nay I've found ve-ry fair to the eye, But sharp pierc-ing thorns spoil'd their
 ad lib.
 beau-ti-ful dye, But sharp pierc-ing thorns spoil'd their beau-ti-ful dye: And my
 love has de-clar'd, If she find but one thorn, By all that is true, she'll not wed me at
 ad lib.
 morn, not wed me at morn. O! where can I wan-der, and where can I go, To find such a
 trea-sure?—O! no-where, no, not O! where can I wan-der, and where can I
 go, To find such a trea-sure?—O! no-where—O! no-where—O! no, no, no, not

Say, is she not cruel? such flow'rs do not blow,—
For where tis the Eden now thornless below?
I'll tell her, my love, all my labour were vain,
Though earth I roan'd over again and again.

But a rose without thorns, ah! believe me 'tis true,
I have found it at last,—dearest love, it is you!
Then doubt me not, fairest,—nay, bid me not go
To seek such another—O! no, no, no, no!

A LAY OF GREETING FROM AFAR.

The Music by His Royal Highness Prince Albert; the Poetry translated from the German of Prince Ernest by William Hall.—Published by Lonsdale.

Andante.

How it räs tüs 'mid the bowers! How it floats in whis-pers by! What is this that *Ua poco più mosso.*
 stir the flowers? Was it but the ze - phyr nigh? Sweetly how the breeze, ex-
 tending, Sweeps o'er woodland, lake, and plain! Now a charm of E - den lend - ing To the
 moon's un-cloud-ed reign, To the moon's un - cloud - ed reign! Sweetly, how the breeze, ex-
 tend - ing, Sweeps o'er wood-land, lake, and plain! Now a charm of E - den
 lend - ing To the moon's on-cloud - ed reign, To the moon's un - cloud - ed reign!
 O! ye airs, that softly yonder
 Hail each leaflet of the grove,
 Tell me, ye, afar that wander,
 Where ye greet the friend I love?

Bid him, as ye hover o'er him,
 Deem my constant spirit near.
 And my wafted song restore him.
 Now, O! more than ever dear!

SAY, LITTLE FOOLISH FLUTTERING THING.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

Moderato.

Say, St - the fool-ish flut - tering thing, lit - tie fool-ish flut - tering thing.
 Whither - ah! whither, whith-er - ah! whither, whith-er - ah! whith-er would you
 wing your air - y flight? Stay here, and sing, thy mis-tress to de-light, thy
 mis - tress to de - light:—No, sweet ro - bin, sweet ro - bin! you shall not
 go,— Where, you wan-ton, could you be Half so hap - py as with me?

THERE IS NOT A BREATH.

The Poetry by Delta.—The Music by Alex. D. Roche.

Andante.

There is not a breath on the breast of the ocean—The sun-beams on yon-der blue
 waves are a-sleep— The bright fea-ther'd tribes of the sea are in mo-tion, Or
 bask on the ver-dure-less brow of the steep; The bark is at rest, by the
 breez-es for-sak-en, And the mar-in-er anx-iou-sly piles at the oar, Till the
 soft ris-ing gales of the twi-light a-wak-en, And waft him a-long to his
 cot on the shore, And waft him a-long to his cot on the shore.

Yet mournful I wander: though beauties surround me,

The glories of nature no rapture impart;
 In her mantle of darkness affliction hath bound me,
 And dried up the fountain of peace from my heart.

The hopes that were dear, and the dreams that I
 cherish'd,

Like the prophet from Carmel, have taken their
 And the shadows that brood o'er the bliss that
 hath perish'd

Encompass my path with disaster and night

ROBIN ADAIR.

Pastore.

What's this dull town to me? What made it dear? What wasn't I
 wish'd to see—What wish'd to hear? Where's all the life and mirth
 That made this heav'n on earth? O, they are all fled with thee, Ro-bin A-dair.

What made th' assembly shine?
 Robin was there!
 What made the ball so fine?
 Robin Adair!
 And, when the play was o'er,
 What made my heart so sore?
 O! it was parting with
 Robin Adair!

Now he's gone far from me,
 Robin Adair,
 And I no more shall see
 Robin Adair!
 Yet him I love so well
 Still in my heart shall dwell:
 O! I can ne'er forget
 Robin Adair.

O ERIN, THE LAND OF THE FAIR AND THE BOLD.

The Poetry by W. F. Collard.—The Music by I. C. Clifton.

Moderato.

Fair lake, whose bright crystal of beau - ti - ful wa - ters, Re-lect-ing the an-tumn's rich
ru - hy and gold, Is on - ly sur-pass'd by the eyes of thy daughters, O
E - rin, the land of the fair and the bold! Take, take the warm tri-ble of one who be-
hold-ing The sights of enchantment which cir - cle thy brink, A pa-ra-dise sees in thy
bright-ness un - fold - ing, And foun-tains from which none but an - gels should drink.

O I could the first moment when ardent affection Methinks 'twere a boon too delicious for granting—
Responsive breaks forth from the eye and the heart.
A gift for a lover too blissfully high,
Be pass'd near thy waters, whose glowing reflection In a moment so bles'd—'midst a scene so en-
chanting—
Can charms so unearthly to nature impart; To clasp his belov'd, and, in clasping her, die!

THE INVITATION.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work to an Air by Bellini.

mezzo-forte Moderato.

O, come, 'tis the hour thou didst pro-mise to meet me—The moon now has ris-en, the
stars glim - mer bright; O, come, for the night - in-gale's wait-ing to greet thee, And
ush - er, with mu - sic, the fast - com - ing night. 'Tis sweet to be - hold the first
hum - ble spring-flow'r, When we feel that the stern winds of winter will flee— Or the
welcome re-turn of pros - per - i-ty's hour; But sweet - er than these are thy glances to me.

O, come and behold how the beauties are growing—
The moon dances merrily through the broad skies;
O, fear not the breezes;—no rough winds are blow-
ing.—
"Tis only the soft evening zephyr that sighs.

Then come! O delay not,—the moments are fleeting,
The time that thou lingerest we ne'er can regain;
Could'st thou tell how my heart in this bosom is
beating, [prize there again.
Thou wouldst come with thy smile, and shed

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

Moderato.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to a Melody by Spohr.

Beau-ties! there is no-thing new Near the chang - ling moon: Maids are fickle, men are
 true, And are van - quish'd soon! It was so—(was it not so?) A thou-sand,
 thou-sand years a - go! It was so—(was it not so?) A thou-sand thou-sand years a - go!
 Gold is still the king of kings; Beau-ties! help us to a change,—
 Life is still too brief; Teach us (simple elves!)
 Love hath still his little wings, A little art, and how to range;
 And is still—a thief! But be true yourselves!
 It was so—(was it not so?) This may be, though 'twas not so
 A thousand thousand years ago! A thousand thousand years ago!

THE VOICE AND THE FLOWER.

Swiss Ballad, The Words by Miss F. A. Davidson; The Music by J. Blewitt.
mf Moderato.

A maid - en was stray-ing near Zu-rich's fair bow - ers. While the
 broth - of the morn-ing was fresh on the snow's; Where the
 dew - drops, re - - ching on couch - es so bright, Shone forth on each
 leaf - let like stars in the night. The maid - en thus sigh'd, as she
 gaz'd on each flow' - er, "Oh, would I could hear a sweet
 voice in this bow'r!" A si si u, si ri u, ai si u,
 ai si u, ai si u, ai si u, si al u, abt
 The maiden had scarcely her wishes though over,
 When the voice of a youth, who like her, was a
 rover,
 Came sweetly and softly upon her wrapt ear:
 "Pray, pardon, I knew not a lady was here!"
 The maiden blush'd sweetly, but hop'd he'd not
 leave her—
 She was sure that he never could be a deceiver.
 A si si u, &c.

"Heart-sick of man's voices, I flew to these bowers,
 To hear the sweet birds, and to pull the sweet flow'r;
 But your voice is more sweet, and your beauty more
 rare,
 Than the brightest and best that may welcome me.
 Let this tale, then, be told, while my pen has the
 power;
 The maid heard a voice, and the youth pull'd a flow'r!
 A si si u, &c.

BUFFALO GALS,

As Sung by the Ethiopian Serroaders.—Published by Davidson.

Allegretto.

As I was ram - bling down de street, down de street, down de street, A
 beau - ty gal I chanc'd to meet, Lab - iv as morn - ing dew. Buf - fa - lo
 gals, can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-night?
 Buf - fa - lo gals, can't you come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon.
 Chorus.
 Buf - fa - lo gals, can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-night? can't you come out to-
 night? Buf - fa - lo gals, can't you come out to-night, And dance by de light ob de moon?
 I said, " My angel, will you talk ? They're all alike to me.
 And take wid me a little walk, Buffalin gals, &c.
 Wid those sweet feet I view?
 Buffalo gals, &c.
 * And would you like tu take a dance ? * O ! I will inh you all my life,
 Quadrille, or Polka, fresh from France, And you shall be my happy wife,
 If you will marry me.' Buffalo gals, &c.

LOVE RULES THE COURT, THE CAMP.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.

Andante.

In peace love tunes the shep-herd's reed, In war he mounts the war - rior's
 steed, In halls in gay at - tire is seen, In ham - lets dane-ling on the
 green. Love rules the court, the camp, the grove, and men be-low, and saints a-bove; For
 love is heav'n, and heav'n is love, For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love, For
 love is heav'n, and heav'n is love, For love is heav'n, and heav'n is love.

WITH LOWLY SUIT.

Composed by Storace.

Larghetto express.

With lowly suit and plain-tive dit-ty, I call the ten-der mind to pit-ty.
 I call the ten-der mind to pit-ty; My friends are gone, my heart is beat-ing, And chill-ing
 por-er ty's my lot,— From pass-ing stran-gers aid in-treat-ing, I wan-der
 thus a-lone, sue - got: Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis-tress-ing, And Heav'n re -
 ward you with its bless-ing. Here's tales of love and maids for - sa - ken, Of bat - tles
 fought and cap-tives ta-ken, The jo-vial tar so bold-ly sail-ing, Or cast up-on some de-sert
 shore, The hap-less bride his loss be-wall-ing, And fear-ing ne'er to see him more.
 Re-lieve my woes, my wants dis-tress-ing, And Heav'n re -ward you with its bless-ing.

BESIDE THE LONE SEA.

The Poetry arranged expressly for this work, to a Melody by Bellini.

Moderato con express.

Be - side the lone sea a dark mai-den had wan-der'd, Her eyes on the o-cean, Her
 heart far a-way; No soul save her -self on that wild scene poa-der'd, And yet
 she felt hap-py, and cheer-ful, and gay. Her harp hung he - side her, and, sha-
 ding her brow, Dark ring-lets in clas-ters all care-less-ly lay; And she smil'd as the
 winds swept her - - - bosom of snow, For here she felt happy, and cheerful, and gay.

Her harp hung beside her, and, shading her brow,
Dark ringlets in clusters all carelessly lay;
And she smile'd as the wind swept her bosom of
snow.
For here she felt happy, and cheerful, and gay.
And she gaz'd on the stars, and her heart it heat
high,
As she pour'd out her soul in a fond holy lay;
And she pray'd for a world that had made her to
sigh,
For she knew that in it she could never be gay.
But yet she once lov'd it, and once, too, admis'd,
Could join in its pleasures in splendid array;
In the song or the dance she was last to be tir'd,
For she deem'd that in these she could always
be gay.
But her heart's tender hopes were too early bereft
Of all they once clung to in life's sunny day;

And the gay friends she cherish'd had all of them
left,—
O! say, could she then in the world appear gay?
And she lov'd—but the youth who had lov'd her
deceiv'd,
And the bright smiles he gave her beam'd bet to
For he left her—unpitied—alone—and aggrev'd,—
O! she felt after this she could never be gay.
Then she turn'd to her harp, and, beside the lone sea,
Where her false-hearted lover had sail'd far away,
She pour'd in the twilight love's sad minstrelsy,
And she felt, as she play'd, her heart warm and
be gay.
And thus 'tis in solitude most of us find,
When fond hopes are blighted, and friendships
decay,
That relief which in crowds ever flies from the mind,
Which makes us feel happy, and cheerful, and gay.

THE SAPLING OAK.

Composed by Stephen Storace.

Andantino.

The sap - ling oak, lost in the dell Where tan - gled brake's its beau - tiful spoil, And
ev - ry in - fant shoot re - pel, Droops hope - less o'er th' ex - haust - ed soil, droops
hope - less o'er th' ex - haust - ed soil - - - - hope - less o'er th' ex - haust - ed soil; At
length the wood - man clears a - round, Where - e'er the nox - ious thick - et's spread, And

Pis Allegro.

high, re - vi - ving, o'er the ground, The fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his head; At
length the wood - man clears a - round, Where - e'er the nox - ious thick - et's spread, And
high, re - vi - ving, o'er the ground, The fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his
head, And high, re - vi - ving, o'er the ground, - - - - The fo - rest's
mo - narch lifts his head, And high, re - vi - ving, o'er the ground, The
fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his head, The fo - rest's mo - narch lifts his head,

THE LAD WITH THE CARROTTY POLL.

By Knight.

Allegro.

O dear, O dear, good gen-tle-folks, may it be said, I'm come here to learn if
a ny poor bairn Has been trou-bled like me wi' his head: My fey-ther and mo-ther they
us'd to con-trol Fif-teen of us bairns, all red in the poll; We all were pret-ty, and
mer-ry as Punch, But I were al-ways the pride of the bunch. O dear, O dear! I'm a
queer lit-tle comi-cal soul, And if you be-lieve, though I think you may see, I'm the lad wi'
the car-rot-ty poll, car-rot-ty poll, car-rot-ty poll; I'm the lad wi' the car-rut-ty poll!

O dear, O dear! I fear I shall never get wed,
For indeed, you must know, wherever I go,

They laugh at my carrotry head.

T'other day I went up to town wi' young squire.—
They said that my head would set Lannan a-fire:
I seed pretty women, wi' cheeks like a rose;
I gave one a kiss, but she painted my nose;—
O dear, O dear! I couldn't, I'm sure, for my soul,
Like the touch of her cheek, if I rubb'd for a week,
Get the red from my carrotry poll.

O dear, O dear! a quick in our village one day,
He said that he could, and I said that he should,
Come and take all my carrots away;
So he rubb'd and he scrubb'd, till my face went awry,
Wi' some stuff that he called his 'New Patent Dye.'

My hair he turn'd black, and my pockets he drain'd,
And I look'd like the devil first day that it rain'd.
O dear, O dear! I were such a transmogrified soul,
For my head were as bald as a pig that is scald,
And I long'd for my carrotry poll.

O dear, O dear! the joy of my heart, you must know,
Was to see the first sprout of hair shooting out,
When the carrots began to grow;
And my happiness now is arriv'd at the top,
Because I have got such a glorious crop;
And the lesson I've learn'd is never to fret,
But be always content with whatever I get.
O dear, O dear! the queer little comical soul
Ever will laud the hands that applaud
The lad with the carrotry poll.

COME, SWEET ONE, COME!

The Poetry and Music by His Royal Highness Prince Albert.—Translated from the German by William Ball.

cres. — — — — — *dim.* — — — — —

Come, sweet one, come! The air is balm, The moonlit
wave is shi - ning: O, share with me that heav'n-ly calm With - in my bark re-
cli - - ning! Come, dear - est, come! Come, dear - est, come!
Come, sweet one, come! Ere morning breaks, Thy mother sleeps, thy true love wakes,
Our homeward path we'll measure: What fears my maiden treasure?
Come, dearest, come! the.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHIUIBH.

Accento. The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—As sung by Mr. Wilson.

Pi-broch of Don-ull Dhal, Pi-broch of Don-ull, Wake thy wild voice a-new,
 Sum-mon clan Con-ull: Come a-way, come a-way, Hark to the sum-mous;
 Come in your war ar-ray, Gen-ties and com-mous. Come a-way, come a-way;
 Hark to the sum-mous; Come in your war a-ray, Gen-ties and com-mous.
 Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky;
 The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.
 Come, every hill-plaid, and
 True heart that wears one;
 Come, every steel blade, and
 Strong hand that bears one.
 Leave un tended the herd,
 The flock without shelter;
 Leave the corps unster'd,
 The bride at the altar.
 Leave the deer, leave the steer,
 Leave sets and barges;
 Come with your fighting gear,
 Broad-swords and targes.

Come, as the winds come, when
 Forests are rended;
 Come, as the waves come, when
 Navies are stranded.
 Faster come, faster come,
 Faster, and faster;
 Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
 Tenant and master.
 Fast they come, fast they come,
 See how they gather:
 Wide waves the eagle plume,
 Blended with heather.
 Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
 Forward each man set;
 Pibroch of Donuil Dhuibh,
 Now for the onset!

CLAN MACLEOD.

Composed by Philip Knapton.

Musette.

Though the pine has tower'd green on the hills of our fame, With-out yield-ing a
 branch is our bon-nets to wave, Through years when 'twas treason to breathe the proud
 name. That a long line of death-da-ring war - ri - ers gave; Yet now the dark cloud of op-
 press-ion is past, And Clan Macleod once more shall be strong as the blast.
 Again shall we start the tall stag frot the lair,
 And strike the coy pharula down from the
 Again shall we mingle at revel and fair, [height;
 As our fathers were wont in the days of their
 might;
 And again shall the blue eyes of beauty confess,
 That the dark sons of Gregor their fondness can blesse.
 And what though no longer the clans, as of yore,
 Find a home in the dells, by their chief's frown-ing towers,
 We'll gather, as now, from each far-distant shore,
 Round the scar-cover'd hero we welcome as ours;
 Not yielding the homage of fawning or fear,
 For the hearts of Clan Macleod beat high for him here.
 Then fill every wine-cup as full as each heart!
 To our chief and his lady-love pledge we the first;
 For the heir of Macgregor, our next votive part,
 Let the loud shouts of rapture and revelry burst;
 And a curse on the caitiff who first brings a stain
 On the name of Clan Macleod, thus honoured again

BILLY VITE AND NELLY GREEN; OR, THE GHOST OF A SHEEP'S HEAD.

Published by Duscombe.

Pianof.

Come, all you blades both high and low, And you shall hear of a di - mal go: It
is all a-bout one Bil - ly Vite, Who was his pa - rents' sole de - light.
Ri tol tid-dle lid-dle tol lol tol lol lol tid-dle lid-dle de.

He was a collier all by his trade,
And noted for a natty blade,
'Till he fell in love with Molly Green,
The prettiest lass that was ever seen.

Ri tol, &c.

Now this here young woman, I'd have you know,
Lov'd that ere young man but very so so,
For she was very well var's'd in letters,
And fit to marry poor Billy Vite's betters.

Ri tol, &c.

Now, when his suit she did deny,
He in a coal-pit went to cry,
When straightway appear'd unto him Old Nick,
Who bid him tip her a pen'orth of white ar'n'ic.

Ri tol, &c.

To poison her he was very, very loth,
So he mix'd it up in some sheep's-head broth,
And she did eat while she was able,
Till she fell stiff stone dead underneath the table.

Ri tol, &c.

One night, when he lay fast asleep,
He plainly saw the ghost of a sheep,
And unto him it straightway said,—
'A maid you've poison'd with my head.'

Ri tol, &c.

'I come,' says he, 'from Old Nick straight,—
He wants you, and he will not wait;
I'll tie you up in your red garters,
And carry you away a-top of my hind quarters.'

Ri tol, &c.

Now away they vent'ln a fiass of fire,
Which made all the people very much admire;
They had never seen such a sight before,
And I hope they never won't see such a sight not
never on more.

Ri tol, &c.

Now, all you blades unmarried,
Take warning by that ere chap what's dead, [wrong].
For if he had never done any young woman any
He might have been here, to hear this here song.

Ri tol, &c.

THE ARETHUSA.

Composed by W. Shield.

Moderato Pianof.

Come, all ye jolly sa - lors bold, Whose hearts are cast in Bri - tish
mould, While England's glo - ry I un-fold,— Hus - za for the A - re - thu - sa! She
is a fri-gate tight and brave, As ev - er stem'd the dash-ing wave; Her
men are staunch to their fav' - rite launch, And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Soon - er than strike, we'll all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stont,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poine straight a-head did lie.
The Arethusa seem'd to fly ;
Not a sheet, nor a tack,
Nor brace, did she slack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd and thought it stoff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.
On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stonkest they could find in France ;
We with two hundred did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho .
The Frenchman then cry'd out,—' Hallo !'

' Bear down, d'ye see,
To our admiral's lee.'
' No, no !' says the Frenchman, ' that can't be.'
' Then I must lug you along with me,'
Says the saucy Arethusa.
The fight was off the Frenchman's land ;
We forc'd them back upon their strand :—
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foes ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass
To his favourite lass—
A health to our captain and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

FAIR JESSY, THE MAID OF THE MOOR.

The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.—The Music by Dr. John Clark.

Moderato.

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THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.—Arranged, expressly for this work, to an Air by Donizetti.

Andante.

They grew in beau - ty side by side,— They fill'd one home with glee; Their
graves are se - ver'd far and wide, By mount and stream and sea. The
same fond mo - ther bent at sight O'er each fair sleep - ing brow; She had each
fold - ed flow'r in sight— Where are those dream - ers now?

O'er, midst the forests of the west,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, bath one,—
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the lov'd of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.
One sleeps where southern vines are dress'd,
Above the noble slain :
He wrapt his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fan'd;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.
And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled, as they pray'd
Around our parent knee !
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth !
Alas ! for love, if thou wert all,
And naught beyond, O, earth !

DEAREST GIRL, I SOON MUST LEAVE THEE.

The Music composed by Sir J. Stevenson.

Andante.

Dear-est girl, I soon must leave thee, Soon must cross the roar-ing main: Ro-sa, wilt thou
not be - lieve me? Whilst I live I'll true re - main! Toss'd up - on the faith-less
o - cean, I'll be faith - ful to my love; Midst the waves' in - con - stant
motion, Hen - ry's heart shall con - stant prove, Hen - ry's heart shall con - stant prove. Dear - est
girl, I soon must leave thee, Soon must cross the roar-ing main: Ro-sa, wilt thou not be -
lieve me? Whilst I live I'll true re - main! whilst I live I'll true re - main!

THE SEA-BOY ON THE GIDDY MAST.

The Poetry by William Pearce.—The Music composed by John Whitaker.

f Andante Moderato.

To Eng-land's tow'rs of oak fareweli! tow'rs of oak fare-well! Na more, na more for me shall
be un-fur'l'd The can-vass In the gale to swell, in the gale to swell: The o - cean
is no more, is no more my world; Yet there life's ear-liest years I fear - less
pass'd, A sea - boy on the high, the high and gid - dy mast; Yet there life's
ear-liest years I fear - less pass'd, A sea - boy on the high, the high and gid - dy mast.

There oft, to cheer the midnight hour,
The helmsman, with a fancy free,
His ditty to the waves world pour,
Of love on shore, and storms at sea;
And how the sea-boy, 'midst the rattling blast,
Keeps station oo the high and bending mast.

Dear were the sounds, though rude and hoarse,
Of helm a-ice or helm a-weather,
To bring the vessel to her course,
And keep the sails well fill'd together;
While on the look-ant far my eyes were cast,
The sea-boy an the high and bending mast.

THE NORWEGIAN MAID.

The Poetry by D. Thomson.—Adapted to a Norwegian Melody, by Muzio Clementi.
Larghetto Macaronico.

Dark low'r'd the night, loud roar'd the main, While the lone - ly maid sat weep - ing:
Ah, woe is me! Bea - con fires are vain! Vain my night - ly watch I'm keep-ing!
From the ear - ly morn-ing till the light de-cays, O'er the roll - ing wa - ters still I sad - ly gaze;
Thus I waste the hours, thus the ling - 'ring days,—Weary nights are spent in weep - ing!

Naught was heard to sound through the howling
Where the maid her watch was keeping; [blast,
But soon the dawn shew'd the broken mast,
O'er the stormy billow sweeping;
Still, as sinks the tide, the lonely wreck is seen,
'Mid the beating waves the frowning cliffs between;
Where the beacoa turf rises soft and green,
Now in death the maid is sleeping.

Ye who never know sorrow's keenest dart,
Far from all you love to sever,
Ah! weep for those who must sadly part,
N'er to meet again—ah, never!
Weep for her wha often climbs the stormy steep,
For her lover ther a hopeless watch to keep,
Wha in ocean's cave must so coldly sleep
'Mid its heaving waves for ever!

RETURN, O! MY LOVE.

The Poetry by Sarina; arranged expressly for this Work, to a popular Swiss Air.

Moderato.

Re - turn, O, my love ! For the bright star of ev - ning Has ris - en on
high with its sil - ver-y ray ; Ah ! where 'dost thou wan - der ? what
plea - sure can tempt thee To lin - ger so long from thy Ba - na - a - way ?

Return, O, my love ! for the zephyr is breathing
In whispers his vows to the soft blushing rose ;
The chamois is seeking his home on the mountain.
Each hird of the forest is lulled to repose.

Return, O, my love ! our infant is sleeping,
Cradled in peace on his fond mother's breast ;

Soft as the first sigh of morn are his slumbers,
Tranquil his breathings, unbroken his rest.
Hark ! 'tis a bugle ! my love is advancing,—
Bona no longer is sad and distress'd ;
He comes, for his faithful Fidelio is barking,—
My love has returned, and his Bona is bless'd !

THE IRISH DUEL.

The Words by T. Dibdin; Air, ' Chip chow, cherry chow.'

Allegretto Moderato.

Po - ta - toes grow in Li - me - rick, and beef at Bal - ly - more, And but - ter milk is
beau - ti - ful—but that you knew be - fore ; And I - rish - men love pret - ty girls, but
none could love more true Than lit - tie Pad - dy Wackmacrack lov'd Kate O'Don - a - bee.

Now Katty was as neat a lass as ever tripp'd the sod,
And Paddy bore with equal grace the musket or
the hod ; [choose
With trowel and with bayonet by turns the hero
To build up houses for his friends, and then to
charge his foes.

When gentle people fall in love, love's never at a loss
To find some ugly customers their happiness to cross,
And Paddy found n little trouble from a rival swain,
Who kept the Cat and Cucumber in Cauliflower Lane.

This youth was named Mackirkencroft, a very
dapper elf, [all himself ;
Whose clothes they fitted neatly, for he made them
A tailor bladie he waxy trade, of nasty boys in the broth,
Because he always cut his coat according to his cinch.
But Paddy knew the feelings of a gentleman it hurts
To find another ungentlely sticking in his skirts,
So sent a challenge without fear, for though he
wasn't rich, [as sick.
He call'd himself a gentleman, and still behaved
Makirty, too, good manners had, for he, as it appears,
To Paddy wrote for leave that he might cut off
both his ears ;

Says Pat to that, in style polite, as you may well
suppose,— [your nose.]

'My ears you're very welcome to, but first I'll pull

Then when and where were settled fair, when Pat,
as bold as brass, [cried, ' Alas !'
Cried, ' You know what we fight about ? '—Makirty
And then in haste, and not to waste such very
precious time, [out prime.
One prim'd without a loading, t'other loaded with

Then back to hawk they stood, good luck ! to meas -
ure yards a score, — [before ;

Mackirkencroft such honest measure never gave
He walk'd so light that out of sight full fairly he
was seen, [twaren.

And Paddy shot a finger-post some half-a-mile be -
Now Pat and Kat soon after that in wedlock's
bands were join'd ;

Makirty he kept walking on, and never look'd
behind,

And till this day his ghost, they say (for he of loves
expired),

Kreps walking round the finger-post at which bold

Paddy fired.

NIGHT SONG.

The Poetry adapted expressly for this Work, to an Air by Reisinger.

Allegretto.

Mur - mur, gen - tle lyre, Through the lone - ly night— Mur - mur, gen - tle
 lyre, Through the lone - ly night; Let thy trem - bling wire wa - ken
 dear de - light, Let thy trem - bling wire wa - ken dear de - light.
 Though the tones of sorrow Hush'd the thousand noises;
 Misgiv in thy strain, Gone the noon-day glare;
 Yet my heart can borrow Gentle spirit-voices
 Pleasure from the pain. Stir the midnight air.
 Hark! the quivering breezes Earth below is sleeping,—
 Lest the silvery sound! Meadow, hill, and grove;
 Every tumult ceases; Angel-stars are keeping
 Silence reigns profound. Silent watch above.

HASSEN THE BRAVE.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott.—The Music by James Clarke.

Musica.

'Be - hold me,' sang Has-san the fear less and free, 'On the steed which o - beys not a
 ri - der but me; That points like the quills of the ea - gle his ears, And whose
 bound in the de - sert is light as the deer's. Be - hold me with sa - bre new
 shar-pen'd and bright, With pis - tols new flint-ed, and bur-nish'd for fight; My cap with fresh
 scar - let so gai - ly be-done; And my hal - drick of sil - ver that
 gleams in the sun, And my bal - drick of sil - ver that gleams in the sun.

'When my true love espies me, the heart in her breast
 Shall beat quick as the pigeon's when robb'd of her
 nest; [grove,
 She will hush the hounse watch-dog, and hie to the
 That the eye of her kindred espy not her love;
 Yet, let them desry me, their wrath I defy,

And why should she tremble when Hassan is nigh?
 Like the hawk from the covey, selecting his prey,
 From the midst of her tribe would I bear her away.
 'I would mount her behind me,' sang Hassan the
 On the steed, &c. [free.

TO ANACREON IN HEAVEN.

Old English Air.

Finale.

To Ana - cre - on in Heav'n, where he sat in full glee, A few sons of Har - mo - ny
sent a pe - ti - tion, That he their in - spir - er and pa - triot would be, When this
an - swer ar - riv'd from the jol - ly old Gre - can, "Voice, fid - dle, and flute, No lon - ger be
mute; I'll lend you my name, and in - spire you to boot. And be - sides I'll in - struct
you, like me, to en - twine, The myrtle of Ve - nus with Bac - chus's vine."

The news through Olympus immediately flew;
When Old Thunder pretended to give himself airs,—
*If these mortals are suffer'd their scheme to pursue,
The devil a goddess will stay above stairs.
Hark! already they cry,
In transports of joy,
A way to the sons of Anacreon we'll fly,
And there, with good fellows, we'll learn to entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
*The yellow-haired god, and his nine frosty maids,
From Hrlicca's banks will incontinent flee;
Idalia will boast but of tenantless shades,
And the biforked hill no mere desert will be.
My thunder, no fear on't,
Shall soon do its errand;
And, damme, I'll swinge the ringleaders, I warrant!
I'll trim the young dogs for thus daring to twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
Apollo rose up, and said, "Prithew se'er quarrel,
Good king of the gods, with my vot'ries below;
Your thunder is useless; then, showing his laurel,
Cried, "Sie evetabl fulmen, you know."
Then, over each head,
My laurels I'll spread,

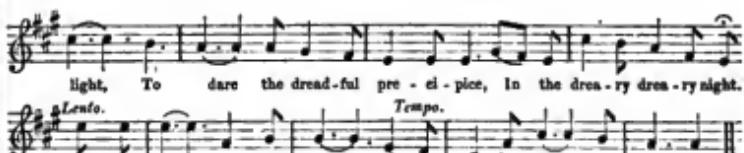
So my sons from your crackers no mischief shall
breed,
While, snug in their club-room, they jovially twine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
Next Monus got up, with his risible phiz,
And aware with Apollo he'd cheerfully join:—
*The full tide of harmony still shall be his;
But the song, and the catch, and the laugh shall
be mine.
Then, Jove, be not jealous
Of these honest fellows."
Cried Jove, "We relent, since the truth you now
tell us,
And swear by Old Styx, that they long shall entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.
Ye sons of Anacreon, then join, hand-in-hand,
Preserve unanimity, friendship, and love;
*Tis yours to support what's so happily plan'd,
Yon've the sanction of the gods and the fiat of
Jov'r.
While thus we agree,—
Our toast lrt it be,—
*May our club flourish, happy, united, and free;
And long may the sons of Anacreon entwine
The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine."

THE CHAMOIS-HUNTER.

The Poetry by G. J. De Wilde.—Arranged, expressly for this Work, to an Air by Spohr.

Allegro Moderato.

The cha - mois-hun - ter, the cha - mois-hun - ter, in the ear - ly dawn he
goes From his home in plea - sant Cha - mois - land, To cross, the Al - pins
snows. His hearth is blaz - ing cheer - i - ly, Yet he turns him from its



Fare - thee - well, fare - thee - well,
The chamois-hunter, the chamois-hunter,
He hath a lovely bride;
And he gazes on her beauty
With a lover's earnest pride:
Yet his bold and restless spirit
Even love cannot restrain;
He grieves to see those sorrowing tears,
Yet are they shed in vain.
Heaven shield thee, Heaven shield thee,
Thou bold chamois-hunter.

Tempo.
Thou bold cha - mois hunt - er.
The chamois-hunter, the chamois-hunter,
A wild life leadeth he;
And he pansets not at danger,
Though he knows his destiny,
For his forefathers perish'd
Following the Alpine deer;
Who would seek a mightier monument
Than the giant glacier?
He asks no more—he asks no more—
The bold chamois-hunter.

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

Andante.

The lyrics tell the story of a sailor who has lost his money and is now at sea, reflecting on his past and hoping for a better future.

When my mo-ney was gone that I gain'd to the wars, And the world 'gan to frown on my fate, What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured stars, When in-dif'-rence stood at each gate! The face that would smile when my purse was well Show'd a different aspect to me; [lin'd, And, when I could naught but ingratiate find, I hied once again to the sea. I thought it unwise to repine at my lot, Or to bear with cold looks on the shore; So I pack'd up the trifling remannts I'd got, And a trifle, alas! was my store. A handkerchief held all the treasure I had, Which over my shoulder I threw;

Away then I trudg'd, with a heart rather sad, To join with some jolly ship's crew. The sea was less troubled by far than my mind, For, when the wide main I survey'd, I could not help thinking the world was unkind, And fortune a slippery jade. And I vow'd, if once more I could take her in tow, I'd let the ungrateful ones see, That the turbulence of winds and the billows could show More kindness than they did to me.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Translated from the German.—The Music by Muller.

Allegretto.

The lyrics describe a scene at moonlight, featuring a forget-me-not flower and its reflection in the water.

Go, at moonlight's drea-my hour, Where the sil-vry ripples shine; Go, at moonlight's drea-my hour, Where the sil-vry rip-ples shine; Mark a lit-tle love-ly flow'r, Be that love-ly flow'-ret thine; Mark a lit-tle love-ly flow'r, Be that love-ly flow'-ret thine.

Mild as heaven's own blue, it beameth Like a clear and cloudless day; Image of true love, it seemeth To the heart sweet words to say.

And methinks its blue eyes glisten, Full of love and tender thought; While from far it whispers,—listen! 'O, forget, forget me not!'

PATTY KAVANNAH.

The Poetry by C. Dibdin, Jun.—The Music by W. Reeve.

Allegretto.

Shall we meet ere eve - ning's gray? Hey, Pat - ty, pret - ty Pat - ty? Or when
 sil - ver moon-beams play? Pret - ty Pat - ty, tell me. May I then my
 love im-part, Woo you to re-lieve my smart? Shall each give and take a heart,
 Lov - ly Pat - ty Ka - van - nah? Lov - ly Pat - ty, Lov - ly Pat - ty, lov - ly
 Pat - ty Ka - van - nah, Lov - - - - - ly, Lov - ly Pat - ty Ka - van - nah?

I can boast no wealth nor birth,
 Hey, Patty, pretty Patty;
 Think you these alone have worth?
 Pretty Patty, tell me.
 Surely, health, a heart that's true,
 A hand that can protect you, too,
 Are gems, and these I prefer you,
 Lovely Patty Kavannah.

What perps o'er you hilly spot,
 Hey, Patty, pretty Patty?
 The village steeple, is it not?
 Pretty Patty, tell me.
 There's the church, and here's the ring,—
 Love makes life a constant spring :—
 Then haste, for time is on the wing,
 Lovely Patty Kavanah.

THE BEWILDERED KNIGHT.

Moderato.

From the steep pro - mon - to - ry gan'd The stran - ger, rap - tur'd and a -
 man'd; 'And what a scene were here,' he cried, 'For prince - ly pomp, or church - man's
 pride! On this bold brow, a lord - ly tow - er; In that soft vale, a la - dy's
 bow - er; On you - der mea - dow, far a - way, The tur - rets of a clois - ter
 gray. How sweet, at eve, the lo - ver's late Sounds when the groves were still and
 mute; And when the mid - night moon should leave Her fore - head in the sil - ver wave.

'I am alone,—my hugie strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this faulchion has been tried.'
But scarce again his horn he wound,
When, in! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the inlet rock,
A damsel guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep.

The boat had touch'd this silver strand,
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this lady of the lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head up-raised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attractive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

HAMLET.

The Words by Theodore Hook; To the Air, 'Lunsum is the Devil.'

Allegro.

A he-ro's life I sing, His sto-ry shall my pen mark: He was not the king, But
 Ham - let, prince of Den - mark; His ma - ma was young, The crown she had her
 eyes on, Her hus-hand stopp'd her tongue, She stopp'd his ears with pol - son. Too-ral
 loo - ral lay, ti rol rum-py u - dy, Twee-dic dec - dle chl ri fol rumpti doo-dle.
 When she had kill'd the king,
 She eg'd much his brother,
 And, having slain one spouse,
 She quickly got another;
 And this so soon did she,
 And was so great a sinner,
 The funeral-bak'd meats
 Serv'd for the wedding-dinner.
 Tooral looral lay, &c.
 Now Hamlet sweet, her son,
 No bully or bravado,
 Of love felt hot the flam,
 And so went to Bernardo.
 'O! sir,' says one, 'we've seen
 A sight with monstrous sad eye;'
 And this was anthing hot—
 The ghost of Hamlet's daddy.
 Tooral looral lay, &c.
 Just at that time it rose,
 And sighing, said, 'List! Hammy,—
 Your mother is the snake
 That poison'd me; or d—me.
 And now I'm gone below,
 All over sulph'rous flame, boy;—
 That your dad should be on fire,
 You'll own's a burning shame, boy.'
 Tooral looral lay, &c.
 Just at the time he spoke,
 The morn was breaking through dell;
 Up jump'd a cock, and cried,—
 'Cock-a-doodle doo-dle!'
 'I'm now cock-sure of going;
 Preserve you from all evil;
 You to your mother walk,
 And I'll walk to the d—l.'

Tooral looral lay, &c.

Hamlet lov'd a maid—
 Calumny had pass'd her—
 She never had play'd tricks,
 'Cause nobody had ask'd her;
 Madness seiz'd her wits,
 Poor Lord Chamh'risin's daughter,—
 She jump'd into a pond,
 And went to heaven by water.
 Tooral looral lay, &c.

No matter now for that:—
 A play they made, and sham'd it;
 The audience Claudius was,
 And he got up and d—d it.
 He vow'd he'd see no more,
 He felt a wond'rous dizziness,
 And then for candle call'd,
 To make light of the hus'ness.
 Tooral looral lay, &c.

A fencing-match had they;
 The queen drinks as they try, too
 Says she, 'O king, I'm kill'd,'
 Says Laertes, 'So am I too.'
 'And so am I,' cries Ham;
 'What, can all these things true be?'
 'What, are you dead?' says the king.
 'Yes, sir, and so shall you be.'
 Tooral looral lay, &c.

So then he stabb'd his liege,
 Then fell on Ophy's brother,
 And so the Danish court
 All tumbl'd one on 'other.
 To celebrate these deeds,
 Which are from no false shamlet,
 Ev'ry village small
 Henceforth was call'd a Hamlet.
 Tooral looral lay, &c.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

Old English Air.

Andante.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream-ers wav - ing in the
 wind, When black-ey'd Su-san came on board: 'O! where shall I my
 true love find? Tell me, ye jo - - vial sai - lors, tell me true,
 If my sweet Wil - liam, if my sweet Wil - liam sails a - mong your crew?'

William, who high upon the yard
 Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick no lightning on the deck he stands.
 So the sweet lark, high-pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
 And drops at once into her nest:—
 The noblest captain in the British fleet
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.
 'O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear:—
 We only part to meet again;
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee!

' Believe not what the landlubber say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
 They'll tell thee sailors, when away,

In ev'ry port a mistress find:—
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present whereso'er I go.
 ' If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
 Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin in Ivory so white:—
 Twas ev'ry beauteous object that I view
 Waken in my soul some charm of lovely Sue
 ' Though battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return:—
 Love turns aside the halts that round me fly,
 Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.
 The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay on board:
 They kiss'd; she sighed; he hung his head.
 Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land:—
 ' Adieu!' she cries, and wav'd her lily hand.

THE POET'S BLESSING.

The Words translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted, expressly for this work, to an
Moderato.

As I roam'd the fields a - long, listen-ing to the lin-net's song, I be-held an old man
 there Toil-ing hard with hoa - ry hair: 'Bless-ings on this field!' I cried; 'Such a
 faith-ful labour-er's pride! Bless-ings on this wither'd hand, Scatter-ing seed along the land!'

Answer'd me, his look severe,
 ' Poet's blessing boos't not here;
 Like the wrath of heaven it falls,
 Flowers, not corn, to life it calls.'

³⁵
 ' Friend! these songs of lighter hours
 Waken not too many flowers;
 Just enough to deck the land,
 And fill thy little grandson's hand.'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

FLOW, THOU REGAL PURPLE STREAM.

The Words by John O'Keefe; the Music by Dr. Arnold.—Published by Davidson.

Allegro.

Flow, thou re - gal pur - ple stream, Tincted by the so - lar beam; In my
 gob - let spark - ling rise; Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes. Flow, thou re - gal
 pur - ple stream, tinct-ed by the so - lar beam; In my gob - let spark - ling
 rise; Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes; In my spark - ling gob - let
 rise; Cheer my heart, and glad my eyes— Cheer my heart, and glad my
 eyes. My brain as - cend on fan - cy's wing; 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king; My brain as -
 cend on fan - cy's wing; 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king—My brain as - cend on fancy's wing;
 'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king—'Noint me, wine, a jo - vial king—a jo
 vial king—a jo - vial king—a jo - vial king!
 While I live, I'll love my clay; When I'm dead and gone a - way, Let my thirs-ty sub - jects
 say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was May.' While I live, I'll love my clay;
 When I'm dead and gone a - way, Let my thirs-ty sub - jects say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was
 May—Let my thirs-ty subjects say, 'A month he reign'd, but that was May; Let my thirsty
 sub - jects say, 'A month be reign'd, but that was May'—but that was May, but that was May.'

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The Poetry by Joanna Baillie.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Allegretto.

The bride she is win-some and bon-nie,
Her hair it is coo-ded sae sleek,
And faith-ful and
kind is her John-aie,
Yet fast fa' the tears na ber-cheek.
New pearl-ings the cause o' her
sor-row,
New pearl-ings, and plen-isb-ing too;—
The bride that has a to bor-row,
Has
e'en right mel-kie a'-do—
Woo'd, and mar-ried, and a',
Woo'd and mar-ried and
a';
And is na she weel aff,
To be woo'd, and mar-ried, and a'.

Her mother then hastily spak:

'The lassie is glaikit wi' pride:
In my pouches I had nae a plack;
The day that I was a bride,
E'en tak to your wheel, and be clever,
And draw out your thread in the sun
The gear that is gifted, it never
Will last like the gear that is won.
Woo'd and married and a',
Toother and havings me s'ma';—
I think ye are very weel aff,
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.'

'Toot, toot!' quo' the gray-headed bairn,
She's less of a bride than a bairn;
She's ta'en like a cowt frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humour inconstantly leans;
A chield maan be patient and steady
That yokes wi' mate in her teens.
Kerched to cover so neat,
Locks the wind us'd to hlaw;
I'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a','

Then out spak the wily bridegroom:
(Weel waled were his wordies, I ween),
"I am rich, though my coffers be toom,
Wi' the blane o' your bonny blue een.
I'm prouder n'a' them by my side,
Tho' thy ruffles and ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the craft were my bride,
Wi' purles and pearlings anew.
Dear, and dearest o' aye,
Ye're woo'd and bookeet and a';
And da ye think scorn o' your Johnnie,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd, and she blush'd, and she smil'd,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguill'd,
And she play'd wi' the sleeve o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she snippet her bodice sae blue;
Synge hinklet sae sweet in his face,
And off like a muskin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a',
Married and carried awa';
She thinks herself very weel aff,
To be woo'd, and married, and a'.

WOO'D, AND MARRIED, AND A'.

The Poetry by Mrs. Scott.—To the Music of above Tune.

THE grass had nae freedom o' growin'
As lang as she wasna awa';
Nor in the toun could there be stowin'
For woosers that wanted to ca'.
Sic boxin', sic brawlin', sic dancin',
Sic bowin' and shakin' a paw;
The toun was for ever in bruylies:
But now the laund's awa.
Woo'd, and married, and a',
Married, and wood, and a';
The dandals toast of the parish,
She's wood, and she's carried awa.

But had he a' kenn'd her as I did,
His woos'it wad ha'e been s'ma';
She kens neither bakin', nor brewin',
Nor cardin', nor spinnin' ava';
But a' her skil lies in her buskin':
And, O! if her braws were awa,
She sure wad wear out o' fashion,
And kuit up her haggars wi' straw.
Woo'd, and married, and a'.
But yesterday I gaed to see her,
And, O! she was bonnie and braw;
She cried on her gudeman to gie her
An ell a' red ribbon or twa.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

He took, and he sat down beside her,
A weel and a reel for to ca';
She cried, Was he that way to guide her?
And out at the door aod awa'

Wooed, and married, &c.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
Wha said, ' Lassie, how gars a'?'
Quo she, ' Was it for naeither
That I was married awa'.
But to be set down to a wheelie,
And at it for ever to ca'?

And syne to haec't reeld by a chiddie
That's evenly cryng to draw.'

Wooed, and married, &c.

Her mither said till her, ' Hech, lassie!
He's wwest, I fear, o' the twa;
There'll be little to pet in the tassie,
Gif ye be sic backward to draw;
For now ye should work like a tiger,
And at it baith wallop and ca',

Sae lang's ye haec youndith and vigour,
And weanzies and deht keep awa.
Wooed, and married, &c.

* See swift away hame to your haddin';
The mair ful ye c'er cam' awa:
Ye manna be lika day gaddio',
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw;
For now o'f a neebor ye're yokit,
And wi' him should cannile draw;

Or else ye deserve to be knockit—

So that's an answer for a'.'

Wooed, and married, &c.

Young luckie thus fand herseil mither'd,
And wish'd she had ne'er come awa;
At length wi' herseil she consider'd,
That hameward 'twas better to draw,
And e'en tak a chance o' the landin',
However that mattere might fa':
Folk manna on freits aye be standin',
That's wooed, and married, and a'.

Wooed, and married, &c.

FLORA M'DONALD'S LAMENT.

The Words by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd.—The Music by Neil Gow, Jun.

Andantino.

Far o - ver yon hills of the heath-er see green, And down by the cor - rie that
 sings to the sea, The bon - ny young Flo - rn sat sigh - ling her lane, The dew on her
 plaid, and the tear in her ee. She look'd at a boat, with the breez - es that swung, A -
 way on the wave, like a bird of the morn, And eyne as it lessened, she sigh'd and she
 sung, Fare - weel to the lad I maun ne'er see a - gain, Fare - weel to my he - ro, the
 gal - lant and young, Fare - weel to the lad I shall ne'er see a - gain.

The moor-cock that craws on the brow of Ben
Counsell,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars on the cliffs of Clanronald,
Unawed and unbated, his eyrie can claim;
The soan can sleep on his shelves of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea;
But, O! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,—
Nor house, ha', nor home, to his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our cause is no more;
There's naught left but sorrow for Scotland and
me.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is left on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust;
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave.
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bosom of
blue:
Why slept the red holt to the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good:
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy
brow.

WE ALL LOVE A PRETTY GIRL UNDER THE ROSE.

The Poetry by Bickerstaff.—The Music by Dr. Arne.

Moderato.

Oons! neig-hour, ne'er blush for a tri-ble like this! What harm with a fair one to
 toy and to kiss? The great-est and grav-est, a truce with grim-ace, Would do the same
 thing, would do the same thing, would do the same thing, were they in the same place. No
 age or pro-fes-sion, no sta-tion is free,—To so-ve-reign beauty man - kind bends the
 knee; That pow - er, re-sist-less, no strength can op-pose,—We all love a pret-ty girl
 un-der the rose, un-der the rose, un-der the rose; We all love a pret-ty girl un-der the rose.

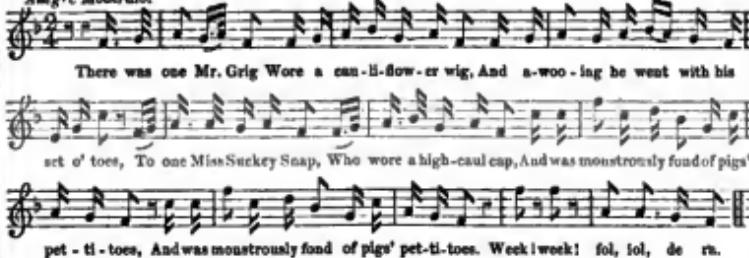
PADDY SHANNON.

Moderato.

Pad-dy Shan-non, high mounted on his trot-ing lit - tle po-my, Set off in a
 gal - lop from Leather Lane to Bow, To o - gie wid-ow Wil-kins, whom he courted for her
 mo - ney, And, tug-ging, at his bri-dle, cried, 'Whoa, my love, whoa!' Be -neath her bow
 window Young Shannon took his sta-tion,—The night it was dark, so he whis-per'd, 'Yo !
 ho!' Then he sweet-ly se - re-na-ded her, with 'Whack, now bo - de - ra-tion, Missis Wil-kins
 won't you mar-ry me?' 'No, my love, no;' Mis-sis Wil-kins, won't you mar-ry me?' 'No, my love, no.'

BUBBLE, SQUEAK, AND PETTITOES.

The Words by C. Dibdin.

Allegro Moderato.

In her favour to get,
He sent her a set,
And to ask him to sup with Miss Snap, Betty goes,
And likewise to bespeak
Some nice bubble and squeak,
For he lov'd that as well as she lov'd the pettitoes.

Week! week! fol, lol, de ra.

Ere to sup they began,
Mrs. Betty, for fun,
Sneezing-powder to put in the pepper chose;
Mr. Grig was caught and sneez'd
Saying, 'Chih! — I hope you're pleased
With the — chih! — with the — chih! — with the pet-
ties!' Chih! chih! fol, lol, de ra.
'I vow, sir,' says she,
'Nothing better can be
Than — chih! — chih! — chih! — He! he!' Betty goes.

How's the bubble and the squeak?
He for sneezing couldn't speak,
Till he sneezed off his wig among the pettitoes.
Week! week! fol, lol, de ra.
Squeezing, nodding, went Miss Snap,
Till the candle caught her cap,
And to put out the flame some water Betty tarwe,
In vain, till Mr. Grig
On her noddle clapp'd his wig,
That was soak'd in the gravy of the pettitoes.
Week! week! fol, lol, de ra.
Thus poor Mr. Grig
Spoiled his cauliflower wig,
And Miss Snap lost her cap — what a set o' woes!
For the house-dog in the freak
Bod'd the bubble and the squeak,
And pussy ran away with the pettitoes.
Meau! bow, wow! &c.

ALLEN BROOKE, OF WYNDERMERE.

The Poetry by Carey.—The Music by Hook.

Andantino poco lento.

Say, have you in the vil - age seen A love-ly youth of pen - sive men?
If such a one hath pass-ed by, With me - lan - cho - ly in his eye,
Where is he gone? Ah! tell me where? 'Tis Al - len Brooke of Wyn - der - mere. Where is he
gone? Ah! tell me where? 'Tis Al - len Brooke - - of Wyn - der - mere.

Last night he, sighing, took his leave,
Which caus'd me all the night to grieve;
And many maids, I know there be,
Who try to wean his love from me;
But Heaven knowe my heart's sincere
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so;
But, if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me,
Then death shall bear me on a bier,
To Allen Brooke of Wyndermere.

O! TELL ME, TELL ME, MARY DEAR.

Music composed by Sir John Stevenson.

Andante Moderato.

O! tell me, tell me, Ma - ry dear, Whence is that pen - sive sigh? O!

tell me, whence the pear - ly tear That trem - hies in thine eye? O! tell me,

tell me, Ma - ry dear, Whence is that pen - sive sigh? - - O! tell me, whence the

pear - ly tear, That trem - hies in thine eye? I can not, dare not hope for

love, Yet on that cheek I see What would the soft - est wish - es move, If

they were shed for me, If they were shed for me, If they were shed for

me! What would the soft - est wish - es move, If they were shed for me!

And yet in Mary's gentle soul
Some pitying thoughts may dwell,
And those bright drops, that silent roll,
The tender secret tell.

O! Mary, calm thy lover's fears,
Who lives for none but thee,
And say that all thy sighs and tears
Are only given to me.

THE SECRET.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to a celebrated German Waltz.

Alegretto.

In a young la-dy's heart once a Se-cret was lurk-ing; It toss'd and it tum - hil'd, it

long'd to get out; The Lips half be-tray'd it by smiling and smirk-ing, And the

Tongue was im - pa - tient to blab it, no doubt; But Honour look'd gruff on the

sub - ject, and gave it in charge to the Teeth, so en - chant-ing - ly white, Should the

cap-tive at-tempt an e-lope-ment, to save it By giv-ing the Lips an ad - mo-nish-ing bite.

'Twas said, and 'twas settled, and Honour departed;
Tongue quiver'd and trembled, hat dared not rebel;
When right to its tip Secret suddenly started,
And, half in a whisper, escaped from its cell.

Quoth the Teeth, in a pet, "We'll be even for this!"
And they bite very smartly above and beneath!
But the Lips at the instant were bri'b'd with a kiss,
And they popp'd out the Secret, in spite of the Teeth.

MODERATION AND ALTERATION.

The Original of the Old English Gentleman.

Moderatio.

With an old song, made by an old an- cient pate, Of an old wor- shipful gentleman, who had a
great es-tate; Who kept an old house, at a boun-ti- ful rate; And an old por- ter to re- lieve
the poor at his gate. Mo - de - ra - tion, mo - de - ra - tion, 'tis a won- der - ful mo - de - ra - tion.

With an old lady, whose anger good words assuages; Who, every quarter, pays her old servants their wages;
Who never knew what belongs to coachmen, foot- men, or pages;
But kept twenty or thirty old fellows with blue clothes and badges. Moderation, &c.

With a study fill'd full of learned books;
With an old reverend parson, you may know him by his looks;
With an old buttery hatch, worn quite off the old hooks;
And an old kitchen, which maintains half-a-dozen, greasy old cooks. Moderation, &c.

With an old hall, hung round about with guns, pikes, and bows;
With old swords, and bucklers which have borne many shrewd blows;
And an old frysadoe coat to cover his worship's trunk hose; [nose].
And a cup of old sherry to comfort his old copper. Moderation, &c.

With an old fashioe, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And good cheer, enough to furnish every old room;
And old liquor, able to make a cat speak, and a wise man dumb. Moderation, &c.

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a kennel of bounds,
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own grounds;
Who, like an old wise man, kept himself within his own bounds; [old pounds].
And, when he died, gave every child a thousand. Moderation, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Chargin' him in his will to keep the same boun- tiful mind;
To be good to his servants, and to his neighbours very kind;
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclin'd. Alteration, &c.

Like a young gallant, newly come to his land,
That keeps a brace of creatures at his own command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his own board,
And lieth drunk in a new tavern till he can neither go nor stand. Alteration, &c.

With a neat lady, that is fresh and fair,
Who never knew what beloog'd to good house- keeping or care;
But buys several fans to play with the wanton air,
And seventeen or eighteen dressings of other women's hair. Alteration, &c.

With a new hall, built where the old one stood,
Wherein is burn'd neither coal nor wood;
And a new shuffle-board table, where never meat stood; [little good].
Hung round with pictures, which doth the poor hat Alteration, &c.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays;
With a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays;
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days; [toys].
With a new French cook, to make kickshaws and Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come,—
"With a journey up to London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter, John!"—
Who relieves the poor at the gate with a thump on the back with a stone. Alteration, &c.

With a gentleman user, whose carriage is complete;
With a footman, a coachman, a page to carry up meat; [neat];
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing's very Who, when the master has din'd, gives the servants but little to eat. Alteration, &c.

With a new honour, bought with his father's old gold,
That many of his father's old manors hath sold;—
And this is the occasion that most men do hold,
That good housekeeping is now-a-days grown so very cold. Alteration, &c.

SOMEHOW, MY SPINDEL I MISLAID.

From the Opera of 'The Deserter.'—Composed by Monsigny.

Allegretto.

Some - now my spin - dle I mis - laid, And lost it un - der - neath the grass;
 Da - mon, ad - vane - ing, bow'd his head, And said, 'What seek you, pret - ty lass?'
 Da - mon, ad - vane - ing, bow'd his head, And said, 'What seek you, pret - ty lass?'
 A lit - the love, but urg'd with care, a lit - tle love, but urg'd with
 care, Oft leads a heart, and leads it far, Oft leads a heart, and leads it
 far. A lit - the love, but urg'd with care, Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.

'Twas passing by you spreading oak

That I my spindle lost just now;

His knife then kindly Damon took,

And from the tree he cut a bough.

A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,

While me he tenderly beheld;

He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,

For, ah! my heart did fondly yield.

A little love, &c.

DEAR SCENES OF YOUTH.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Dixo.

Andante.

Dear scenes of youth, Sweet peace - ful grove, Where food re-mem-brance loves to
 stray; Where once at eve I us'd to rove, And of - ten tune my rus - be
 lay;—But oow those joys are fled for ev - er, Since my lov'd Lau - ra
 prov'd untrue. O! no: tho' doom'd a - las! to se - ver, This wound-ed heart still
 beats for you, This wound-ed heart still beats for - - - - - you.
 Though you pale mooo, with loid ray,
 Sheds o'er the trees a silver light,
 While those we love are far away,
 'Tis cheerless as the darkest night.

For, O! I gaze quite broken-hearted
 On my once happy peaceful eot;—
 That bitter moment when we parted
 Can never, never be forgot.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

The Poetry by F. L. Blanchard; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published by Davidson.

Moderato.

What need of all this fuss and strife, Each war-ring with his bro-ther; Why need we, through the
crowd of life, Keep trampling on each o-ther? Is there no goal that can be won Without a squeeze to
ad lib. assai. *a tempo.*
gain it, No o-ther way of get-ting on, but scram-bl-ing to ob-tain it? Oh! fel-lowmen, re-
rallentando.
member then, Whatever chance befall, The world is wide in lands beside—There's room enough for all!

What if the ewarthy peasant find
No field for honest labour?
He need not idly stop behind,
To threut aside his neighbour!
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where ev'r a braway hand that tries
Its strength, can grasp a living.
Oh! fel-low men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!
From poison'd air ye breathe in courts,
And typhue tainted alleys,
Go forth, and dwell where health resorts,
In rural hills and valleys;
Where ev'r hand that clears a bough
Flads plenty in attendance,

And ev'ry farrow of the plough
A step to independence,
Oh! hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramp'd and small:
The world is wide in lands beside,—
There's room enough for all!
In this fair region far away,
Will labour find employment—
A fair day's work, a fair day's pay,
And toil will earn enjoyment!
What need, then, of this daily strife,
Each warring with his brother;
Why need we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling down each other.
Oh! fel-low men, remember then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide;—where those abide,
There's room enough for all.

THOUGH FAR AWAY O'ER HILL AND SEA.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to an Air by Cserny.

Moderato.

Though far a-way, o'er hill and sea, I wan-der long and wea-ry, love, E-
ter-ni-ty shall cease to be, Ere I for - get thee, Ma - ry, love; Thy
ru - by lips, thy spark-ling eye, Thy waist so small and bon - ny, love, Thy
dim - pl'd cheek and witeb-ing sigh Have bound my heart for ev - er, love.
I'm far from thee, but still each night
I watch the bright moon shining, love,
And think I see in its soft light
Thy bright eyes on me beaming, love.

Then ne'er believe what some may say,
That I am false and faithless, love:
Though far from thee and home away,
My heart is thine for ever, love.

BEGONE, DULL CARE.

A musical score for 'Arietta' in G major, 2/4 time. The vocal line is in soprano C-clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass F-clef. The lyrics are as follows:

Be - gone, dull care, — I pri-thee be-gone from me; Be - gone, dull care. You and
I can ne-ver a-gree: Long time thou hast been tar-ry'ng here, and fain thou
wouldst me kill, But I' faith, dull care, thou as-ter shall have thy will!
Too much care will make a young man gray, My wife shall dance and I will sing, so merrily
And too much care will turn an old man to clay: pass the day,
[care away,
For I hold it one of the wisest things to drive dull

THOUGH PRUDENCE MAY PRESS ME.

Moderate.

Though prudence may press me, And duty distress me, A-gainst in-eli-
nation, Ah! what can they do? No long-er a ro-ver, His fel-lies are
o-ver;— My heart, my fond heart, says, my Hen-ry is true.
The bee, thus, as changing,
From sweet to sweet ranging,
A rose should he light on, or'er wishes to stray;

VICTORIA'S SCEPTRE O'ER THE WAVES.

The Poetry by Thomas Campbell.—The Music by Charles Neate.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal line is in soprano C major, common time. The piano accompaniment consists of harmonic chords. The lyrics describe Victoria's rule over the waves, mentioning broken slavery's chain, strange magicians, and hearts within their own domains. The score includes dynamic markings like 'dim.', 'f.', 'p.', 'cres.', and 'D. C. al Fine'. The vocal part ends with a melodic flourish.

SPRING SONG.

The Words translated from the German.—The Music by Reisinger.

Allegretto.

Sweet spring is re - turn - ing; She breathes on the plain, And mea-dows are
un poco ritard.

bloom-ing to beau - ty a - gain; New fair is the flow-er, And green is the grove, And
 soft is the shaw-er That falls from a - - above, That falls from a - - above.

Foll gladly I greet thee,
 Thou loveliest gress;
 Ah! long have I waited
 By thee to be bless'd—
 Stern winter threw o'er us
 His heavy, cold chain;
 We longed to be breathing
 In freedom again.
 And then, O thou kind one,
 Thou cam'st, so mild;
 And mountain, and meadow,
 And rivulet, smil'd;

The voice of thy music
 Was heard in the grove;
 The balm of thy breezes
 Invited to rove.
 Now welcome, thou lov'd coe,
 Agao and again,
 And bring us full many
 Bright days in thy train,
 And bid the soft summer
 Not linger so long;
 E'en now we are waiting
 To greet him in song.

THE ECHOING HORN.

Composed by Arne.

The e - cho-ing horn calls the sports-men a - broad; To horse, my brave boys, and a -
 way; The morn-log is up, and the cry of the bounds Upbraids our too tedious de -
 lay. What plea-sures we feel in pur - su - ing the fox! O'er hill and o'er val-ley he
 flies; Then, fol-low: we'll soon o - ver-take him, huz - za! The trial-toe is seiz'd on, and
 dies; he dies— the trial-toe is seiz'd on and
 dies. Then fol - low; we'll soon o - ver-take him, huz - za! The trial-toe is seiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant return-ing at night with the spoil,
 Like bacchanals, shouting and gay,
 How sweet with a bottle and last to refresh,
 And lose the fatigues of the day:

With sport, love, and wine, sickle fortune defy,
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours:
 Since life is no more than a passage at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.
 With flow'rs let's strew, &c.

ENCOMPASSED IN AN ANGEL'S FRAME.

Composed by Jackson.

Andante.

En - com - pass'd in an an - gel's frame, An an - gel's vir - tues lay; Too
soon did Heav'n as - sert the claim, And call'd its own a - way, And
call'd its own a - way. My An - na's worth, My An - na's charms, must
ne - ver more re - turn, Must ne - ver more re - turn. What now shall
fill these widow'd arms? Ah! me. Ah! me. Ah! me, my An - na's urn.

THE WAKE OF TEDDY ROE.

Moderato.

In Dub-lin, that ci - ty of rich-es and fame, A fish-mong'er liv'd, Ted - dy
Roe was his name; The neigh-bours all gne'red, rich or poor, high or low, And to
wake with poor Ted they re-solv'd for to go. Miss Do - la-oy, Mis-tress Bla-ney, Mis - ter
Fa-gan, and Miss Doe; Who in a coach all went, to wake poor Ted - dy Roe.
All bedizened so fine, in their best Sunday clothes, At poor Ted's they arriv'd, where they'd oft been before,
Miss Doe's squint eye, and Mister Fagan's red nose; And Dogherty gave a loud thump at the door.

[SPEECH.]—Out hobbles Phelton, (Teddy's uncle.) Arrah! is it yourselves that comes to wake with poor Ted; he's up stirs in the cock-loft, taking a parting glass of lassation with a few friends; so be after walking up the ladder, if you please, strap your feet, Judy, Judy, the quality is come—stick Teddy with his back against the wall—put his best wig on, and a pipe in his mouth;—walk up & down, te will soon be ready.—What have you got for tea—I—Warrings and prates—if ye think, you spalpeen, that that will satisfy —

Miss Delaney, &c.

Now the whiskey went round, till they could not agree, And from words fell to blows, just like Donnybrook fair;
Who were highest of rank, or of best pedigree; And amongst them poor Ted came in for his share,

[SPEECH.]—Habbuboo! Habbuboo!—What the divil are you all about!—what are you doing! By the powers of Moll Kelly! If they hev't got poor Ted among 'em—they'll smether the poor churl—get off him!—get off him!—Judy, take hold of his leg, and help me to drag him from under the lump. Ach! see there now, they have given the corpse a black eye. I expected better behaviour from —

Miss Delaney, &c.

Returning, a coach full of whisky and gin, Such figures of fun, 'twill be said for their sake,
At home where they arriv'd, and at length stagger'd in; Sure never before were seen at a wake.

[SPEECH.]—Bless us! Dogherty, what black drunkeen divil are you bringing home? Where did you pick 'em up!—Don't bother me, and you'll get the whole account as clear as mud; but first wash and put to bed the most beautiful —

Miss Delaney, &c.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

AN THOU WERE MY AIN THING.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.—The Words by Ramsay.

Moderato.

An thou were my ain thing, O, I would lo'e thee, I would lo'e thee;
Fine.

An thou were my ain thing, How dear - ly would I lo'e thee. Then
I would clasp thee in my arms, Then I'd so - cure thee from all harms; For -
D. C. al Fine.

An thou were my ain thing, How dear - ly do I lo'e thee!
bove all mor - tals thou hast charms—How dear - ly do I lo'e thee!

Of race divine thou needs must be,
Since nothing earthly equals thee;
So I must still presumption be,
To show how much I lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

The gods one thing peculiar have,
To rule none whom they can save;
O ! for their sake, support a slave,
Who only lives to lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

To merit I no claim can make,
But that I love, and for your sake;
What man can more, I'll undertake,
So dearly do I lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

My passion, constant as the sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
Till fates my thread of life have spun,
Which, breathing out, I'll lo'e thee.
An thou were, &c.

O, TIBBIE! I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

The Poetry by Burns.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

Moderato.

O! Tib-bie, I hae seen the day Ye wad na been see shy; For lack o' gear ye
Fine.

light-ly me; But, troth! I care - na by. Yes-treen I met you on the moor, Ye speak un, but gaed
D. C. al Fine.

by like stoure; Ye geek at me be-cause I'm poor; But sient a hair care it!
I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye haes the name o' clink,
That ye can please me wi' a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's see mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Who follows oan saucy queen
That looks see proud and high.
O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

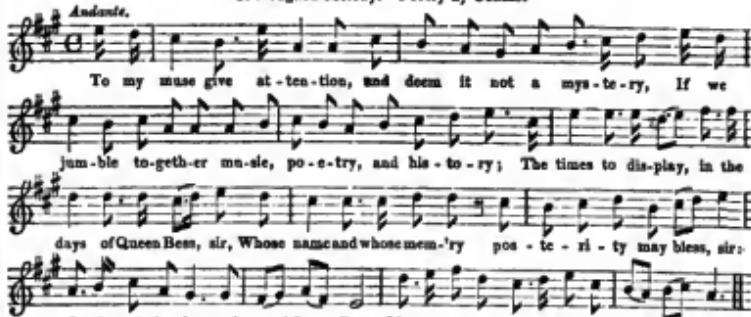
Although a lad were e'er see smart,
If he be want the yellow diet,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
And answer him fu' dry.
O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But, if ye haes the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Though hardly he, for sense or leas,
Be better than the kye.
O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear makes you see nice,
The dell a ane wad spirr your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
O, Tibbie! I hae seen, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

Old English Melody.—Poetry by Collins.



Then we laugh'd at the bugbeare of Dous and
armadas, [bravadoes; With their gunpowder puffs, and their blust'ring
For we knew how to manage both the musket and
the bow, sir, [a crow, sir.
And could bring down a Spaniard just as easy as
O! the golden days, &c.

Then our streets were unpav'd, and our houses were
thatch'd, sir; [batch'd, sir; Our windows were lattic'd, and our doors only
Yet so few were the folks that would plunder or
rob, sir, [sir.
That the hangman was starving for want of a job,
O! the golden days, &c.

Then our ladies, with large ruffs, tied round about
the neck fast, [breakfast; We'd gobble up a pound of beef-steaks for their
While a close quill'd-up coif their noddies just did
fit, sir, [spit, sir.
And they trass'd up as tight as a rabbit for the
O! the golden days, &c.

Then jerkins, and doublets, and yellow worsted
hose, sir, [beaus, sir; With a huge pair of whiskers, was the dress of our
Strong beer they prefer'd, too, to claret or to
hock, sir, [sir.
And no poultry they priz'd like the wing of an ox,
O! the golden days, &c.

Good neighbour-hood, then, was as plenty, too, as
beef, sir,
And the poor from the rich never wanted relief, sir;
While merry woot the mill-clack, the shuttle, and
the plow, sir; [brow, sir.
And honest men could live by the sweat of their
O! the golden days, &c.

Then foot-ball, and wrestling, and pitching of the
har, sir,
Were prefer'd to a flute, to a fiddle, or guitar, sir;
And for jaunting, and junketting, the fat'rite regale,
sir, [ale, sir.
Was a walk as far as Chelsea, to demolish buns and
O! the golden days, &c.

Then the folks, ev'ry Sunday, went twice, at least,
to church, sir; [lurch, sir:
And never left the parson, nor his sermon, in the
For they judg'd that the Sabbath was for people to
be good in, sir, [without a pudding, sir.
And they thought it Sabbath-breaking, if they din'd
O! the golden days, &c.

Then our great men were good, and our good men
were great, sir, [state, sir;
And the props of the nation were the pillars of the
For the sun'reign and subject one interest sup-
ported, [courted.
And our powerful alliance by all pow'r's then was
O! the golden days, &c.

Then the high and mighty states, to their ever-
lasting stain, sir, [Spain, sir;
By Britons were releas'd from the galling yoke of
And the roas'd British Lion, had all Europe then
combin'd, sir, [before the wind, sir.
Undismay'd, would have scatter'd them, like chaff
O! the golden days, &c.

Thus they ate, and they drank, and they work'd,
and they play'd, sir; [sir;
Of their friends not ashame'd, nor of enemies afraid,
And little did they think, when this ground they
stood on, sir, [gone, sir.
To be drawn from the life, now they're all dead and
O! the golden days, &c.

THE GOLDEN DAYS WE NOW POSSESS.

A Sequel to above, and adapted to the same Music.

In the praise of Queen Bess lofty strains have been
sung, sir; [sir;
And her fame has been echo'd by old and by young,
But from times that are pass'd we'll for once turn
our eyes, sir,
As the times we enjoy 'tis but wisdom to prize, sir:
Then, whatever were the days of good Queen Bess,
Let us praise the golden days we now possess.

Without armies to combat, or armadas to with-
stand, sir,
Our foes at our feet, and the sword in our hand, sir,
Lasting peace we secure, while we're lords of the
seas, sir, [sir.
And our stout wooden walls are our sure guarantees,
Such are the golden days we now possess.
Whatever were the days of good Queen Bess.

No bigots rule the roast now, with persecution
dire, sir; [the fire, sir;
Burning seal now no more趁着 the faggot on
Nobishop now can broil a poor Jew like a pigeon, sir;
Nor harbours a Pagan, like a pig, for religion, sir.
Such are the golden days, &c.

Now no legendary saint robs the lab'rer of one day,
Except, now and then, when he exhortates Saint
Monday:

And good folks, ev'ry Sabbath, keep church without
out a pother, sir, [t'other, sir.
By walking in at one door, and steaming out at

Such are the golden days, &c.

Then, for dress, modern belles bear the bell beyond
compare, sir, [wear, sir;
Though farthingales and ruffs are got rather out of
But when truss'd up, like pullets, whether fat, lean,
or plump, sir,

"Tis no matter, so they've got but a merry thought
and rump, sir.

Such are the golden days, &c.

Then for props of the state, what can equal in
story, sir, [air?

Those two stately pillars, call'd a Whig and a Tory,
Though, by shifting their ground, they sometimes
get so wrong, sir, [air.

They forget to which side of the house they belong,
Such are the golden days, &c.

But, as props of their strength and uprightness may
boast, sir, [post, sir;

While the proudest of pillars may be shook by a
May the firm friends of freedom her blessings
inherit, sir, [merit, sir.

And her foes be advanc'd to the post which they
Then shall the golden days we now possess
Far surpass the boasted days of good Queen Bess.

THE TOP-SAILS SHIVER IN THE WIND.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

Andantino.

The top-sails shiv - er in the wind, The ship she casts to sea; But
yet my soul, my heart, my mind, Are, Ms - ry, moor'd with thee! For,
though thy sailor's bound a - far, Still love shall be his lead - ing star.—For,
though thy sailor's bound a - far, Still love shall be his lead - ing star.
Should landsmen flatter when we've sail'd,
O, doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If love breath'd constant gales:
Then art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.
Syrups in every port we meet,
More fell than rocks or waves;
But such as grace the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.
These are our cares, but, if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main;
The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
The power of France and Spain.
Now England's glory rests with you;—
Our sails are full, sweet girls, adieu!

TO THE CLOUDS.

The Poetry by Goethe.—The Music by J. P. Lutz.

Adagio.

Clouds that sweep the mid - night heav-en, On your bright wings let me rove;
Leave me not with an - guish ri - ven, None who love me, none to love.
Oft, my slighty vigils keeping,
I have watch'd you till the dawn;
Through the far blue heavens sweeping,
On your snowy pinions borne!
Away, away, for ever speeding,
Careless wanderers of the air;

Human joy and woe unheeding,
Ah! ye pause not at my prayer!
Leave, O, leave me not in sadness,
Heavenly longing is my breast;
Bear me on your wings of gladness
To the far home of my rest!

MY FATHER'S HOME.

Arranged expressly for this Work, to an Air by Mozart.

Moderato.

A - cross the trou-bled loch I see A small white cot-tage, 'neath a gleam Of
sun-light, rest-ing par-tial-ly; On that one spot—with flood-ling beam, There
turn my thoughts where'er I roam—it is my fa-ther's chil-dren's home; There
turn my thoughts where'er I roam—it is my fa-ther's chil-dren's home!
Like the chaf'd wave, 'twixt it and here,
My surging spirit darkly swells;
Yst one bright spot of love will ne'er
Grow dim beneath its moody spells;—
How'ser the storm-cloud n'er me come,
Bright be my father's children's home!
There dwell the sisters, dower'd with sight
Of love once warm'd a heart, now cold;
Which still, for them, would think it naught

In coin its life-drops into gold;
The bright-eyed urchins there, to roam,
Who glad a grey-haired father's home!
My blessings on the much-lov'd spot,
Because I love the dwellers there:
When they are lov'd not, or forgot,
Unaanswer'd be my fondest prayer!
Though ne'er within its cope I coms,
Heaven shield my father's children's home!

BETTY WADE AND MR. SOLOMON.

Composed by Hook.

Allegro.

I lov'd a maid, call'd Bet-ty Wade, So tall and per-pen-di-cu-lar: Her neck and waist
did please my taste, In e-va-ry par-ti-cu-lar; her roguish eye did seem to ery,
"If you would have me, fol-low, man!" Then at her feet I sigh'd, "O, sweet, Do pi-ty Mister
So-lo-mo-n, Mis-ter So-lo-mo-n, Mister So-lo-mo-n, Do pi-ty, pi-ty, Mis-ter So-lo-mo-n!"

I bought a fine
New Valentins,
And eighteenpence I paid for it;
I sent her, too,
Some verses new,
Which I myself had made for it.
The verses said,—
"O, Betty Wade,
I'm no deceitful hollow man!
A lover true,
I sigh for you,
Your constant, faithful Solomos!"

A grenadier,
As you shall hear,
Her sweet-heart was unknown to me,
And him I met,
With my sweet Bet,
But she was like a stone to me.
"Good sir, this maid
Is mine," I said,
"Though you're a fierce and taller man!"
Said she, "you lie,
It's all my eye,
So hop off, Mr. Solomos!"

IF THAT HIGH WORLD.

Hebrew Melody, adapted to the Poetry of Lord Byron.

Cantabile.

If that high world which lies be-yond our own, Sur - vi - ving love^w en-
dears; If there the cher-ish'd heart be fond, The eye the same ex-cept in
tears; How welcome those un - trod-den spheres, How sweet this ve-ry hour to
die; To sons from earth, and find all fears Lost in thy light, e - ter - al-ty!

It must be so—'tis not for self
That we so tremble on the brink,
Ana, striving to o'erleap the gulf,
Yet cling to being's breaking link.

O! in that future let us think
To hold each heart the heart that shares;
With them th' immortal waters drink,
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

DERE'S SOME ONE IN DE HOUSE WID DINAH,

As Sung by the Ethiopian Serenaders.

Lively.

Ole Joe sat at de gar-den-gate, He couldn't get in kase he com'd too late; He up wid a
stone and knock at de door: "I wants to come in," says dis black Joe. "Who's dere?"
"Ole Joe," "What, ole Joe?" "Yes, ole Joe." Ole Joe kicking up be-hind and before, Do yaller gal
kicking up be-hind ole Joe. "Dere's some one in de house wi' Di-nah, Dere's some one in de
house, I know; Dere's some one in de house wi' Dinah, Playing on de ole ban-jo.

Out come Dinah—"What for you dere?"
"I want a gun to shoot dat hare!"
"Come, ole nigger, dat game won't do,
You'd better go home and mend your shoe."
Ole Joe, &c.
He came to town in a shocking fright,
For he heard a noise, and he see'd a fight:
Some boys were running up and down,
Shouting, "Ole Joe's jus come to town!"
Ole Joe, &c.

In come a nigger wid a blue-tail'd coat:
"Can you give me change for a five-pound note?"
"About your notes I do not know,
But I'll give you a note on dis ole banjo."
Ole Joe, &c.
Ole Joe was a nice young man,
He used to ride ole dobbins Dan;
But he sent him spinning down de hill,
And I calculate he lies dere still.
Ole Joe, &c.

REMEMBER ME.

Poetry by G. J. De Wilde.—Arranged expressly for this Work, to the beautiful Air, "Souvenir du Simplon."

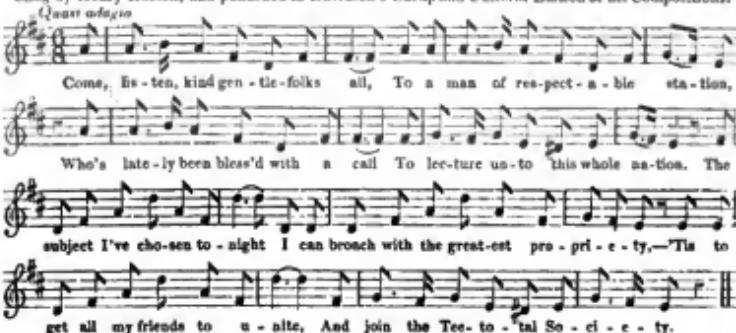


And look thou on the virgin moon,
When faintly first her crescent gleams;
Nor cease thy gaze, beloved, soon,
But hold me ever in thy dreams;
For there my heart that hour shall be,
Dreaming of thee, love—only thee!

My lov'd, my beautiful, my own!
In fancy thus we will maitte,
Even till the dreary hours are flown
That keep thee from my anxious sight;
And then my worshipp'd star shall be
Thee only, dearest—only thee!

THE TEETOTAL SOCIETY.

Sung by Henry Russell, and published in Davidson's Corp and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.



Once I took a great deal of stroog drink—
Rum, brandy, and all of that ere, sir;
But it now gives me pleasure to think
Alcohol I scarcely can bear, sir.
Neither wine, beer—nor cider, for me, sir;
But I do sometimes take a mointy
Of brandy mix'd into my tea,—
"Tis allowed by the Total Society.

Should you ask, 'why my nose looks so red'—
One gentleman there I see winking—
Now to tell you the reason I dread;
" But it blushes to see so much drinklog."
Should your cheeks be as red as a rose,
And you stick to the strictest sohriety,
The bloom will draw down to your nose,
If you join the Teetotal Society.

In your limbs should you have any pains,
Pour rum on the part that's affected;
Or brandy, internally, for strains—
For rheumatism 'tis not rejected.
You may always keep some in the house,
Only use it with strictest propriety,
And keep it as snug as a mouse—
"Tis allowed by the Total Society.

One night I'd been lecturing hard,
I felt that my breathing grew shorter,
I found that some wag, 'pon my word,
Had put gin in my pitcher of water.
I felt very faint, I declare,
For you know I'm the pink of sohriety;
I was carried home in an arm-chair.
By some mems of the Total Society.

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

OCHOIN, OCHRIO.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.—Old Scotch Melody.

Moderato.

O! wae up - on that fear - fu' deed, O on - o - chri, O! O
on - o - chri, O! That caus'd my own true love to bleed, O on -
o - chri, on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O! Our hands had scarce been join'd, when
O! O on - o - chri, O! O on - o - chri, O! The ruth - less
band my love laid low. O on - o - chri, on - o - chri, O!
I wander sad, and tears of woe,
Ochoin o-chri O! &c.
Blew my cheeks where'er I go;
Ochnin o-chri O! &c.
May death my grieving heart soon free,
Ochola o-chri O! &c.
It's sweeter now than life to me,
Ochoin o-chri O! &c.
The murderous deed their lives shall stain,
Ochoin o-chri O! &c.
They broke my bower, my love they've slain;
Ochola o-chri O! &c.
But a lock o' his golden hair,
Ochola o-chri O! &c.
Was a' they yielded to my prayer,
Ochola o-chri O! &c.

WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH.

Composed by Hook.

Andantino.

Twas with - in a mile of Ed - in - burgh town, In the ro - sy time of the
year, Sweet lay locks bloom'd and the grass was down, And each shep - herd wo'd his
dear. Bon - ey Jock - ey, blithe and gay, Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay; The lass - ie blush'd and
frowning cried, 'No, no it will not do. - - - I cannot, cannot, wonnot, woanot, mannot buckle to.'
Jockey was a wag that never would wed,
Though loog he had follow'd the lass;
Contested, she earn'd and eat her brown bread,
And merrily turn'd up the grass.
Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,
Won her heart right merrily;
Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried, 'No, no,
It will not do; [to.]
I cannot, cannot—woenot, woanot—mannot buckle
At church, she no more frowning cried, 'No, no,
It will not do; [to.]
I cannot, cannot—wonant, woanot—mannot buckle

RED IS THE BILLOW SPRAY.

Native Hindostane Melody, arranged by C. Horo to the Poetry of W. Reader.

Moderato.

Red is the hill-low spray, ting'd with the sun-ny ray, Sink-ing in mist-n'er the hills of
ever.
Light : But cold is its hue to the tu-lip cheek Or the rose-bud lip of the maid I seek ; And
dim's the gleam which ill-lumes the deep, To the love-lit smile in her eyes of sleep. Lin-ger not,
ever.
wea-ry bark ! Speed, ere the wave be dark ; Soon nu her bo-som shall fleet the night.
See ! the last blush has fled,
Far o'er the mountain's head :
Dusk looks the moon through a gray cloud's shade;
Wearily flies the sea-fowl near,
And rests on the beak of my boat in fear ;
The moon breaks forth from her clouds awhile,
But I see not my musk-breathing maiden's aisle.
Rose ! when the dreary sea
Holds me no more from thee,
Smile, and the bud of my woe shall fade !

THE CANARY BIRD.

By Charles Dibdin.

Andante.

Grace fate of sai-lors nour-ly va-ries. Lest doubts should wound my an-xious breast,
This pret-ty bird from the Ca-na-ries Jack brought to set my heart at rest : 'His life is
enarm'd, and when with sadness,' Cried he, 'his notes he mourn-ful gives, Then cher-ish care,
in-dulge oes-pair; But sweet-ly if they thrill with gind-ness, But sweet-ly
if they thrill with gladness, Rejoice, and know your lo-ver lives !' Attention, mark ! Hark, hark !

ALL AROUND THE MAY-POLE.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

Allegro.

All a-round the May-pole, how they trot, hnt. pot. And brown ale have got:
Rout-ing, shout-ing. At you flout-ing, fler-ing, jeer-ing, and what not.

All a-round the May-pole, how they trot, hot, pot, And brown ale have got.
 There is old Si-le-no froiks like a mad lad, glad to see us so sad;
 Cap'ring, vap'ring, while Pul scrap-ing, coax-es the lass-es, as he did the dad.
 All a-round the May-pole, how they trot, hot, pot, And brown ale have got.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

From the Opera of 'Love in a Village.'—Old English Air.

Allegro Moderato.

There was a jolly miller once liv'd on the ri-ver Dee; He
 work'd and sang from morn till night, No lark more blithe than he: And
 this the bur-den of his song For ever us'd to be,—I care for
 no-bo-dy, No, not I, If no-bo-dy cares for me."

THE CHAPEL.

Translated from the German of Uhland, and adapted to an Air by H. Proeh.

Andante sostenuto.

Yon-der chape-l on the moun-tain Looks up-on a vale of joy; Yon-der
 chape-l on the moun-tain Looks up-on a vale of joy; There be -
 low, by moss and foun-tain, Gay-ly sings the herds-man's boy; There be -
 low, by moss and foun-tain, Gay-ly sings the herds - man's boy.
 Hark! upon the breeze descending,
 Sound of dirge and funeral bell,
 And the boy, his song suspending—
 Listen, gazing from the dell.

Homeward to the grave they're bringing
 Forms that grac'd the peaceful vale;—
 Youthful herdsmen, gayly singing,
 Thus they'll chant thy funeral wail.

FISHER'S SONG.

Translated from the German, and adapted to an Air by Voo Rhyn.

Vivace.

Up and down, all day long, Life glides by us, like our song. In our lit-tle fish-cr
boat, on the rest-less sea we float: Up and down, all day long, Life glides by us, like our song.
Far from care, far from pain,
Far from thoughts of greedy gain,
Calmly, cheerfully, we ride
Over life's tempestuous tide;
Far from care, far from pain,
Far from thoughts of greedy gain.

WHAT SHALL WE HAVE FOR DINNER, MRS. BOND?

From "The Mayor of Garrett."

Allegretto.

'What shall we have for din-ner, Mis-trress Bond?' 'There's beef in the lar-der and
ducks in the pond.' Dill dill dill dill dill dill dill dill'd, Come here and be
kill'd. Dill dill dill dill dill dill dill dill'd, Come here and be kill'd.
'Send us the beef first, good Mrs. Bood; But they will not come to be kill'd, Mrs. Bond.'
And get us some ducks dress'd out of the pond.' Dill dill, &c.
'John Ostler, go and kill a dock or two!' Mrs. Bond then flies to the pond in a rage,
'Ma'am,' says John Ostler, 'I'll try what I can do.' With plenty of onions, and plenty of sage.
Dill dill, &c. Dill dill, &c.
I've been to the ducks that are in the pond, She cried, 'Little wagtails, come here and be kill'd,
~~~~~ For you must be stuff'd, and my customers fill'd.'

## THE NIGHT-WATCH.—A SONG OF THE SENTINEL.

Poetry by Alfred Creighton.—Arranged expressly for this Work, to a celebrated Air by Meyerbeer.

*Moderato.*

The night-watch! the night-watch! though dark and drear it be,  
Gilds swift-ly when the si-lent soul Com-muned with mem-o-ry:  
Who com-eth from the caves of thought, to tell of mo-meets past; Whose  
bright-ness bear-eth but one pain, And that,—they flew too fast.  
The night-watch! the night-watch!  
I love, I love it well,  
When the white moon, in the midnight Heaven,  
Falls on the deep blue swell:

And our bow' s cloud of milk-white foam  
Is dipp'd as 'tash along—  
As the poet's whi-ld soul explores  
The fairy realms of song.

## THE LITTLE HAY-MAKER.

*Allegretto.*

Composed by Reeve.

'Twas in June, ro-sy June, that I sann-ter'd one morning, Ali alone through the fields, just as  
Phoebus was dawn-ing, When for-tune so fix'd it, for which the deuce take her, I must  
ad lib. a tempo  
full deep in love with a pret-ty hay-mak-er—Yes in love, deep in love, deep in  
love with a pret-ty hay-mak-er, Deep in love with a lit-tle hay-mak-er.

She was fair and well form'd; ay, all lovely, I own't,  
And the grass here and there into hillocks had  
thrown it; [sake her;  
Her words were—"Stand by, sir."—I strove to for-  
But, no, I was caught by this pretty haymaker.—  
Yes, in love, deep in love, with a little haymaker.  
What to do I can't tell, for a case more perplexing  
Was ne'er never knowna,—no, nor truly more vexing;  
Pray, young men, have a care of the fields and each  
raker,

Lest you fall deep in love with some pretty hay-  
maker.—  
Yes, I'm trapp'd, fairly trapp'd, by a little hay-  
'Twas her figure, her mien, and two pretty black  
eyes, sir, [surprise, sir;  
With a blush the most sweet, took my heart by  
'Twas something bewitching, for which the deuce  
take her,  
Made me fall deep in love with this little haymaker.—  
Yes, in love, deep in love, with a little haymaker.

## WITH MY JUG IN ONE HAND.

Composed by J. Smart.

*Moderato Vivace.*

With my jug in one hand, And my pipe in the -ther, I drink to my neighbour and  
friend; My cares in a whiff of to-bac-co I sman-th'er, For life, I know, short-ly must  
end. While Ce-re's most kindly re-fills my brown jug with good ale, I will make my-self  
mellow; In my old wick-er chair I will seat my-self snug, Like a jolly and true  
hap-py fel-low; like a jolly, like a jolly, like a jolly and true hap-py fel-low.

I ne'er trouble my head with the cares of the nation,  
My aww being all I need mind;  
For the cares of this life are all grief and vexation,—  
To death we must all be consigned.

Then I'll laugh, drink, and smoke, and leave nothing  
But drop, like a pear that is mellow; [to pay,  
And, when cold in my coffin, I'll leave them to say,  
He's gone! what a hearty old fellow!]

## HUNTING THE HARE.

Old English Air.

*Vivace.*

Songs of shep-herds in rus-ti-cal roun-de-lays, Form'd in fas-ey and whistled on reeds,  
 Sung to sol-ace young nymphs up-on ho-ly-days, Are too un-wor-thy for won-der-ful deeds;  
 So-ti-ah Si-le-nus, to Pho-bus the ge-nies, was sent by dame Ve-ous a song to pre-pare;

In phrase nice-ly col'd, And verse quite re-fla'd, How the states di-vine hoot-ed the hare.  
 Stars, quite tir'd with pastimes Olympi-cal, Drowned Narcissus, from his metamorphosis  
 Stars and planets that bea-utiful shone, Rou'sd by echo, new manhood did take ;  
 Could no longer endure, that meo only shall Se-ning Somonos upstart from Chimeres, —  
 Swim in pleasures, and they but look on ; Before for a thousand years he did not wake ;  
 Round about horned There was clopfrooted  
 Lucia they swarmed, Mulciber booted,  
 And her inform'd how mislead they were, Ad Pan promoted on Corydon's mare ;  
 Each god and goddess Eolus flouted,  
 To take human bodies, And Mammon shouted,  
 As lords and ladies to follow the hare. And Pallas pouted, yet follow'd the hare.  
 Chaste Diana applauded the motion, Hymen ushers the lady Astrea,  
 While pale Proserpine sat in her place, The jest took hold of Latona the cold ;  
 To guide the welkio and govern the ocean, Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,  
 While she conducted her nephews in chase ; Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold ;  
 By her example Shamefac'd Aurora,  
 Their father to trample, With witty Pandora,  
 The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air ; And Malla with Flora did company bear ;  
 Neptune the water, Bot Juno was staled,  
 And wise liber pater, Too high to be mated,  
 And Mars the slaughtered to follow the hare. Although she hated our hunting the hare.  
 Young god Cupid was mounted on Pegasus, Three brown bowis to the Olympi-cal rector  
 Borrow'd of the muses with kisses and prayers ; The Troy-born boy presents on his knee ;  
 Stern Alcides upon cloudy Caucasus, Jove to Phoebus caroused in nectar,  
 Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears : And Phoebus to Hermes, and Hermes to me ;  
 Postilion of the sky, Wherewith infused,  
 Light-heel'd Mercury, I piped and mused,  
 Made his courser fly fleet as the air ; In language unans'd, their sports to declare ;  
 While tuneful Apollo Till the house of Jove  
 The chase did follow, Like the Spheras did move ;—  
 And hoop and hollow, boys, after the hare. Health to those who love hunting the hare !

## THE BEACON.

Composed by William Hawes.

*Andante, con espressione.*

The scene was more-beau-ti - ful far to my eye, Than if day in its pride had ar-ray'd it : The landbreeze blew mild, and the a - sur - arch'd sky Look'd pure as the spi - rit that made it. The mur-murs rose soft as I si - lent - ly gas'd On the

shadowy wave's play - ful mo - tion, From the dim distant isle, till the bea - con fire  
 blaz'd, Like a star in the midst of the o - cean. No long - er the joy of the  
 sai - lor-boy's breast Was heard in his wild - ly breath'd numbers; The sea - bird had  
 flown to his wave-gir-dil'd nest, The fish - er-man sunk to his slumbers. One  
 a tempo prime  
 mo - ment I look'd from the hill's gentle slope, All hush'd was the hil - lows e - mo - tion, And  
 thought that the beacon look'd love-ly as hope, That star in life's trem - u - lous o - cean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar;

Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,  
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star  
That blaz'd on the breast of the bellow.

In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,  
And death stills the heart's last emotion,  
O then may the seraph of mercy arise,  
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

### DEVOTION.

The Poetry by Sforza.—The Music founded on a Suabian Melody, by F. M. D'Alquen.

*Andante.*

Come to these arms, mine own true- heart-ed, Though all have from thee so cold - ly  
 part-ed, Like the leaves from a strick-en tree: O! think not I so false will  
 be: No, no, this breast shall be thy pil-low. And o'er the ri - ver as weeps the  
 wil - low, Till thy smile has wa - ken'd mine, I'll add my tears with joy to thine.

Hast thou not, dearest, told me often,  
If I thy sorrows would share and soften,  
Though all else might from thee fly,  
Thou still shouldst feel too bless'd to sigh?  
Then drop no more, for I am near thee,  
With heart to love, and with voice to cheer thee;  
And for me, where'er we roam,  
Thy smiles will make a happy home.

Yes, though the path we roam be clouded,  
If love's warm glances still keep us shrouded  
They will cheer life's darkest hour,  
And shine through ev'ry storm and shower;  
Yet, as the ice drops on the mountain,  
Stopp'd on its way to some summer fountain,  
Should my home as wintry be,  
I'll share it until death with thee.

## LONG I'VE BEEN AN ORPHAN POOR.

Composed by J. Davy.

*Largo Affettuoso.*

Long I've been an or - phan poor, Crav - log pi - ty At your  
door; Spent and wan - ry, down I lie And with cold and  
hun - ger die; Daugh - ters of cha - ri - ty, Sons of hu - ma - ni - ty, O  
pi - ty, O pi - ty the poor beg - gar boy! Daugh - ters of cha - ri - ty,  
Sons of hu - ma - ni - ty, O pi - ty, pi - ty the poor beg - gar boy!  
No care nur'd my growing years,  
No friend wip'd the flowing tears;  
Father, mother, all are gone,  
Left a beggar boy forlorn!  
Daughters of charity, &c.

Charity, charity, celestial maid,  
Dart a sunbeam in the shade;  
Light an outcast such as me,  
A wand'ring son of misery!  
Daughters of charity, &c.

## THE ENGLISH PADLOCK.

*Allegretto.*

Since ar - tists, who sue for the tro - phies of fame, Their wit and their taste and their  
ge - nius o're claim. At - tend to my song, where you'll cer - tain - ly find A se - cret dis -  
clo'sd for the good of man - kind, And de - ny it who can - sure the lan - rel's my due,—I've  
found out a padlock to keep a wife true, I've found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,  
With the arduous of youth all her passions inflame;  
Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,  
And languishing lovers still sigh and admire; [sue.  
Yet fearless you'll trust her, though thousands may  
When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.  
Though the husband may think that he wisely  
restrains, [chains,  
With his bars, and his bolts, his confinement and  
How fatally weak must this artifice prove,—  
Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?  
Throw jealousy hence, but suspicion abeau,—  
Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,  
All enceplying and kind, you must give her her way,  
While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,  
—Tis reason secures you the treasures of love;  
And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,  
For the fair one is safe if you padlock her mind.  
Though her virtues with foibles should frequently  
blend,  
Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;  
Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,—  
Tis the charm of indulgence that blinds the soft sex,  
They've'er ex - prove false while this maxim's in view,  
Good humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

### MY BOY TAMMY, ALSO KNOWN AS THE LAMMIE.

The Poetry by Hector Macneill.—The Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Whar hae ye been a' day, My boy Tam-my? Whar hae ye been a' day,  
 My boy Tam-my? I've been by huro and flow'-ry brae, Meadow green and  
 moan - tain gray. Court-ing o' this young thing, Just come fras her mam - my.  
 And whar gat ye that young thing,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 I got her down in yonder howe,  
 Smiling on a bonny knowe,  
 Herding an' wi' lamb and ewe,  
 For her poor mammy.  
 What said ye to the bonnie bairn,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 I prais'd her een, sae lovely blue,  
 Her dimpl'd cheek and cherry mou';—  
 I pree'd it aft, as ye may traw!—  
 She said she'd tell her mammy.  
 I held her to my beating heart,  
 My young, my smiling lammie!  
 I has a house, it cost me dear,  
 I've wealth o' plenishans and gear;  
 Ye'se get it a', war't ten times mair,  
 Gin ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gred aff her bonnie face—  
 I manna leave my mammy :  
 She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,  
 She's been my comfort a' my days :—  
 My father's death brought monie waes—  
 I canna leave my mammy.  
 We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,  
 My ain kind-hearted lammie ;  
 We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,  
 We'll be her comfort a' her days.  
 The wee thing gies her hand, and says—  
 There! gang and ask my mammy.  
 Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,  
 My boy Tammy?  
 She has been to the kirk wi' me,  
 And the tear was in her ee :  
 For, O! she's but a young thing,  
 Just come fras her mammy.

### HEY, JENNY, COME DOWN TO JOCK.

*Vivace.*

Jock-ky he came here to woo, On ae 'east-day, when we were foo; And  
 Jen-ny put on her best ar-ray, When she heard Jock-ky was come that way.  
 Jenny she gaud up the stair,  
 Sae privily, to change her smock,  
 And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,—  
 ' Hey, Jassy, come down to Jock !'  
 Jenny she cam' down the stair,  
 And she cam' bobbin and beckin ben ;  
 Her stays they were lac'd, and fu' limp was her  
 And a braw oew-made manke-gown. [waist,  
 Jocky took her by the hand :  
 Says, ' Jenoy, lass, can ye fancy me ?'  
 My 'ather is dead, and has left me some land,  
 And braw houses twa or three ;  
 ' And I will git them a' to thee,'  
 ' Ahalit ! quo Jenay, ' I fear ye mock.'  
 ' Then foul fa' me gin I scorn thee :  
 If ye'll be my Jenny, I'll be your Jock.'

Jenny lookit, and syns she leub,—  
 ' Ye first mann get my mither's conseot.'  
 ' Awel, guidwife, and what say ye ?'  
 ' Quo' she, ' Jock, I am weel content.'  
 Jenny unto her mother did say,—  
 ' O mother, fetel us ben some meat ;  
 A piece o' the butter was kirk'd the day,  
 That Jocky and I thegither may eat.'  
 Jocky unto Jenny did say,—  
 ' Jenoy, my dear, I want nae meat ;  
 It was nae for meat that I cam' here,  
 Bot a' for love o' you, Jenny, my dear.'  
 Jenny, she gaud up the gate,  
 Wi' a green goun as long as her smock ;  
 And aye sae loud as her mother did rair,—  
 ' Wow, sirs! haena Jenny got Jock !'

## MOORISH GATHERING-SONG.

*Adagio.*

Peninsular Melody.—The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

Chains on the ci - ties, gloom in the air, Come to the hills, fresh bree - zes are there!  
Si - lence and fears in the rich orange bow - ers! Come to the rocks whose freedom hath tow'rs.

Come from the Darro! —chang'd in its tone;  
Come where the strange no bondage have known!  
Wildly and proudly, foaming, they leap,  
Singing of freedom from steep to steep!

Come from Alahambra! garden and grove  
Now may not shelter beauty nor love:  
Blood on the waters! death'midst the flowers!  
Only the rock and the spear are ours.

## TRUISMS; OR, INCONTRROVERTIBLE FACTS.

*Moderato.*

I'm Si - mon Bore, just come from Col - lege, My stu - dies I've pur - sued so far—I'm  
call'd, for my sur - pris - ing know - ledge, The walk - ing Cy - clo - pre - di - a; Tho' some per -  
haps may call me quiz, Their jeers I va - lue not a jot,—In art and na - ture all that is, I'll  
tell you—aye, and all that's not. So you must all ac - know - ledge, &c., I've made good use of  
Col - lege, O.—Whilst I was there, com - plete - ly bare I strip'u the tree of know - ledge, O.

Hay is brought to town in carts,  
Ham sandwiches ar'n't made of tin;  
They don't feed cows on apple tarts,  
Nor wear gilt spurs upon the chin;  
Bu - reka don't wear opera hats,  
Fiddles are not made of cheese,  
Nor pigeon-pies of water-rats—  
Boul'd salmon does not grow on trees.  
So you must all, &c.

Potty is not good to eat,  
Frying-pans ar'n't made of gaunce;  
Penny rolls are made of wheat,  
Straw bonnets, too, are made of straws;  
Horses don't wear Hessian boots,  
Thames-water is not turtle-soup;  
A child can't eat an iron hoop,  
And pigs don't play the German flute.  
So you must all, &c.

Fifty pounds of yellow soap  
Weigh more than twenty-five of cheese;  
An oyster cannot chew a rope,  
Poor people have a right to sneeze;

Pigs don't rest the Morning Post,  
Watch-chains are not roasting-jacks;  
They don't make boots of butter'd toast,  
Red herrings don't pay powder-tax.

So you must all, &c.

Kittens are but little cats,  
Mouse-traps are not county jails;  
Whales are full as large as sprats,  
They don't stuff geese with copper salts;  
A German waltz is not a hymn,  
The French are mostly born in France;  
Fishes ar'n't afraid to swim,  
And turkeys seldom learn to dance.

So you must all, &c.

Twenty turnips make a score,  
Dustmen rarely drink champagne;  
A cow's tail seldom grows before,  
They don't make wigs of bamboo cane;  
Dutchmen sometimes lie in beds,  
A cabbage cannot dance a jig;  
Grass does not grow on ladies' heads,  
A bull-dog need not wear a wig.

So you must all, &c.

## WHEN LURKING LOVE.

The Poetry by Mrs. Phoebe, the Music by Richardson

*Andante.*

When lurk-ing love in am-bush lies, Un - der friend-ship's fair dis - guise;  
 When he wears an an-gry mien, Im - i - ta-ting spite, or im - i - ta-ting  
 spleen, When he wears an an-gry mien, Im - i - ta-ting spite, or im - i -  
 ta-ting spleen; When lurk-ing love in am - bush lies, Un-der friend-ship's fair  
 dis - guise, When he wears an an-gry mien, Im - i - ta - ting spite, or  
 im - i - ta - ting spleen; When like sorrow he se - du - ces, When like plea - sure be - a -  
 mn - es;—Still, how - e'er the parts are cast, 'Tis but lurk-ing love at last;  
 Still, how - e'er the parts are cast, 'Tis but lurk - ing love at last.

## O! HOW SHALL I IN LANGUAGE WEAK.

From the Opera of Love in a Village.—Composed by Carey.

*Andante.*

O! how shall I in lan - guage weak My ar-dent passion tell? Or form my  
 fal-t'ring ton - que to speak That cru - el word Fare - well. Fare - well! but  
 know, tho' thus we part, My thoughts can ne - ver stray: Go where I will, my  
 con-stant heart Must with my charm - er stay --- must with my charm - er stay.

## JACK AND I SAW THEM NO MORE.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderato.*

Jack and I were both mess-mates a long time at sea, And many's the bat-tle we've  
fought; Yet fear, d'yemind, ne-ver touch'd him or me, Tho' oft on our sweet-hearts we  
thought: For Jack lov'd his Kit-ty as dear as his soul, And Poll was my com-fort on  
shore; And the an-gel of truth did our love-vows en - rai, Though Jack and I saw them no  
more,— And the an-gel of truth did our love-vows en - rai, Though Jack and I  
saw them no more, no more, no more; though Jack and I saw them no more.

'Twas long on the oceans, toss'd upwards and down,  
We'd been from our charmers away;  
Had gain'd by hard service both gold and renown,  
Their fondness and love to repay:  
But, shame on report and each slanderous tongue,  
That whisper'd ill tidings on shore,  
For malice, too husky, our death-knell had rung,  
And Jack and I saw them no more.

Two landsmen, to win their affections, d'yee see,  
Had tried ev'ry art, but in vain;  
When falsehood gave out we were both wreck'd at  
And found a cold grave in the main. [see,  
Poll and Kate heard the tale, but a word never spoke,  
Each fell like a lamb on the floor;  
The funeralls of life from that moment were broke,  
And Jack and I saw them no more.

## THE GRASP OF A FRIEND.

The Poetry by William Jones.—The Music by Donizetti.

*Largo.*

"Tis friend - ship and worth That en - dear us to earth, And sun-ning - ly bright-en our way:  
All the sor-rows of life, And its feverish strife, The care of a friend will al - lay, While the  
beam of an eye, Or a pi-ty-ing sigh, May a zeal, a zeal for our hap-pl-ness prove.  
Yea 'tis the bro-ther-ly clasp Of a warm friendly grasp That tells his de - vo - tion and love.

While the man we believe  
With a look may deceive,  
Or in voice may betray his untruth,  
'Tis the touch of the hand  
That ankindles the brand  
Which glows on the altar of youth.

And soon ye may know  
If sincere is the glow  
Of affection, the tried of langsyne;—  
Yea! by the joy when we met,  
And companion-like greet,  
And the hands in each other that twine

## I COULD NEVER LUSTRE SEE.

From 'The Duenna.'

*Allegro.*

I could ne - ver lu - stre see In eyes that would not look on me I  
ne'er saw nec - tar on a lip. But where my own did hope to sip. Has the  
maid who seeks my heart Cheeks of rose un-touch'd by art? I will own the  
colour true, When yield-ing blush-es aid their hue. When yield-ing blush - es aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?  
I must press it, to be sure:  
Nor can I be certain then,  
Till it grateful press again.

Must I, with attentive eye,  
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?  
I will do so when I see  
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

## HE LOVES, AND HE RIDES AWAY.

Composed by C. E. Hern.

*Allegro Moderato.*

At the Ba - ron of Mowbray's gate was seen A page, with a cour - ser black; There  
came out a knight of no - ble mien, And he leap'd on the cour - ser's back. His arms were  
bright, his heart was light, And he sang this mer - ry lay,— \* How joi - li - ly lives a  
fair young knight,—He loves and rides a - way; How joi - li - ly lives a fair young knight, He  
loves and rides a - way, a - way, a-way, a-way.—He loves and he rides a - way.  
A lady look'd over the castell wall,  
And she heard the knight thus sing;  
The lady's tears began to fall,  
And her hands she began to wring:—  
And didst thou, then, thy true love plight,  
And was it thut to betray?  
Ah! tarry awhile, my own dear knight,—  
In pity don't ride away.'

The knight of her tears he took no heed,  
While scornful laugh'd his eye;  
He gave the spur to his prancing steed,—  
' Good bye, sweetheart, good bye.'  
And soon he vanish'd from her sight;  
While she was heard to say,—  
\* Ah! ladies, beware of a fair young knight,  
He'll love, and he'll ride away.'

## CHUNDAH'S SONG.

A Hindostane Melody, adapted by James Koox; the Poetry paraphrased from Sir W. Jones's  
Translation of the Persian of Hafiz.

*Allegro non troppo.*

Sweet maid! if thou wouldest charm my sight, And bid these arms thy neck en-fold,  
That rosy cheek wouldest more de-light Thy po-e'ts heart than stores of gold;  
More would he prize one beaming smile, Or pressure of that li-ly hand,  
Than fair-est pearls of Sen-drib's isle, Than all the gems of Sa-mar-cand.  
Boy! let you liquid ruddy flow,  
And bid my pensive heart be glad;  
Minstrels, attend! Can Eden show  
A stream more clear than Rockabad?  
O I can bright hoar's eyes display  
More dazzling beams to rule the bless'd,  
Than those which steal my heart away,  
And rob my pensive soul of rest?

Speak not of Fate.—O! change the theme,  
And tell of odours, sing of wine;  
Think that the future's but a dream.—  
To live and joy our thoughts confide:  
Ad O! sweet maid, my counseil hear,—  
Leaves the dull rule of wisdom's page  
While music charms the ravish'd ear,  
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

## MRS. WADDLE OF CHICKABIDDY LANE.

By Charles Dibdin the Younger.

*Moderato.*

Mrs. Wad-dle was a wi-dow, and she got no lit-tle gain; She kept a  
tripe and trot-ter shop in Chick-a-bid-dy Lane; Her next door neigh-bour,  
Tom-my Tick, a tal-ly-ma was he, And he ax'd Min-aes Wad-dle just to  
take a cup of tea, With a tick a tee, tick a tee, tick a tee, tick a tee, tick a tee.  
Mrs. Waddle put her chaints on, and seot for Sum-my Sprig;  
The titivating barber, to frizify her wig;  
Tommy Tick he dress'd in pompadour, with dou-blé-channel'd pamps,  
And look'd, when he'd his jacy on, just like the  
Jack of Trumps.  
With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.  
Mrs. Waddle came in time for tea, and down they  
sat together,—  
They talk'd about the price of things, the fashion,  
and the weather:  
She stay'd to supper, too—for Tummy Tick, with-  
out a doubt, [em nnt.]  
Was none of them that axes you to 'tea and turn  
With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.

Thus Tommy Tick, he won her heart, and they  
were married fast, [could not last:  
But all so loving were at first, 'twas thought it  
They'd wands, and with a large cow-heel she gave  
him such a wife, [of tripe.  
And he return'd the compliment with half a yard  
With a tick a tee, tick a tee, &c.  
She took him to the justice such cruelty to erase,  
Who bound the parties over to keep the public  
peace;  
But Mrs. Tick, one day, inflam'd with max and  
She with a joint-stool broke the peace and Tom-  
my's head together.  
SPOKEN.] There he lay, with about a dozen  
cow-heels round him—singing, Tick a tee, tick a  
tee, &c.

## LITTLE FOOLS AND GREAT ONES.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap Allegro Moderate, and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

When at the so - cial board you sit, And pass a - round the wine, Re-  
 mem - ber, though a - buse is vile, That use may be di - vine; That  
 Heav'n in kind - ness gave the grape, To cheer both great and small—  
 That lit - tle fools will drink too much, But great ones not at all.  
 And when, in youth's too fleeting hours,  
 You roam the earth alone,  
 And have not sought some loving heart,  
 That you may make your own,—  
 Remember woman's priceless worth,  
 And think, when pleasures pall,  
 That little fools will love too much,  
 And great ones not at all.  
 And if a friend deceiv'd you once,  
 Absolve poor human kind,—  
 Nor rail against your fellow man,  
 With malice in your mind;

But, in your daily intercourse,  
 Remember, lest you fall,  
 That little fools confide too much,  
 And great ones not at all.  
 In work or pleasure, love or drink,  
 Your rule be still the same;  
 Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,  
 Your love a steady flame;  
 Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer—  
 So shall your bliss not pall:  
 For little fools enjoy too much,  
 But great ones not at all.

## THE ROSE OF THE VALLEY.

*dudante Affetuoso.* Poetry by C. Dibdin the Younger.—Music by W. Reeve.

The rose of the val - ley In spring-time was gay, But the rose of the  
 val - ley It with - er'd a - way! The swains all ad - mir'd it, Its  
 prai - ses re - peat, An em - blem of vir - tue, So sim - ple and sweet,  
 An em - blem of vir - tue, So simple and sweet. But the blight marr'd the  
 blos - som, And soon, well - a - day! The rose of the val - ley, It wi -  
 ther'd a - way; The rose of the val - ley, It wi - ther'd a - way.  
 The rose of the valley  
 A truth can impart;  
 By the rose of the valley,  
 I picture my heart:  
 The sun of content cheer'd the morn of its birth,

By innocence render'd a heaven on earth;  
 But virtue and peace  
 Left the spot, well-a-day!  
 And the rose of the valley,  
 It wither'd away.

## THE RICHEST PRINCE.

The Poetry translated from the German of Korner; the Music composed by Wolff.

*Allegretto.*

To a state-ly hall at Worms one day, Sate German Princes four; With many  
speeches counted they Their lands and trea-sures o'er, Their lands and trea-sures o'er,

And first the prince of Saxony  
Extol'd his rich domain:  
'My mountainous teen with silver,' said he,  
In many a deep, dark vello.'  
'Behold my land's luxuriance!' said  
The elector of the Rhine;  
'The valleys with golden grain o'erspread,  
On the mountains noble vine.'  
'Great cities, rich cloisters, all must agree,'  
Said Lewis, Bavaria's lord,  
'Are prouder treasures: then to me  
The palm ye must accord.'

Old Eberhardt, with beard of snow,  
Lord of Wurtemberg, said,—  
'Few cities hath my land to show,  
No silver in mountain-bed:  
'Yet one rare jewel it hides:—I may,  
Where woods are most deep and drear,  
In the lap of the lowliest subject lay  
My head, and feel no fear.'  
Then out spake the lords of Saxony,  
Bavaria, and the Rhine:  
'Old count, we yield the palm to thee;  
Thy land bears jewels divine!'

## THE VILLAGE BELLS, OR MAY-DAY.

Written and composed by Thomas Welsh.

*Allegro.*

The vil-lage bells ring mer-ri-ly round, And jo-eund sings each swain; The  
nymphs, with gay and fan-ci-ful bound, Trip o'er the dai-sy'd plato; The  
vil-lage bells ring mer-ri-ly round, And jocund sings each awain; The  
nymphs, in gay and fan-ci-ful bound, Trip o'er the dai-sy'd plain.  
'Tis May-day morn, and innocent mirth  
Attunes the festive lay:  
Repose from toil, to pleasure give birth,  
And all is blithe and gay.  
The milk-pail now no longer I'll bear,  
But fly to meet my love;—  
I'll dance and sing, the merriest there.—  
No care my breast shall move.

## NICE YOUNG MAIDENS.

The Words by P. I. Hodgson.

*Vivace.*

Here's a pretty set of us, Nice young maidens! Here's a pretty set of us,  
Nice young maidens! Here's a pretty set of us, All for hon-hands at a loss.  
Shall we long con-ti-nue this? Nice young maidens! Nice young maidens!

We have tender hearts and kind,  
Nice young maidens !  
We have tender hearts and kind,  
And to marriage are inclin'd,  
If we could but lovers find,  
Nice young maidens !  
We'll petition Parliament,  
Nice young maidens !  
We'll petition Parliament,  
And a little argument  
Will obtain us all we want,  
Nice young maidens ?  
I'll no longer wish and sigh,  
Nice young maidens !  
I'll no longer wish and sigh :—  
Would you know the reason why ?  
I've a husband in my eye,  
Nice young maidens !

Let me recommend a pia.  
Nice young maidens !  
Let me recommend a pia,—  
When you get a little man,  
'Tis to do the best you can,  
Nice young maidens !  
Thus I give you good advice,  
Nice young maidens !  
Thus I give you good advice,—  
If you are not over nice,  
You'll get husbands in a trice,  
Nice young maidens !  
Now I leave you all to choose,  
Nice young maidens !  
Now I leave you all to choose,—  
When one offers don't refuse,  
Else you may a husband lose,  
Nice young maidens !

## O ! TAKE THIS LEAF.

The Poetry by Wade.—The Music by Pleyel.

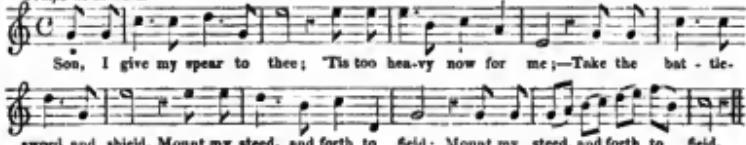
*Affetuoso.*

O take this leaf, And then you'll see That hope, joy, grief, were known to me !  
When morn - ing bright had cloud-ed eve. I saw hope's light, And cess'd to grieve.

Oft, lying calm,  
In bliss I slept,  
Where flew'res their balm  
Around me wept ;  
Then wak'd to find  
Joy's smile had fled,  
And left all behind  
Gloomy and dead !

But O ! remark,  
With friendly care,  
In scenes most dark,  
One gleam was there :—  
When mem'ry view'd  
Thy friendship's truth,  
I felt all resew'd  
The joys of youth !

## THE OLD SWABIAN WARRIOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS SON.

The Poetry translated from the German of Stolberg; the Music by Thibault Comte de Champagne.  
*Tempo di Marcia.*

Son, I give my spear to thee; 'Tis too hea-vy now for me ;—Take the bat-tle-  
sword and shield, Mount my steed, and forth to field; Mount my steed, and forth to field.  
See these whitened locks; the helm  
Fifty years hath covered them;  
Every year a fight hath made  
Hunt my battle-axe and blade.  
Never draw this sword in vain  
For thy sires on battle-plain;  
Watch and dart with eagle's might;  
He a thunderbolt in fight.  
Seek the battle's heaviest shock,  
Meet it firm as ocean-rock;  
Spare the suppliant, lying low;  
Hew in twain the stubborn foe.  
When thy banner flutters in vain  
O'er thy faint and staggering train,

Theo du thou, a steadfast tower,  
Brave the gather'd foemen's power.  
By the sword thy brothers died,—  
Seven sons,—their country's pride;  
Sank in grief, thy mother lay  
Dumb and stiff, and pass'd away  
I am feeble now, and lone;  
Yet would thy disgrace, my son,  
On the father's heart-strings fall  
Seven times heavier than all.  
Fear not, then, though death be nigh;  
On thy God in faith rely;  
So thou bravely fight, my boy,  
Thy old father dies with joy!

DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOOT THE HOUSE.

As sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

But are ye sure the news is true? And are ye sure he's weel? Is this a  
time to think o' wark? Ye jauds, fling by your wheel. Is this a time to  
think o' wark, When Co-lin's at the door? Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay, And  
see him come a-shore? For there's nae luck a-boot the house, There's nae luck at  
a', There's lit-tle plea-sure in the house When our gude-man's a'-wa.

Rise up and mak a clean fire-side;  
Put on the muckle pot;  
Gie little Kate her cotton goun,  
And Jock his Sunday coat;  
And mak their shoon as black as snaes,  
Their hose as white as snow;—  
It's a' to pleasure our gude-man,  
He likes to see them braw.

For there's nae luck, &c.

There are two hens into the crib,  
Has fed this month and mair;  
Mak haste and thrash their necks about,  
That Colin weel may fare;  
And spread the table neat and clean,  
Gar like thing look braw;—  
It's a' for toye o' our gude-man,  
For he's been lang awa.

For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonet,  
My bishop satin gown,  
And then gae tell the baillie's wife  
That Colin's come to town.  
My Sunday's shoon they manna gae on,  
My stockin' o' pearl blue;—  
And a' to pleasure our gude-man,  
For he's baith leal and true.

For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,  
His breath's like cauler air;  
His very foot has music in't,  
As he comes up the stair!  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht—  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.  
The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,  
That thrilled thro' my heart,  
They're a' blown by, I has me safe,—  
Till death we'll never part.  
But what puts parting in my head?  
It may be far awa;—  
The present moment is our sin,  
The neist we never saw.

For there's nae luck, &c.  
Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content,  
I has nae mair to crave;  
Could I but live to make him biss'd,  
I'm blest aboon the lave.  
And will I see his face again?  
And will I hear him speak?  
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht,—  
In troth, I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck, &c.

THE BAIGRIE O'.

Scottish Melody.

*Virace.*

When I think on this world's pelf, And how lit-tle o' t' ha'e to myself, I  
sigh and look down on my threand-hare coat; Yet the shame tak the gear and the baigrie o'!

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

Johanie was the lad that heid the plenich,  
But now he has gowd and gear eneuch;  
I mind weil the day when he was na worth a groat;  
And the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!  
Jenny was the lassie that smukkit the byre,  
But now she goes in her silken attire;

And she was a lass wha wore a plaiden coat—  
O, the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie n't!  
Yet a' this shall never danton me,  
Sae lang as I keep my fancy free;  
While I've but a penny to pay t'other pot,  
May the shame fa' the gear and the baigrie o't!

### MY JO JANET.

Ancient Scotch Song, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

'O, sweet sir, for your cour - to - sie, When ye come by the Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me, Buy me a keekin' glass, theo.'—'Keek in-to the draw-well,  
Ja - net, Ja - net; And there ye'll see your bon - nie sel', My ja Ja - net.'  
'But, keekin' in the draw-well clear,  
What if I should fa' in, sir?  
Then a' my kin will say and swear  
I droon'd myself' for yo, sir.  
'Hand the better by the brane,  
Janet, Janet :  
Hand the better by the brane,  
My ja Janet.'  
'O, gude sir, for your courtesie,  
Comin' through Aberdeen, then,  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pair o' sheets, then.'  
'Clout the auld—the new are dear,  
Janet, Janet ;  
As pair may guin ya hauf a year,  
My ja Janet.'  
'But if, dancin' on the green,  
And skippin' like a makin',  
They should see my clouted sheets,  
Of me they will be taakin'.'

'Dance aye laigh and late at e'en,  
Janet, Janet ;  
Syne their fants will no be seen.  
My jo Janet.'  
'O, kind sir, for your courtesie,  
When ye gaes to the Cross, then.  
For the love ye bear to me,  
Buy me a pacin' horse, then.'  
'Pace upon your spinnin'-wheel,  
Janet, Janet ;  
Pace upon your spinnin'-wheel,  
My jo Janet.'  
'My spinnin'-wheel is auld and stiff,  
The rock a' winna stand, sir;  
To keep the temper-pins in tiff  
Employs richt aft my hand, sir.'  
'Mak' the best n't that ye can,  
Janet, Janet ;  
But like it never wale a man,  
My jo Janet.'

### MY SPOUSE NANCIE.

Humorous Song, to the same Tune, by Burns.

' Husband, husband, cease your strife,  
Nor longer idly rave, sir;  
Though I am your wedded wife,  
Yet I'm not your slave, sir.—  
' One of two must still obey,  
Nancie, Nancie ;  
Is it man or woman, say,  
My spouse Nancie ?'  
' If 'tis still the lordly word,  
Service and obedience,  
I'll desert my sovereign lord,  
And so good-bye, allegiance !'  
' Sad will I be, so bereft,  
Nancie, Nancie ;  
Yet I'll try to make a shift,  
My spouse, Nancie.'

' My poor heart then break it must,  
My last hour I'm near it;  
When you lay me in the dust,  
Think—think how you will beshit.—  
' I will hope and trust in Heaven,  
Nancie, Nancie ;  
Strength to bear it will be given,  
My spouse Nancie.'  
' Well, sir, from the silent dead,  
Still I'll try to daunt ye ;  
Ever round your midnight bed  
Horrid sprites shall haunt ye.—  
' I'll wed another like my dear  
Nancie, Nancie ;  
Then all hell will fly for fear,  
My spouse Nancie !'

## NIGHT IS FALLING

Native Hindostane Melody, arranged by C. Horn to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Slow and with Solemnity.*

Night is fall-ing o'er the dark heath, Our wild path looks drear; Winds are howling round the couch of death, Rain patters n'er the hier. Few, ah! few have part-ed from the red moor,  
Where we fought the death-ful fray; And, whilst we chant thy fame a'er, Scarce a voice shall swell the lay. The beam of thy youth has shone, We shall bear thee to thy hills; Thy fal-con eyes are dim and wan, And our lips thy cold chea chills.  
When the dun deer starts at ev'-ning's wind, Thro' his brachy horns that signs; When near him cow's the timid hind, And scarcely breathing lies; [shau rise, When the broad moon redd'ning thro' the mists Let thy dim form be near;

Let a smile lie in those pale eyes. They drooping friends to cheer —  
Na sound in thy desolate halls Shall break the twilight gloom;  
But the ravens in their dank walls Shall find a boding home.

## FANCY DIPP'D HER PEN IN DEW.

The Poetry by C. Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.

*Andantino con espressione.* ad lib. a tempo. ad lib.  
Fan-cy dipp'd her pen in dew, Distilled fram leaves, from leaves of gayest flow-ers; Her pa-per from soft fl - ores grew, Pur - loin'd fram buds, purlein'd fram buds in ro - sy  
how-ers. Then she wrote a lay to prove Hearts might safe - ly  
ad lib. a tempo. ad lib. a tempo. a tempo.  
toy with love; Arch-ly smil-ing, smil-ing, Love was there, And cried, 'Of Fan - ey,  
ad lib. a tempo. ad lib. a tempo. ad lib.  
maids, be - ware; Be-ware be - ware; of Fan - ey, of Fan - ey, maid, be - ware.'

Rough Love took May-day then,  
And, from his wing a feather taking,  
He dipp'd it in, and chang'd her pen,  
And all her lay seem'd Love's own making.

She wrote of love with such sweet art,  
She read, and sigh'd, and lost her heart;  
Arch-ly jeering Love was there.  
And cried, 'Of Fancy, maid, beware.'

## THE WAY WAS DARK AND DREARY.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

The way was dark and dreary, That Su-san jour-ney'd o'er, And she was cold and  
 wea-ry, Up - on the house-less moor. The wind was bleak and roar-ing, And  
 she had far to roam; She felt the tor-rent pour - ing, And sigh'd to reach her  
*ad lib.* *tempo.*  
 home. 'Dear home,' she cried, 'dear home,' she cried, And kiss'd her babe with  
 joy: 'Home, home, where ends my la-bour; home, and where be-gins my joy.'  
 Now to her bosom pressing  
 Her babe in many a fold,  
 She heard his ery distressing,  
 She found his limbs grow cold;  
 Colder her heart was growing!  
 Despair gave double strength!

She saw the taper glowing,  
 She reach'd the door at length:—  
 'Dear home!' she cried, and kiss'd her babe with  
 joy!  
 'Here ends my pain, for here revives my boy!'

## THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

The Poetry by G. S. Carey.

*Moderato.*

Life's like a ship in con-stant mo-tion, Sometimes high and some-times  
 low; Where ev'-ry one must brave the o - cean, What - so - e - ver wind may  
 blow. If un - as - sail'd by squall or show - er, Wast-ed by the gen - tle gales,  
 Let's not lose the fav - ring hour, While suc - cess at-tends our sails.

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,  
 Let us not give way to fear;  
 But let us all our patience master,  
 And learn from reason how to steer.  
 Let judgement keep you ever steady,—  
 'Tis a ballast never fail;  
 Should dangers rise, be ever ready  
 To manage well the swelling sails.  
 Trust not too much your own opinion,  
 While your vessel's under way;  
 Let good example bear dominion,—  
 That's a compase will not stray.

When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,  
 Or Boreas on the surface rails,  
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,  
 And providence attend the sail.  
 Then, when you're safe from danger, riding  
 In some welcome port or bay,  
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,  
 And care awhile ensumber'd lay;  
 Or, when each can's with liquor flowing,  
 And good fellowship prevails,  
 Let each true heart, with rapture glowing,  
 Drink 'success unto our sails.'

## THE ROSEBUDS.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

Two rose-buds, on their native stem, Were gay-ly sweet-ly blow-ing; A-like they  
caught the fall-ing dew, No sep'-rate plea-sure know-ing; The north-ern gales, one  
bit-ter night. These fra-grant flow'r's dis-se-ver; They rend the yield-ing branch in twain, And  
part the buds for e- ver, And part the buds for e- ver.

So Laura and her swain had dwelt,  
Their little lives improving;  
Each own'd the passion either felt,  
And knew the bliss of loving;—

Till ist'rest, like the stormy wind,  
Destroy'd the bonds they cherish'd,  
And, parting them for wealth and gold,  
Like buds the lovers perish'd.

## LIBERTY'S APPEAL.

Peninsular Melody.—The Poetry by John Bowring, Esq. L.L.D.

*Allegro Brillante.*

Li - ber - ty in - vites us, Li - ber - ty u - nites us, Hon - our calls and plights us  
to our coun - try's cause; Li - ber - ty in - vites us, Li - ber - ty u - nites us, Hon - our  
calls and plights us to our coun - try's cause; O'er her moun-tains hoa - ry, Through her  
vales of sto - ry, For her an - cient glo - ry, And her sa - cred laws; O'er  
her moun-tains hoa - ry, Through her vales of sto - ry, For her an - cient glo - ry, And  
her sa - cred laws. See the foe be - fore us, Tomb or tri - umph see! See the  
ban - bers o'er us, Death or Li - ber - ty, Death or Li - ber - ty.

Where the eagle soareth,  
Where the torrent poureth,  
Where the tempest roareth,  
Freedom's host shall be.

Every land shall hear them,  
Every echo cheer them,  
Every breeze shall bear them  
Shouts of victory.  
See the foe before us, &c.

## THE CARRIER-PIGEON.

American Melody.—The Poetry by Perival.—The Music by P. K. Morgan.

*Fifteen.*

Come hi-ther, thou beau-ti-ful ro-ver, Thou wan-drer of earth and of air;  
 Who bear-est the sighs of a lo-ver, And bring-est him news of his fair:  
 Bead hi-ther thy light wav-ing pin-oo, And abow me the gloss of thy neck;  
 O! perch on my hand, dear-est min-ion, And turn up thy bright eye and peck.

Here is bread of the whitest and sweetest,  
 And there is a sip of red wine;  
 Though thy wing is the lightest and steepest,  
 'Twill be steeper when curv'd by the vine:  
 I have written on rose-scented paper,  
 With thy wing, a soft billet-doux;  
 I have melted the wax in love's taper,—  
 'Tis the colour of true hearts' sky-blue.

I have fasten'd it under thy pinion,  
 With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;—  
 So go from me, beautiful minion,  
 While the pale ether shows not a speck.  
 Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,  
 Like an arrow he hurries away;  
 And, farther and farther refreshes,  
 He is lost in the clear blue of day.

## TOM STARBOARD.

Composed by Reeve.

*Moderato.*

Tom Star-board was a lov'er true, As brave a tar as e-ver sail'd;  
 The du-ties a-biest sea-me-o do, Tom did, and ne-ver yet had fall'd: But,  
 wreck'd as he was home-ward bound, With-in a league of En-gland's coast,  
 Love sav'd him sure from being drown'd, For all the crew but Tom was lost.

His strength restor'd, Tom hied with speed,  
 True to his love as e'er was man;  
 Naught had he sav'd, naught did he need,  
 Rich he in thoughts of lovely Nan.  
 But scarce five miles had poor Tom got,  
 When he was press'd;—he heav'd a sigh,  
 And said,—" though cruel was his lot,  
 Ere finch from duty he would die."  
 In fight Tom Starboard koew no fear;  
 Nay, when he lost an arm, resign'd,  
 Said,—" love for Nan, his only dear,  
 Had sav'd his life, and fate was kind."

The way being ended, Tom return'd,—  
 His lost limb serv'd him for a joke;  
 For still his manly bosom burn'd  
 With love—his heart was heart of oak.  
 Ashore, in haste Tom nimblly ran  
 To cheer his love—his destin'd bride;  
 But false reports had brought to shore,  
 Six months before, that Tom had died.  
 With grief she daily pin'd away,—  
 No remedy her life could save,  
 And Tom arriv'd the very day  
 They laid his Nancy in the grave.

## BARNEY BRALLAGHAN'S COURTSHIP.

The Words by T. Hudson; the Music by J. Blewitt.

*Moderato.*

'Twas on a win-dy night, At two o'-clock in the morn-ing, An I-riah lad so  
 tight, All wild and wea-ther scorn-ing, At Ju-dy Cal-laghan's door, Sit-ting up-on the  
 pa-lings, His love tale he did pour, And this was part of his wall-ling: On - ly say  
 You'll have Mis-ter Brai-la-ghan; Don't say nay, Charm-ing Ju-dy Cal-laghan. On -  
 ly say, You'll have Mis-ter Brai-la-ghan; Don't say nay, Charming Ju-dy Cal-laghan.  
 Oh! list to what I say:—  
 Charms you've got like Venus;  
 Own your love you may,  
 There's only the wall between us.  
 You lay fast asleep  
 Song in bed quad snoring;  
 Round the house I creep,  
 Your hard heart imploring.  
 Only say, &c.  
 I've got nine pigs and a sow,—  
 I've got a sty to sleep 'em;  
 A calf and a brind'l'd cow,—  
 And got a cabin to keep 'em;  
 Sunday hose and coat;  
 An old gray mare to ride on;  
 Saddle and bridle to boot,  
 Which you may ride astride on.  
 Only say, &c.  
 I've got an old tom cat,—  
 Through one eye he's staring;  
 I've got a Sunday hat,—  
 Little the worse for wearing;  
 I've got some gooseberry wine,—  
 The trees had got no riper on;  
 I've got a fiddle fine,  
 Which only wants a piper on.  
 Only say, &c.

I've got an acre of ground,  
 I've got it set w/ praties;  
 I've got of bacey a pound,  
 And got some tea for the ladies.  
 I've got the ring to wed;  
 Some whiskey to make us gaily;  
 A mattress feather bed,  
 And a handsome new shellar!'  
 Only say, &c.  
 You've got a charming eye;  
 You've got some spelling and reading;  
 You've got—and so have I—  
 A taste for genteel breeding.  
 You're rich, and fair, and young,  
 As every body's knowning;  
 You've got a decent tongue,  
 Whenever its set a-going.  
 Only say, &c.

For a wife till death  
 I am willing to take ye;  
 But, och! I waste my breath.—  
 The devil himself can't wake ye.  
 'Tis just beginning to rain,  
 So I'll get under cover;  
 I'll come to-morrow again,  
 And be your constant lover.  
 Only say, &c.

## THE VILLAGE SMITHY.

The Poetry translated from the German of Kerner; the Music by Godfried Weber.

Shel-ter'd well by friend-ly moun-tains, Wash'd by clear and cool-ing fountains, In a  
 nook so still and green, Love-lier hamlet ne'er was seen, Love-lier hamlet ne'er was seen.

Overhead, on ridges high,  
Old dark pine-trees hide the sky;  
Down below, the stream flows near,  
And the air is mild and clear.  
House and yard swarm all day long  
With a busy bustling throng;  
Ever as the day comes round,  
Rings the anvil's restless sound.

And the bright sparks dart and quiver,  
And the steady splinters shiver,  
And the flood, with thunder-sound,  
Flings the ponderous mill-wheel round.  
Earthly cares shall not molest.  
In this vale, my peaceful breast;—  
Joy within my heart shall dwell,  
As a pure untroubl'd well.

## HITHER, MARY, HITHER COME.

*Moderato, Con Espressione.*

Composed by Hook.

Hi-ther, hi-ther, Ma-ry, hi-ther, hi-ther come, And taste with me the  
ver-nal bloom; There the fra-grant haw-thorn blows, Here blows the  
pink and blush-ing rose. Hi-ther, hi-ther, come with me to prove The  
sweet de-light of mu-tual love, The sweet de-light of mu-tual love.  
Hi-ther, hi-ther, Mary hi-ther, come,  
And make this bow'r thy peaceful home;  
Taste the bliss of rural ease,  
Matchless joys of love and peace.  
Hi-ther, hi-ther, &c.

Hither, hither, Mary, hither come,—  
No longer from thy lover room;  
These delights come share with me,—  
Nature smiles to welcome them!  
Hi-ther, hither, &c.

## MOTHER, O! SING ME TO REST.

Peninsular Melody.—The Poetry by Mrs. Hemans.

Mo-ther, mo-ther, O sing me to rest, As in my bright days de-  
part-ed! As in my bright days, in my bright days de-part-ed! Sing to thy  
child, the sick-heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit op-pres'd! Sing to thy child, the sick-  
heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit, for a spi-rit op-pres'd! Sing to thy child, to thy  
child, the sick-heart-ed, Songs for a spi-rit, for a spi-rit op-pres'd! Sing to thy  
child, to thy child, the sick-hearted, Songs for a spi-rit, for a spi-rit ap-pres'd!  
Lay this tir'd head on thy breast!  
Flowers from the night-dew are closing,  
Pilgrims and mourners repousing!  
Mother, O! sing me to rest!

Take back thy bird to its nest!  
Weary is young life when blighted,  
Heavy this love unrequited;—  
Mother, O! sing me to rest!

## LOVE'S RECRUITING.

Composed by J. Barnett.

*Adagio.*

Love, one day, re - cruit-ing went, For troops, to serve with plea-sure, And ~~wa~~ the lure of  
beau-ty bent, He of-fer'd boun-ty rare: "List, 'list with Love! 'List, 'list with Love!  
'List, 'list with Love! 'List, 'list with Love! Yes, come, young maids, en-list with Love! If  
you'd gain store of trea-sure, No hap-pier life you e'er can prove: Then, maids, to Love re-  
pair! 'List with Love! 'List, 'list with Love! 'List with love! 'List, 'list with Love!  
'Come, maidens,—to Love's camp repair,  
Earol yourselves recruits;  
But of deserting, ah! beware,—  
Love each deserter shoots;—  
'List, 'list with Love!'

*Ritard.*

Beneath Love's gallant banner, then  
Enlisted many a tender maid,  
Bot found, when she'd go home agalo,  
Smart-money sore she paid.  
Fly, fly, from Love.

## TOM STEADY.

Composed by M. P. Klag.

*Allegro Moderate.*

Tom Stead-y left his na - tive shore, In search of gold to roam; And  
vow'd he would re - turn no more, In her he lov'd at home. To her he lov'd at  
home, Till For two and up - on his fate, And gave him wealth for  
love - ly Kate; Till For - tune and up - on his fate, And gave him  
wealth for love - ly Kate, And gave him wealth for love - ly Kate.

Ere long they met the valiant foes,  
And such the foes they sought;  
What follows every Briton knows,—  
They conquer'd, for they fought.  
With honour now and wealth elate,  
Tom smil'd, and thought of lovely Kate.

Their joyous course now homeward lies,  
When, e'en the port discern'd,  
A storm o'erwhelms each gallant prize  
And Tom still poor return'd:  
But Tom yet smil'd, and bless'd his fate,  
Thrice welcome'd by his constant Kate.

## WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

*Andantino.*

Wa - ter part - ed from the sea May in - crease the ri - ver's  
 tide; To the bub-bling fount may flee, Or through fer - tile  
 val - leys glide. Though in search of lost re - pose, Through the  
 land 'tis free to roam, Still it mur - murs as it flows,  
 calonda.

Pant - ing for its na - tive home; Though in search of lost re -  
 pose, Through the land 'tis free to roam; Still it mur - murs  
 as it flows, Pant - ing for its na - tive home.

## IT IS THE HOUR.

Hebrew Melody, adapted to the Poetry of Lord Byron.

*Allegretto.*

It is the hour when, from the boughs, The night-in-gale's high note is  
 heard; It is the hour when lov - ern vows seem sweet in ev - ry whisper'd  
 word, And gentle winds and waters near Make music to the lone-ly ear: Each  
 flow'r the dew have light - - ly wet, And in the skies the stars are met.

And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue,  
 And in the heaven, that clear obscure

So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
 That follows the decline of day,  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon away.

## REMEMBER, LOVE, REMEMBER.

Composed by Parke.

*Allegretto.*

"Twas ten o' - clock one moon-light night, I e - ver shall re - mem - ber, When  
ev' - ry star abone twink-ling bright In fros - ty dark De - cem - ber. When  
at the win-dow, tap, tap, tap, I heard a cer-tain well-known rap, And with it these  
words most clear, 'Re-mem-ber, Tea o' - clock, my dear; re - mem-ber, love, re - mem-ber.'

My mother dor'd before the fire,  
My dad his pipe was smoking,  
I dare not for the world retire,—  
Now, was not that provoking?  
At length, the old folks fast asleep,  
I flew my promis'd word to keep;  
And sure, his absence to denote,  
He on the window-shutter wrote,  
"Remember, love, remember!"

And did I beed a treat so sweet?  
O! yes, for mark the warning,  
Which said, "At church we were to meet  
At ten o'clock next morning."  
And there we met, no more to part,  
To twine for ever hand and heart;  
And since that day, in wedlock join'd,  
The window shutter brings to mind,—  
"Remember, love, remember."

## O, THINK NOT THAT THE FAIREST FACE.

Mozart's 'Das Madchen und der Vogel,' arranged by Maxio Clementi, to the Poetry of David Thomson.

*Allegretto.*

O, think not that the fair - est face Which ere my eye can see Thy  
i - mage from my heart can chase, Or make me wish 'twere free ! The bright est  
charms of beau - ty's blaze That in the hall may shine, Will on - ly in my  
bo - som raise A dear - er thought of thine, of thine, A dear - er thought of thine !

O, think not that the social hour,  
When most the heart is free,  
Can rule with gay oblivious pow'r  
O'er those that love like me :  
For, when the names to mem'ry dear  
Shall crown the flowing wine,  
A thought of thee shall still be near,  
And softly whisper thine.

The sun that lights the land I love  
Shall light a foreign sky ;  
And thus thy form, whero'er I rove,  
Shall beam on fancy's eye :  
Yet be his changeful course must run,  
And sink when eve is nigh ;  
But, like a never-setting sun,  
Thy image on'er shall die !

## THE WORLD IS A WELL-FURNISH'D TABLE.

From 'Love in a Village.'

*Allegro.*

The world is a well-furnish'd ta - ble, Where guests are pro-mis-cuously set:  
 We all fare as well as we're a-hie, And scram - ble for what we can get.  
 My sim - i - le holds to a tit - tie, — Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste; But, if I am  
 content with a lit - tie, Enough is as good as a feast, Enough, e-nough is as goodas a feast.

## THE ADVENTURES OF MAJOR LONGBOW, OR 'PON MY WORD IT'S TRUE—WHAT WILL YOU LAY IT'S A LIE?

By Haydn Corri.

*Vivace e Pomposo.*

I'm a Ge - ne - ral, 'tis well known, For e - ver in a bus-tie; My head's as  
 hard as stone, And, dam-me! lots of mus-cle. No-thing hurts me, d'ye see, — I can  
 a-ther walk or fly; — Up - on my life it's true, — What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I swam from Dublin Bay,  
 To the middle of the sea,  
 With three men on my back,  
 For, damme! I there's nothing hurts me,  
 I fought a shark on my way,  
 And bung'd up his left eye; —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I met a ship in distress,  
 Bumping among the rocks;  
 I lifted her up (you may guess),  
 And carried her safe in the docks.  
 Then I drank a whole puncheon of rum,  
 Eat an ox and a half—or sigh; —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 To the mermaids, taught the quadrilles,  
 Their assembly-room the sea,  
 Their light the glorious sun, —  
 More brilliant what could be?  
 They dance'd and got so hot,  
 These fish began to fry; —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 By way of a savoury dish,  
 I toasted a whale on a fork;  
 Drank thirty dozen of wine,  
 In the time you could draw a cork;

Pick'd my teeth with a Unicorn's horn,  
 Which by chance came trotting by —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I went to a play in Florence,  
 Where I saw such a tragedy fellow,  
 From the boxes, tears fell in such torrents,  
 In the pit I put up my umbrella;  
 But the tears did't the pit with water,  
 Not a thread in my clothes was dry; —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie.  
 In the east I din'd with a friend,  
 Where they have no window-sashes;  
 The sunbeams enter'd the room,  
 And burn'd his wife to ashes; —  
 'Sweep your mistress away,' said he;  
 'Bring wine for my friend and I'; —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie?  
 I came home on a congreve-rocket;  
 So swift the seas I cross'd,  
 That, only for Nelson's pillar,  
 Dear London I'd surely lost;  
 With joy, shook hands with the statue,  
 Which instantly wink'd its eye; —  
 Upon my life it's true, —  
 What will you lay it's a lie?

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

### SAW YE MY WEE THING.

The Poetry by Hector Macneil.—The Music as sang by Mr. Wilson.

*Andante Moderato.*

Saw ye my wee thing? Saw ye my ain thing? Saw ye my true love down on yon  
len? Cross'd she the men-dow yes-tree at the gloam-in'? Sought she the  
bar-nie whar flow'r's the haw-tree? Her hair, it is lilt-white; her skin it is  
milk-white: Dark is the blue o' her soft roll-in' ee'; Red, red, her  
ripe lips, and sweet-er than roses;— Whar could my wee thing wan-der frae me?  
I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain  
thing.  
Nor saw I your true love down on yon lea;  
But I met my bonnie thing yestreen in the gloamio,  
Down by the burnie whar flow'r's the haw-tree.  
Her hair it was lilt-white; her skin it was milk-  
white;  
Dark was the blue o' her soft rollin' ee';  
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses;  
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me!  
It was na my wee thing, it was na my ain thing,  
It was na my true love ya saw on the lea:  
Proud is her heart; and modest her nature!  
She never lo'ed onie till anee she lo'ed me.  
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;  
Aft has she sat, when a haur, on my knee:  
Fair as your face is, war'n't fifty times fairer,  
Young bragger, she ne'er would gie kisses to  
thee!

'It was, then, your Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;  
It was, then, your true love I met on the lea:  
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,  
Sweet were the kisses that she gae to me.  
Sair gloom'd his dark brow—blood-red his cheek  
grew—  
Wild flash'd the fire frae his red-rollin' ee'—  
'Ye'se rue sair, this morain', your boasts and your  
scornin':  
Defend ye, fause traitor! for loudly ye lie.'  
'Awa wi' beginnig!' cried the youth, smilin':  
Aft went the bonnet; the lilt-white locks flee:  
The belit plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing—  
Fair stood the lov'd maid wi' the dark rollin' ee':  
'Is it my wee thing! is it mine ain thing!  
Is it my true love here that I see?'  
'O Jamie, forgi'e me; your heart's constant to me;  
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee!'

### THE BRAES O' GLENIFFER.

Written by Tannahill to the same Music.

KEEN blows the wind ower the braes o' Gleniffer,  
The said castie turrets are cover'd wi' snaw;  
How chang'd frae the time when I met wi' my lover,  
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!  
The wild flowers o' summer were spread's a' ae bonnie,  
The maris sang sweet frae the green bliken-tree;  
But far to the camp they ha'e march'd my dear  
Johnnie,  
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.  
Then lika thing round us was blithesome and cheerie,  
Then lika thing round us was bonnie and braw;  
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling  
dresrie,  
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading  
snaw,  
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and  
dowie,—

They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they  
flee;  
And chirp out their plaints, seeming was for my  
Johnnie.—  
'Tis winter wi' them and 'tis winter wi' me.  
You could fleecy cloud skiffs along the bleak moun-  
tain,  
And shakes the dark fir on the steep rocky  
brae,  
While down the deep gien brawls the snaw-flooded  
fountain,  
That murraunce sac sweet to my laddie and me.  
It's na its loud roar, on the wintry winds swellin',  
It's na the cauld blast brings the tean to my  
ee;  
For, O! gin I saw but my bonnie Scot's callas  
The dark days o' winter were siller to me.

## A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Composed by Henry Russell; and published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

A musical score for 'A Life on the Ocean Wave' featuring six staves of music in G major. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, with some words like 're-vels' and 'wa-ters' appearing in multiple staves. The score includes a key signature of one sharp, a common time, and a dynamic marking of piano.

A LIFE BY DE GALLEY FIRE

To the Melody of 'A Life on the Ocean Wave.'—Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Seraphim.

A life by de galley fire,  
An' a home in de sun rehooce,  
Is de one I much admire,  
As I cook de captain's goose.  
Like a lub-sick coon I pine,  
Wheneber I go ashore;  
And I sigh for de possum soap  
And de ole caboose onse more.  
A life by de galley fire, &c.  
Once more is de midst I stand  
Oh by stream, an' fire an' smoke;  
An' first I crack de eggs,  
An' den I crack de joke.

An' when dese Nigs on board  
Had all blown out dere skins,  
In de corner I sit an' smoke,  
An' toast my han'some skin  
A life by de galley fire &c.  
An' sometimes, as I sit dere,  
Is injected mood I pine,  
An' I tink on my baby Rose,  
Dat I left in Caroline;  
But soon my grief I cure,  
Wid a slice of de pickle ham,  
An' dere, till de eight-ball strike,  
Wid all ting nice I eram.  
A life by de galley fire, &c.

## ICH DENKE DEIN—I THINK ON THEE.

The Poetry translated from the German of Goethe; the Music by C. Walther.

*Andante.*

I think on thee when, on the sea as - sem - - bling, Bright sun - - -  
beams play; I think on thee when, on the wa - ters  
trem - bling, Pale moon - beams stray, Pale moon - - - - beams stray.  
I see thy form when morn, in splendour smiling,  
All nature cheers,  
Or midnight dark, some wanderer's steps beguiling,  
Spreads gloom and fears.  
I hear thy voice when thundering waves are  
foaming  
Beneath the lee;

When through the shades of fragrant grove I'm  
roaming,  
With thoughts of thee.  
Though far from thee in silent languor dreaming,  
I am yet near!  
The sun has set, sweet stars on high are gleaming,—  
O! wert thou here!

## LOVE'S APOLOGY.

Written and Composed by G. Nicks.

*Affissimo.*

Yes; yes; 'twas pre - sump - ti - on in me, I con - fess, That to gain your af -  
fection I e'er could as - pire; But ah! pri - thee tell me how could I do  
less?—Who can see you and not at the instant ad - mire? On your charms,  
my sweet girl, not on me lay the blame, And do not con - si - der my love as a  
crime: The mo - ment I saw you, my heart felt a flame, Which no - thing could  
kin - die but beau - ty like thine, But beau - ty like thine, But beau -  
ty like thine; Which no - thing could kin - - die but beau - tv like thine.

I ne'er had a thought to offend you, I vow.—  
Then do not, oh! do not be angry, I pray.  
But with a sweet smile drive the frown from thy  
brow,  
As the sun clears the fog of the morning away.

And should a soft sigh from your bosom e'er stray,  
Or one tender thought ever light upon me,  
Indulge it, I beg, and think kindly, I pray.  
For know, had I kingdoms, I'd give them to  
thee!

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

### THE LASS O' PATIE'S MILL.

Old Scotch Melody,—the Poetry by Ramsay.

*Moderato.*

The lass o' Pa-tie's mill, Sae boo-nic, blithe, and gay, To spite of a' my  
skill, She stole my heart a-way. When ted-din out the hay, bare-head-ed  
on the green, Love mid her locks did play, And wan-ton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,  
Like flowers than grace the wild,  
She did her sweets impart,  
Whene'er she spak or sing'd:  
Her looks they were so mild,  
Free from affected pride,  
She me to love beguyl'd:—  
I wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I a' the wealth  
Hopotous's high mountains fill,  
Insur'd lang life and health,  
And pleasure at my will;  
I'd promise, and fulfil,  
That name het bonnie she,  
The lass o' Patie's mill,  
Should share the same wi' me.

### ROBIN'S AWA'.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

As nicht i' the gloam-in', as late I pass'd by, A las-sie sang sweet, as she  
milk - it her kye, And this was her sang, while the tears down did fl:—O! there's  
nae bard o' na-ture sin' Rob-in's a-wa'. The bards o' our coun-try now sing as they  
may, The best o' their dit-ties but maks my heart wae; For at the blithe straio there was  
ane beat them a';—Oh! there's nae bard o' na-ture sin' Rob-in's a-wa'.

Auld Wat he is wily, and pleases us fine,  
Wi' his tang-neckbit tales an' his feilies langsyne;  
Young Jack is a dreamer, Will sings like a crow,  
An' Davie an' Delta are dowie an' slow;  
Trig Tarn frae the Highlands was aince a braw man;  
Poor Jamie, he blunders and sings as he can;  
There's the Clerk an' the Sodger, the News-man  
an' a';  
They bur gar me greet sairer for him that's awa'.  
"Twas he that could charm wi' the wauff o' his  
tongue,  
Could rouse up the auld an' enliven the young,  
An' cheer the blithe hearts in the cot and the ha'—

O! there's nae bard o' na-ture sin' Rob-in's awa',  
Nae sangster amang us has half o' his art;  
There was nae fonder lover an' nae kinder heart:—  
Then wae to the wight wha wad wince at a flaw,  
To tarnish the honour of him that's awa'.  
If he had some faults, I could never them see,—  
They're nae to be sang by sick gillies as me;  
He likit us weel, an' we likit him a';—  
O, there's nae sickan callan sin' Rob-in's awa'.  
Whene'er I sing late at the milkin' my kye,  
I look up to heaven an' say with a sigh,  
Although he's now game, he was king o' them a';—  
Ah! there's nae bard o' na-ture sin' Rob-in's awa'

## THEY TELL ONE DAY.

*Playfully.* The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music composed by Steibelt.

They tell, one day That Love at play, In bow'r of ros-es glow-ing, A goblet found Up-  
on the ground, With some-thing bright o'er-flow-ing! He would have sipp'd, But first he  
sipp'd His ar-row in the stream;—Theo wood'r-ing view'd, How it im-bu'd The  
shaft with pur-ple beams! 'Oh! hol'sd he, I've sought for thee, Thou source of heav'n-ly  
plea-sure:'—Then lift-ed up The flow-ing cup, And drank its ru-by tra-nare!  
And, as he quaff'd,  
He thought the draught  
Than Psyche's lip was sweeter;  
But ne'er were flow'ra,  
Or happy hours,  
Than that wild transport flecter!  
For ah! below,  
These words of woe  
Were on the goblet read:—

'Whose eager lip  
This emp will sip,  
Shall mourn his reason dead?'  
Poor Cupid found  
His head go round  
By all his wit forsaken;—  
And since that honr  
This god-like pow'r  
Is oft for Folly taken!—

## IN THE LAND OF HIBERNIA.

*Pianiss.*

Composed by Hook

To the land of Hi-ber-oia Young Pat drew his breath, And sure e-ver since he has  
tear'd me to death; To the land of Hi-ber-nia young Pat drew his breath, And sure e-ver  
since he has tear'd me to death; For so sweet-ly be sings, and makes love with such  
art, By the faith of Saint Pa-trick he's shot thro' my heart, With his Gram-a-chree  
Mol-ly, och! what can I do? With his Gram-a-chree Mol-ly, och! what can I do? By the  
faith of Saint Pa-trick he's shot thro' my heart, With his Gram-a-chree Mol-ly, och! what can I do?  
He vows, if I'll enter the conjugal life,  
He'll, —O! to be sure,—only make me a wife;  
Then, so tender he looks when we lovingly chat.  
That I long to be married—but won't tell him that;  
With his Gramachree Molly, &c.

Last Sunday at church he must fain tell the priest;  
In a week or two more we are wedded, at least;  
And sure, since he said it, my conscience will say,  
If he don't lead me there, I will show him the way.  
With his Gramachree Molly, &c.

## THE FALSE HEART.

Peninsular Melody.—The Poetry by Mrs. Norton.

*Andante Sostenuto.*

O! thou whom my soul lov'd—In whom I fondly trust—  
Waste is the life that is not, is not shard with thee: My  
steed unbridled stands, My idle sword is rust-ed; Did  
I de-serve that such, that such my lot should be? O, no! that  
such my lot should be? O, no! That such my lot should be.

Yet, while life may last, no vows of faith and  
duty

Shall win my heart to love some other smile:—  
By all my idle dreams, when gazing on thy beauty,  
No vision'd hope can now its pain beguile:—

O, no!—can now its pain beguile!

The streams which have flow'd so pure and sunny  
gladness

Change not their course when daylight's hour  
is gone;

Though none may heed their truth—through mid-  
night's gloomy sadness,

Deep, calm, and pure, they still keep flowing on;—  
O, yes!—they still keep flowing on.

O! thus flows the stream of faithful love within me,  
Though thou art false whose brightness made

my day,

And from my quiet love o'erflow of light can win me.  
Was such a heart a toy to fling away?

O, no!—a toy to fling away.

## LISTEN, LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF LOVE.

Composed by Hook.

*Moderato.*

O! lis-ten, lis-ten to the voice of Love,—He calls my Daph-ne  
to the grove; The prim-rose sweet be-decks the field, The  
tue-ful birds in-vite to rove; To soft-er joys let splen-  
dour yield,—O! lis-ten, lis-ten, to ————— the voice of Love.

Where flowers their blooming sweets exhal'd,

My Daphne, let us fondly stray;

Where whispering Love breathes forth his tale,

And shepherds sing their artless lay:—

O! listen to the voice of Love,

He calls my Daphne to the grove.

Come, share with me the sweets of spring,

And leave the town's tumultuous noise;

The happy swains all cheerful sing,

And Echo still repeats their joys:—

Theo listen to the voice of Love,

He calls my Daphne to the grove.

## DORSETSHIRE HOUSE.

Published by Lonsdale.

*Moderato.*

All the world has been ask'd to the party to-night—Twill be the most brilliant dis-  
play of the year: Mis-ses George will be there, though her daugh-ter's a fright; And  
La-dy Jane Rook, with her three girls, I hear. Mis-ses Can-dour's in - vi - ted, tho'  
no one knows why, And that for-ward de - tes - ta-ble lit-tle Miss Rouse! What can be the  
rea - son my daugh-ter and I A - lone are ex - clud - ed from Dor-set-shire House?

My daughter is handsome,—an girl's no well dress'd;  
Her gowns sinne cost me a hundred'd a year!  
'Mongst the waltzers at Almack's she's rockon'd  
the best;

And the women all envy her figure, I hear! I  
Yet, despite of her beauty, she often sits hy,  
Whilst the men are all crowding round Little  
Miss Rouse;

She's a' sure to be ask'd—whilst my daughter and I  
Are always excluded from Dorsetshire House!

E'y week I have call'd on his knee at his door;  
I have ask'd all his cousins to dinner in turn—  
Left my card with his sisters—what can I do more?  
Since they never have visited me in return.  
I don't care for the hall; but you all will agree,  
'Tis enough to provoke one, when little Miss

Rouse  
Coms sneeringly up to my daughter and me—  
"Of course I shall meet you at Dorsetshire House!"

'Tis in vain that we open our house all the year,  
And give entertainments of every sort;  
Have a box at the Opera, on the best tier,  
And are seen at the balls and the parties at Court!

In spite of it all, still my daughter and I [Rouse  
Are doom'd to neglect; whilst that little Miss  
Has the world at her feet, and—I cannot tell why—  
She is always invited to Dorsetshire House!

I would give up my efforts, abando[n] each hope,  
And try to grow callous to every slight;  
But I cannot endure that we only should moe,  
When the town is all radiant with joy and delight.

They tell me my girl (and I think they are right)  
Shares the heart of a Marquis with Little Miss  
Rouse:

O! he might have propos'd to my daughter to-night,  
Had we been hut invited to Dorsetshire House!  
There's a rap at the door!—O! I perhaps 'tis a card;  
I am trembling with hope—and I'm breathless  
with fear!

Nay! 'tis only a note!—O! my fate is too hard!

Then we shall not be ask'd to this party, 'tis clear!

But what do I read?—O! I'm ready to fail!—

The Marquis is going to marry Miss Rouse!—

She tells me 'twas settled last week at the ball,

From which we were excluded, at Dorsetshire

House!

## MY OWN DEAR SOMEBODY.

*Larghetto.*

Was I o - hlig'd to beg my bread, And had no where to lay my head, I'd creep where  
you - der herds are few, And steal a look at some-bo-dy, My own dear some - bo - dy, my  
con - stant some - bo - dy; I'd creep where you - der herds are fed, And steal a look at some-bo-dy.

When I'm laid low and am at rest,  
And may be number'd with the bless'd,  
O! may thy artless feeling breast  
Thro' with regard for Somebody :  
Ah! will you drop one pitying tear,  
And sigh for the lost Somebody ?

But should I ever live to see  
That form so much admir'd by me,  
Then thou'lt reward my constancy,  
And I'll be bless'd with Somebody :  
Then shall my tears be dried by thee,  
And I'll be bless'd with Somebody.

## BURIAL OF THE SEED.

The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Weber.

*Adantino.*

Now, my seed, thy grave is made; To thy si - leot cham - ber laid,  
 Thou moist slom - her light - ly; M., the sun his ra - di - ance lend,  
 And the dews of ben - ven de - scend O thy pil - low night - ly.

Confest thou speak, thou gentle one,  
Confest thou feel what I have done,  
Thou wooldst whisper, weeping,  
Ah, green earth and bright blue skies  
Never more may greet my eyes,  
All in darkness sleeping.'

Yet sleep on, thou seedling dear;  
Sweetly sleep, nor dream of fear;  
Soon, from slumber waking,

Once agalo shalt thou behold  
Morning sunlight, bright as gold,  
O'er the green earth breaking.  
I at last must sink like thee;  
Hands of love shall bury me,  
Heaping cold earth o'er me;  
But when God, from yonder skies,  
Hides the slumbering dead arise,  
May I wake to glory!

## COME, CHEER UP, MY LADS.

Old English Air.

*Allegro Moderato.*

Come, cheer op, my lads,—tis to glo - ry we steer, To add something more to this  
 won - der - ful year; To ho - nou - r we call you, not press you like slaves, For who are so free as we  
 sons of the waves! Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men; We al - ways are  
 rea - dy; sea - dy, boys, sea - dy;—we'll fight, and we'll con - quer, a - gain and a - gain.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay;  
They never see us but they wish us away;  
If they run, — why, we follow, and run them ashore,  
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Heart of oak, &amp;c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;  
They frighten our women, our children, our beans;

But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,  
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.  
Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,  
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;—  
Then cheer op, my lads,—with one heart let us sing,  
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our King.  
Heart of oak. &c.

## PLATO'S ADVICE.

*Andante.*

Says Pla-to, ' Wby should man be vain, Since bo-a-trous Heav'n has made him  
great? Why look-eth he with in-so-lent dis-dain On those un-deck'd with wealth or state?  
Can cost-ly robes, or beds of down, And all the gems that deck the  
fair,—Can all the glo-  
ries of a crown Give health, or ease the brow of care?  
The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,  
The humble and the haughty, die;  
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,  
To dust without distinction lie;  
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest  
Who once the greatest titles wore,  
Of all their glories are bereft,  
And all their honours are no more.  
So flies the meteor through the skies,  
And spreads along a gilded train;  
Who shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,  
Dissolves to common air agnain.  
So 'tis with us, our jovial souls,—  
Let friendship reign while here we stay,  
Let's drown our joys with flowing bowls;—  
When Jove he calls, we must obey.

## DAYS OF YORE.

The Words from the Poem of 'Ives; ' the Music by W. A. Nield.

*Andante.*

O I could I bid my mourn-ful heart For-get the dreams of for-mer  
days; Bid bote, and feur, and joy, do - part, As fade the morn-ing's  
sum - mer rays, As fade the morn - ing's sum - mer rays!  
No charms can bind the bro - ken spell; Love, once de-ceiv'd, re - turns no  
more; Dream of coo - fid - ing youth, fare - well! Fare-well the joys, the  
days, of yore! Fare - well the joys, the days, of yore.

## BRING ME THE WINE.

Hindostane Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn to the Poetry of W. Render.

*Con Animæ.*

Bring me the wine,—the goh-let give;— Let me at length be - gin to live;—  
 Let the red juices in my cup swim, And not a sigh sul-y its brim.  
 Mora or eve, by the goh-let's flow, The wen-ry wing'd hours I'll num-ber; Till the  
 dream - giv - ing grape, and my fau-ey's glow, Show me the rose in slum - ber.  
 Bid me not tell who lit this flame,— Harp of my soul! thy lay awhile  
 Lips must not breathe my maiden's name,— Soothe me like Mora's languid smile;  
 Musk in her locks,—sleep in her eyes;— You of the bow,—you of the spear,—  
 Who, without hope, looks on her—dies. Court the death-fray,—fright the dan deer!  
 Mora or eve, &c. Mora or eve, &c.

## MARK THE SAD ROSE.

The Poetry from Forbes's Oriental Memoirs; the Music by Philip Knapton.

*Récitative.*

Mark the sad rose, once sum-mer's daz-zling pride, That threw its bloom-ing e - dours  
 far and wide; Now all its bright, its blushing ho-nours past, Too daz-zling fair, a -  
 las! and sweet to last. But yet, though scatter'd be each silk-en  
 leaf, By cru - el time, that sad de-spol-ling thief; But thief! Still  
 from those leaves ex-hales a rich par-fume; Still they are sweet, Still  
 they are sweet, Still they are sweet, tho' they have ceas'd to bloom.

So lov'd remembrances of joys long fled  
 O'er the sad heart their soothing influence shed;

While in the breast is sav'd each withered leaf  
 Of past delight, to soothe its present grief.

## DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

### BONNIE JEAN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Française.*

There was a lass, and she was fair, At kirk and market to beseen; When a' the fair-est  
*Fine*  
 maids were met, The fair-est maid was bonnie Jean. And daye she wrought her mammie's wark, And  
*D.C. at Fine.*  
 ay she sang saucy-ri-ble; The blith-est bird up-on the bush Ne'er had a light-er heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys  
 That bless the little hawt-wite's nest;  
 And frost will blight the fairest flowers,  
 And love will break the soundest rest.  
 Young Robie was the bravest lad,  
 The flower and pride of a' the glen;  
 And he had owsen, sheep, and kye,  
 And wanton naigies nine or ten.

There was a lass, &c.

He gned wi' Jeanie to the trysts,  
 He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;  
 And lang ere wittless Jeanie wist,  
 Her heart was tint, her peace was strewa.  
 As in the bosom o' the stream  
 The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'e,  
 So trembling, pure, was tender love,  
 Within the breast o' bonnie Jean.

There was a lass, &c.

And onw she warke her mammie's wark,  
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;  
 Yet wistna what her all might be,  
 Or what wad mak' her woe again.

But didna Jeanie's heart low light,  
 And didna joy hink in her ee,  
 As Robie tauld a tale n' lave,  
 Ae e'enang, on the lily lea?

There was a lass, &c.

The sun was sickin' in the west,  
 The birds sang sweet in like grove;  
 His cheek to hers he kindly press'd,  
 And whisper'd thus his tale of love:  
 'O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;  
 O canst thou think to fancy me?  
 Nor wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,  
 And learn to tent the farms wi' me?

There was a lass, &c.

At barn oor byre thou shalt a drudge,  
 Nor nothing else to trouble thee;  
 But stray amang the heather-bells,  
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.  
 Now what could artless Jeanie do?  
 She had nae will to say him an';  
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,  
 And love was aye between them twa.

There was a lass, &c.

### HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

Hap-py we are a' the-gi-ther, Hap-py we'll be gin an' a'; Time shall see us a' the  
*Fine.*  
 bli-ther, Ere we rise to gang a-wa! Here, a-round the lo-gia blee-zing, Whase hap-py  
*D.C. at Fine.*  
 and sac free; Tho' the nor-thern wind haws free-zing, Frien'-ship warms haith you and me.

See the miser o'er his treasure,  
 Glosting wi' a greedy e'e!  
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure  
 That around us here we see?

Can the peer lo silk and ermine,  
 Call his conscience half his aven?  
 His elas are spun an' edged wi' vermin,  
 Tho' he stan' afore a throne!

Thus then let os a' be tassing  
 Aff our stoups n' gen'rous flame;  
 An' while roun' the board the passioig,  
 Raise a sang in frien'-ship's name.

Frien'-ship maks a' us mair happy,  
 Frien'-ship gies us a' delight;  
 Frien'-ship consecrates the drapple,  
 Frien'-ship brings os here to-night.

Happy wa've been, &c.

## WHATE'ER MAY BE MY WAYWARD LOT.

The Poetry by David Thompson, arranged to Mozart's "Wer unter eines Mädchens Hand."

*Moderato.*

What-e'er may be my way-ward lot, When wand'-ring far a-way, The mem'-ry of this  
 love-ly spot With years shall ne'er de-cay; Nor aught which can my breast in-  
 vade Shall make that dear re-mem-brance fade,—No! no! no! ne-ver for a  
 day! No! no! no! ne-ver for a day! If sor-row oft my heart shall prove, As  
 on thro' life I stray, I'll then re-call the looks of love Which chan'd each tear a-  
 way: Then can that dear re-mem-brance fade, To which my griefs shall lend their  
 aid? No! no! no! ne-ver for a day! No! no! no! ne-ver for a day!  
 If smiling scenes of joy I see,  
 And feel their cheering power,  
 I'll think how brighter they would be  
 Within this happy bower;  
 Then can that dear remembrance fade,  
 To which this e'en pleasure lends its aid?  
 No, never for an hour!

While mem'ry breathes her silent sigh,  
 While grief the eye must shade,  
 While love's soft magic lingers nigh,  
 While hope shall lend her aid,  
 And o'er that dear remembrance fling  
 The brightest dyes that paint her wing,—  
 No, never can it fade!

## OFT HAVE I MARK'D THE EVENING SHADE.

Composed by Dr. John Smith.

*Moderato.*

Oft have I mark'd the ev'-ning shade Steal o'er some evn in gray, And watch'd the  
 glow-ing sunbeams fade, In sad-ness soft a-way: Yet clings its ill-giv'ng last ca-  
 res. A-round one beautious au-tumn flow'r; A ray of glo-ry rich to bless,  
 That em-blém of some hap-pier hour, That em-blém of some hap-pier hour.  
 And so my fond heart loves to cling,  
 Sweet Eris, still to thee,  
 And in thy ridns trace the spring  
 Of all that once was free.

I love to dream o'er other days,  
 When chivalry and pride were thine;  
 And from thy desolation raise  
 A hope thy glory yet may shine.

## BACHELOR'S FARE.

Composed expressly for this Work by Henry West, R.A.

*Allegro.*

Fun-ny and free are a ha-che-lor's re - vel-ries; Ches-ri - ly, mer-ri - ly pass-es his life  
 No-thing knows he of con - co - bi - al de - vil-ries, Trou - bie-some chil-dren and clam-our-ous  
 wife. Free from an - ti - e - ty, care and anx - i - e - ty, Charms in va-ri - e - ty fall to his share:  
 Bac-chus's hil-ses and Ven - us's kin-ses; This, boys, this is the ba - che-lor's fare;  
 Bac-chus's hil-ses and Ven - us's kin-ses; This, boys, this is the ba - che-lor's fare.  
 A wife, like a canister, chattering, clattering,  
 Tied to a dog for his torment and dread,  
 All bespattering, bumping, and hattering,  
 Hurries and worries him till he is dead;  
 Old ones are two devils haunted with blue devils,  
 Young ones are new devils raising despair;  
 Doctors and nurses combining their curses,  
 Adieu to full purses and bachelors fare.  
 Through such folly, days once sweet hoildays  
 Soon are embitter'd by wrangling and strife:  
 Wives turn jolly days to melancholy days,  
 All perplexing and vexing ooe's life;

Children are riotous, maid-servants fly at us,  
 Mammy to quiet us growls like a bear;  
 Polly is squalling, and Molly is howling.  
 While dad is reciting his bachelor's fare.  
 When they are older grown, then they are bolder grown,  
 Turning your temper, and spurning your rule:  
 Girls, through foolishness, passion, or malice,  
 Carry your wishes and marry a fool.  
 Boys will anticipate, lavish, and dissipate.  
 All that your busy pate hoarded with care:  
 Then tell me what jility, fun, and frivolity,  
 Equal is quality bachelors fare?

## NEW ZEALANDER'S BATTLE-SONG.

The Poetry translated from the German of Burger; the Music by Sammethal.

*Allegro.*

Hail-o, ye my fel-low-s, a - rise and advance! See the white-crest-ed waves, how they stamp and they  
 dance, High o-ver the reef there, with anger and might! So wild-ly we dance to the bloody-red fight.  
 Then gather! now gather! come, gather, ye all!  
 Each thing that hath limbs and arms, come at our call!  
 Like reeds on the moor, when the whirling wind  
 Our lances and war-axes darken the sky.  
 Sharp, sharp as the tooth of the sea-hound and shark,  
 They'll bore ye, they'll split ye. Fly, lance, to the home, home to the heart! And thou, battle-axe grim,  
 Split, splintering and shivering, through brain-pan To-day we ask vengeance, to-day we ask blood;  
 We ask it; we're coming to make our word good;  
 The storm flashes hot, though the woods choke its path;  
 We ask it; we're coming; beware of our wrath!

At home, wives and children a hearth for us lay;  
 A savory flesh-feast awaits us to-day.  
 Behind yonder mountainous e'en now the smoke streams,  
 And the blaze of the brush-fire crackles and gleams.  
 Long, loog have we hunger'd and thirsted for you;  
 At home the dogs lurk round the clean table, too.  
 Loud-shooting, we eat you to-night, every one,  
 Devour you clean, to the white ringing bone.  
 Rush, rush, ye my fel lows, rush on them like hail!  
 Soon, soon, shall their roasting your nostrils re-gale;  
 The fire is flaring; the oven is a-glow!  
 Heave to, now! hew through now! Hail-o! hallo!

## THE ECHOES.

The Words by William Ball; the Music by Weber.

*Audience.*

Far in the wild wood, Deep in yon dell, Haunt of my child-hood, Sweet e-choes  
 dwell; O ye, whose youthful song 'Mid their green bow-ers Would the faid charm pro-ing,  
*pp ritard.* *a tempo.*  
 Through the calm hours, Whose lov'd lays re-bound-ed O'er the hill brow, By dear smiles sur-  
*ritard.*  
 round-ed, Where are ye now? Where are ye now? Where are ye now?  
 When eve was lending Softness around,  
 When light was fading, Sweet was the sound!  
 Sweet was the measure That fairy ground nigh,

The call and the pleasure,  
 Of Echo's reply!  
 The soul of that pleasure,  
 What shall restore?  
 Mine is the treasure,  
 Oh, never more!

## THE KING AND THE JACKETS OF BLUE.

The Words by Douglas Jerrold; the Music by J. Blewitt.

*Allegro.*

Some na-tions may boast of their walls, Of their ar-mies may make much a-do, But  
 tell me the pow-er, when Li-ber-ty calls, Like the gal-lant stout jack-ets of blue: Our  
 sail-ors are lords of the sea, Tho' they roll in the old world or new; None  
 bold-er, none strong-er, none nob-ler may be, Than the jol-ly stout jackets of blue, The  
 jol-ly stout jackets of blue, The jol-ly stout jackets of blue; None  
 bold-er, none strong-er, none nob-ler may be, Than the jol-ly stout jackets of blue.

Each flag that flies over the main,  
 No matter whate'er be its hue,  
 Must strike, as it has struck, again and again,  
 To the gallant stout jackets of blue;  
 The jacket to Neptune is dear,  
 So he spoke thus to each of his crew,—  
 'All honour and glory and worth shall appear,  
 With my awn jolly jackets of blue.'

The King, in his majesty great,  
 Remains to his own colour true,  
 And amidst all his robes and his emblaces of state,  
 Remembers his jacket of blue:—  
 Then loud let each mariner sing,  
 In a chorus still honest though new, [King,  
 'Here's a health and long life to our blue-jacket  
 To our King in his jacket of blue!'

## FAITHLESS EMMA.

Composed by Sir J. A. Stevenson.

*Andante.*

I wan-der'd once, at break of day, While yet up-on the sun-less sea; In wan-ton sighs the breeze de-lay'd, And o'er the wa-vy, wa-vy sur-face play'd. Then first the fair-est face I knew; First lov'd the eye of soft- est blue; And ven-tur'd fear- ful first to sip The sweets, the sweets, that hang up - on the lip Of Faith - less Em-ma! Of Faith-less Em-ma! That hung up-on the lip Of Faith-less Em-ma!

So mix'd the rose and lily's white,  
That nature seem'd uncertain quite,  
To deck her cheek what flower she'd choose,  
The lily, or the blushing rose!  
I wish I ne'er had seen her eye,  
Ne'er seen her cheek of doubtful dye;  
And never, never, dar'd to sip  
The sweets that hang upon the lip  
Of Faithless Emma!

For, though from rosy dawn of day  
I rove aim-ing, and anxious stray,  
Till night with curtain dark descend,  
And day no more its gleamings lead,—  
Yet still like her's an cheek I find;  
Like her's no eye, save in my mind;  
While still I fancy that I sip  
The sweets that hang upon the lip  
Of Faithless Emma!

## THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

Composed by John Endlin.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

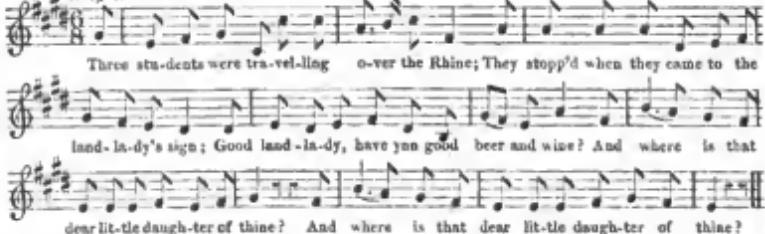
O! who would be a sail-or's wife, When clouds ob-scure the sky; When stor-my winds with an-gry breath Swell n-cean's bo-som high? O! who would be a sail-or's wife, a smil-ing babe to fold, Whose hap-less fa-ther, dis-tant far, a wa-t'ry grave may hold? O! who would be a sail-or's wife, a smil-ing babe to fold, Whose hap-less fa-ther, ad lib., dis-tant far, a wa-t'ry grave may hold?

Who would not be a sail-or's wife, when, storm and tempest o'er, To see him haste across the green, and reach his cottage door?

Who would not be a sail-or's wife, while tears of transport start, To hear his voice, to see him smile, and clasp him to her heart?

## THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry translated from the German by Uhland; the Music of T. Schubert.

*Allegro.*

'My beer and wine are fresh and clear;  
My daughter she lies on the cold death-bier!'  
And when to the chamber they made their way,  
There, dead, in a coal-black shrine, she lay.  
The first he drew near, and the veil gently rais'd,  
And on her pale face he mournfully gaz'd:  
'Ah! wert thou but living yet,' he said,  
'I'd love thee from this time forth, fair maid!'

The second he slowly put back the shroud,  
And turn'd him away, and wept aloud:  
'Ah! that thou liest in the cold death-bier!  
Alas! I have lov'd thee for many a year!'  
The third he once more uplifted the veil,  
And kiss'd her upon her mouth so pale:  
'Thee loved I always; I love still but thee;  
And thee will I love through eternity.'

## THE PRAIRIE LEA.

The Poetry by Dr. J. K. Mitchell.—The Music composed by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Moderato.*

O! the prai-rie lea is the home for me, For there I'm lord of all I  
see! The chase, the chase o'er the bound-less space, And the grass - y course for  
me! I fly un-seen, o'er fields of green, Where hoof-crash'd bens-some sent the  
air, And the pheasant springs, on star-tl'd wings, From her wild and lone-ly lair, From her  
wild and lone-ly lair. O! the prai-rie lea is the home for me, For there I'm  
lord of all I see! The chase, the chase o'er the bound-less space, And the  
grass - y course for me, And the grass - y course for me, And the grass - y course for me!

The trumpet's sound, the war-steed's bound,  
The flut'tring banner's starry field,  
The canon's roar, the streaming gore,  
To some a stormy joy may yield!

But—O! give me the prairie lea,—  
Its peaceful scenes are dear to me;  
The hunter's cry, the cloudless sky,  
O! these are joys for me!  
O! the prairie lea, &c.

## MARY'S BOWER.

Composed by Hook.

*Andante.*

To Ma-ry's bow-er haste a-way, Deck'd with ma-ny a fra-grant  
flow'r; To Ma-ry's bow-er haste a-way, Deck'd with ma-ny a fra-grant  
flow'r. Na-ture smiles and all is gay, Na-ture smiles and all is gay, And  
plea-sure calls to Ma-ry's bow'r: bark, bark, bark! Plea-sure calls, plea-sure  
calls, plea-sure calls to Ma-ry's bow'er; plea-sure calls to Ma-ry's bow'r.  
 'Tis pleasure calls, and love invites,  
To simple nature gives the hour;  
Here she spreads her soft delights,  
And pleasure calls to Mary's bower.

If fair Content's bright charms you seek,  
The lovely nymph's within your power;  
Here she dwells with ruddy cheek,  
And pleasure calls to Mary's bower.

## OVERBOARD HE VENT, OR THE WATERMAN OF FOUNTAIN STAIRS.

The Words by Messar: the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Allegro Moderato.*

At Ratcliff Cross, the o-ther day, when scul-lers would not ply, I stood and hald'd a wa-ter-  
man, who then was pass-ing by; Here's a shill-ing up to Hors-ley Down, says I, are you content? Yes,  
Sir, I am; the o-ther cries, 'and o-ver board he vent.' Sing-ing, pull a-way, scull, a-way, Ri toll de  
rid-dle lol, tol de dol, da dol, de dol, de tol, de dol, de da, and o-ver board he vent.

I took my seat, and 'gainst the tide he row'd away  
in shore; [stant roar:  
The song begun at Ratcliff Cross was now a con-  
For ev'ry pliyng-place we pass'd, the boys their  
voices lent [vent.  
To hail us, as we row'd along, with 'over-board he  
Singing, pull away, &c.  
The waterman he row'd and swore, and look'd with  
angry eyes,—  
He wi-n'd their noisy tongues were tied, to stop  
their stupid cries;

I wonder'd what it was about, and ask'd him what  
they meant, [vent.  
By calling, as he row'd along, 'and over board he  
Singing, pull away, &c.  
Says he, I'm call'd Ned Topper, and I ply at  
Fountain Stairs; [such airs.  
A wicked nephew I have got, that gives himself  
That, one day in a wrathful mood, to strike him I  
was beat; [I vent.  
The running dog he step'd aside, 'and over board  
Singing, pull away, &c.

## THE WOLF.

Composed by W. Shield.—Published by Davidson.

*Ceciliano.*

At the peace-ful mid-night hour, Ev-e-ry sense and ev-e-ry pow'r Fetter'd *him* in  
down-y sleep; Then our care-ful watch we keep, Then our care-ful watch we keep;  
*cres.*

While the wolf in night-ly prowl Bays the moon with hid-eous howl  
While the wolf in night-ly prowl Bays the moon with hid-eous howl, While the wolf in  
night-ly prowl Bays the moon with hid-eous howl.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

Gates are barr'd,— a vail re-sis-tance; Fe-males shriek, but no as-  
sis-tance. Si-lence, si-lence, or you meet your fate! Si-lence,  
or you meet your fate! Your keys, your jew-els, cash, and  
plate, Your keys, your jew-els, your jew-els, cash, and plate, your jew-els, cash, and  
plate,—your jew-els, cash, and plate. Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder; Locks,  
bolts, and bars soon fly a-sunder; Then to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der. Then to  
ri-fle, rob, and plun-der— Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-  
sunder; Then to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der— Locks, bolts, and bars soon fly a-  
sunder; Then to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der; to ri-fle, rob, and plun-der.

## THE APPEAL OF SPAIN.

Psalmodic Melody.—The Words by John Bowring, LL.D.

*Allegro.*

Be ye ready; your coun-try is call-ing; To her res-cue, he-ro - ic ones, fly!

O, she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear for your coun-try to die— O she weeps! while her sad tears are fall-ing, Ye shall swear

for your coun-try to die! die! Yes, cheer - ful - ly die! die! Yes! cheer - ful - ly die.

O! how base and degraded the feelings  
That would shrink from her accents of gloom,

Or be deaf when her plaintive appeals—  
Might awaken the dead from their tomb!—  
The dead from the tomb, &c.

## THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

The Words by Henry Kirke White; the Music by J. Addison.—Published by Cramer, Addison, and Beale.

*Allegretto.*

yon-der is the well-known spot, My dear, my long, left na-tive boun-  
*molto lento e express.*

O! wel-come is my lit-tle cot, Where I shall rest, no more to roam.

O! I have tra-vell'd far and wide, O'er ma-yoy a dis-tant fo-reign land; Each  
place and pro-vince I have tried, And sung and dane'd my sa-ra-band. But

all their charms could not prevail, To lure my heart from yon-der vale; But

all their charms could not pre-vail, To lure my heart From yon-der, yon-der vale.

Now safe re-turn'd, with wand'ring tir'd, No more my lit-tie home I'll leave;  
*molto lento.*

And man-ny a tale of what I've heard Shall wear a-way the wio - ter eve.  
Of distant climes the false report  
It lur'd me from my na-tive land;  
It bade me rov'-my sole support  
My cym-bals and my sa-raband.  
The woody dell, the hanging rock,

The chamois skipping o'er the heights,  
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,  
And oh! a thousand more delights,  
That grace you dear belov'd retreat,  
Have backward won my weary feet.

## THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

The Music by Frederic Smith.

*Andante.*

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When fond re-col-lec-tion pre-sents them to view ! The or-chard, the meadow, the deep tan-gled wild wood, And ev'-ry lov'd spot which my in-fan-ty knew ; The wide-spread-ing pond, and the mill which stood by it ; The bridge, and the rock where the ca-nun-tract fell ; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry-house nigh it; And e'en the rude buck-et which hung in the well ! The old oak-en buc-ket, the  
*ad lib.*  
 i-on-boun-ded buc-ket, The moss-co-ver'd buc-ket, which hung in the well,  
 That moss-cover'd vessel I hail as a treasure,  
 For often at noon, when return'd from the field,  
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,  
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

And now, far remov'd from the lov'd situation,  
 The ten-sion of regret will intrusively swell,  
 As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,  
 And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;  
 The old oaken bucket, &c.

## POOR MR. SPRIGGS.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin ; the Music by W. Reeve.

*Allegretto.*

Mis-ter Sprigg, the gro-cer, he mar-ried Miss Re - vel; He thought her an an - gel, she turn'd out a de - vil; Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! She sang, par - lex - voud, dane'd wait - res and jigs; She wast-ed the tea and the su-ge-r and sige, And said she'd be Mis - tress, please the pigs. Poor Mis-ter Spriggs! O, poor Mis-ter Spriggs!

Mrs. Sprigge gave parties to tea and to dinner, And play'd guineas whist, tho' she ne'er was a winner; Poor Mr. Spriggs!  
 She lov'd silver muslin, French lace, and rich stuffs, Pelisses and tippets, and Chin-chilli muffs, And some say she lov'd Captain Brown of the Buffs.— Poor Mr. Spriggs!

Mr. Spriggs and his wife fell out one night, And she vow'd she'd drown herself out of mere spite— To poor Mr. Spriggs! She ran to the river, but when she walk'd in,

Her courage grew cool as the wave touch'd her chin, And drowning herself she thought was a sin ; Poor Mr. Spriggs ! A fisherman saw her, and thought she'd be wet,— So he pull'd Sally out by a cast of his net ; Poor Mr. Spriggs ! Took her home half drown'd to her anxious dear, Who cried, when he saw she was looking so queer 'Pray, sir, why the devil did you interfere With poor Mrs. Spriggs ? O, poor Mr. Spriggs !

## THE HUMBLE THATCH'D COTTAGE, IN THE VILLAGE OF LOVE.

Written by a Gentleman; the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

Far re-mov'd from the town, From its splen-dour and noise, The' for-tune may frown, It our  
peace ne'er de-stroys; Con-vic'd that true plea-sure we on - ly can prove, At the  
bum - blethatch'd cottage, In the vil-lage of Love; The bum - blethatch'd cottage, The  
hum - blethatch'd cot-tage, The hum - blethatch'd cot-tage, In the vil - lage of Love.

Honour dwelt in the breast of my parents, the poor;  
Unreliev'd the distress'd never went from the door;  
By which means alone, we true happiness prove,  
At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of  
Love.

Surrounded by suitors, they choose me a youth,  
A mirror of virtue, of honour, and truth;  
Bless'd with friendship's soft ties, contentment we  
prove,  
At the humble thatch'd cottage, in the village of Love.

## DER TRINKER,—THE TIPPLER.

The Poetry translated from the German of Lingbein; the Music by C. Walther.

*Allegretto con express.*

I and my bottle, we're - re always u - ni-ited,—No one keeps clo-ser a friend-ship than we;  
Though by mis - for-tune my hopes should be blight - ed, Sooth - ing - ly still talks my  
bot - tie to me. Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
Words how en - dear - ing, Bliss - ful and cheer - ing, E - qual - ly known to the  
Moor and Cal - muc, E - qual - ly known to the Moor and Cal - muc!

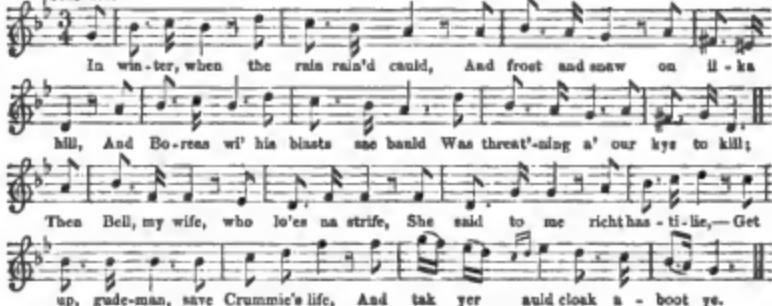
Some, by derisive love's pleasure enchanted,  
Blindly to woman's fair standard have sworn;  
But, when they think love and faith would be  
granted,

Sadly they'll meet with derision and scorn,  
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
Always speake clearly, [cluck cluck cluck  
Gently and dearly,  
And is far sweeter than love or good luck!  
Should dark'ning tempest obscure all my pleasure,  
Threat'ning the blossoms of peace to destroy,  
Quickly I'll hasten—and 'tis my sole measure—  
To my sweet bottle for comfort and joy

Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
cluck cluck cluck!  
These whispers hearing,  
No danger fearing,  
Destiny's surges I brave like the rock!  
From my dear bottle I'll separate never,  
Till life's enchanting scenes fall to my sight,  
And, in my last and sad dwelling, for ever,  
Horrible thirst joins with darkness and night.  
Cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck cluck  
Tones so endearing [cluck cluck cluck!  
Never more hearing,  
When my last day's parting knell shall have struck.

## TAK YER AULD CLOAK ABOOT YE.

Old Scotch Melody, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Moderato.*

'Ilike land has its sin lanch,  
Ilik kind o' corn has its sic hool;  
I think the warld is n' gane wrang,  
When lika wife her man wad rule:  
De yr no see Rob, Jock, and Hab,  
How they are girded gallantlie,  
While I sit hurklin' i' the nook?—  
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.'  
'Gude-man, I wot it's threty year  
Sis' we did aye anither ken;  
And we ha'e had atween us twa  
Of lads and bonnie lasses ten:  
Now they are women grown and men,  
I wish and pray weel may they be;  
If you would prove a gude husband,  
Sis' en tak yer auld cloak about ye.'  
'Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,  
But she would guide me, if she can;  
And, to maintain an easy life,  
I aft maan yeld, though I'm gude-man.  
Nocht's to be gain'd at woman's han',  
Unless yr gie her a' the ples;  
Then I'll leave aff where I begaen,  
And tak my auld cloak about me.'

## SAW YE AUGHT O' MY LOVE.

The Poetry by Thomas Dibdin.

*Moderato.*

## THE MAID OF THE GREEN, PRETTY SALLY.

The Words by Upton; the Music by Hook.

*Adagio.*

I've tra-vell'd a - far from my dear na-tive home, And seen love-ly wo-men past tall-ing; In  
this place or t'other, as fan-cy would roam, I wan-der'd and took up my dwell-ing. Sweet  
wo-men I prize, where-so-e-ver they be, The' jes-ters and coxcombs may rally; But she that's most  
charm-ing and pleas-ing to me, But she that's most charming and pleas-ing to me, Is  
Sal-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly; Is Sal-ly, my sweet pret-ty Sal-ly, The  
maid of the green, The maid of the green, The maid of the green, pretty Sal-ly

When a - man beset by this beauty and that,  
My tongue in their praise never falter'd;  
With such eas I prattled, and humour'd their chat,  
But still my fond heart never alter'd.  
No, not for, in whatever climate or place  
I chance'd when a rover to dally,  
I saw in my fancy the beautiful face  
Of Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,  
The maid of the green, pretty Sally.

And ever shall she be the pride of my song,  
Whose constancy nothing could sever;  
For, though far away from my charmer too long,  
Her love was as faithful as ever;  
Then come to my bosom, thou maiden divine!  
A passion so true who can rally?  
For thee I can splendour and riches resign—  
For Sally, my sweet pretty Sally,  
The maid of the green, pretty Sally!

## RANZ DES VACHES.

The National Air of Switzerland, arranged by Samuel Webbe.

*Adagio.*

Bless'd day, thrice hap-py will it prove, That brings the ob-jects of my love: Bless'd day! Streams so  
clear, And cuts so dear; Our hamlets gay, And moun-tains gray. Herds so rare, And flocks so  
fair, My sheep-herd-ess as light as air; My fa-ther, mo-ther, sis-ter, and bro-ther. Wel-come;  
hap-py day! When shall we, I - sa - bei, dear maid, a-gain en - joy our elm-tree's shade.  
O! when shall I so happy prove,  
And see the ob-jects of my love?  
Wheas, lofty hills,  
And purling rills;  
The lambs at play,

And scenes so gay;  
Herds so rare,  
And flocks so fair;  
My shepherdess as light as air.  
My father, mother, &c.

## THE WREATH YOU WOVE.

The Poetry by Thomas Moore; the Music by Michael Kelly.

*Andantino.*

The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, Is fair, but oh! how fair, Is fair, but  
 oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to min-gle there, One  
 leaf to min-gle there! If ev-ry rose with gold was tied, Did gems for dew-drops  
 fall, That fad-ed leaf, where love had sigh'd, Were sweet-ly worth them all. The  
 wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair; The wreath you  
 wove the wreath you wove, Our emblems well may be: Its bloom is yours, but hapless Love Must  
 keep its tears for me, Must keep its tears for me. The wreath you wove, the wreath you  
 wove, is fair, but oh! how fair, If Pi-ty's hand had stol'n from Love One leaf to  
 min-gle there! The wreath you wove, the wreath you wove, the wreath you wove is fair.

## ATTUNE THE PIPE, ATTUNE THE GLADSMORE LAY.

Composed by Playel.

*Larghetto.*

At - tune the pipe, at - tune the glad-some lay, — A kiss from  
 Lau - ra shall thy mu - sic pay: Let o - ther swains to praise or fame es -  
 pire, thou from her lips the sweet re - ward re - quires. At - tune the  
 pipe, at - tune the glad-some lay, — A kiss from Lau - ra shall thy mu - sic pay.  
 Accept my hand, and could I add beside  
 What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,  
 On thee alone their glittering pride should shine,  
 And I alone, a constant maid, be thine.  
 Attune the pipe, &c.

## THE LAND IN THE OCEAN.

The Words by Thomas Dibdin; the Music by T. Attwood.

*Musette.*

In the midst of the sea, like a tough man-of-war, Pull a-way, pull a-way, yo  
ho there! Stands an is-land sur-pass-ing all o-thers by far: If you doubt it, you've  
oo-ly to go there. By Nep-tune 'twas built up-oo Free-dom's firm base, And for  
e-ver 'twill last, I've a oo-tion: All the world I de-fy to pro-duce such a place—  
Pull away! pull a-way! pull away! pull, I say—As the snug bit of land in the o-cean.

From the opposite shore puff'd with arrogant pride,  
Pull away! pull away, so clever,  
They've oft-wone ashow they would come alongside,  
And destroy the poor island for ever;  
But Britannia is made of such durable stuff,  
And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion,  
She'd soon give the saucy invaders enough—  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say—  
If ther' touch'd at the land in the ocean.

There was Howe, ever bold in that glorious cause—  
Pull away, pull away so stout, boys!  
Who gain'd on the first day of Jone such applause,  
And Mounseer he put to the rout, boys.  
The next was St. Vincent, who kick'd up a dust,  
As the Spaniards can tell, I've a nation; [must].  
For they swore not to etrike; says he, 'Damme, you  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,  
To the lads of the land in the ocean.

Adam Duncan came next,—'twas in autumn, you  
Pull away, pull away, so jolly— [know—]  
That he made big Myneher strike his flag to a foe  
'Gainst whom all resistance was folly! [dunce,  
And they sent, as you know, if you're not quite a  
But a sad story name, I've a notion;  
So Duncan he beat a whole winter at once—  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say—  
What d'y'e think of the land in the ocean?

Now the Frenchmen agaio have come in for their  
Pull away, pull away, so hearty.— [share—]  
For Nelson has set all the world in a stare,  
And land-lock'd e'en the great Bonaparte;  
And we'd beat them again, should their stomachs la-  
But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion; [clue,  
Then may Victory's sword to the alive resign—  
Pull away, pull away, pull away, pull, I say,  
And Peace crown the land in the ocean.

## THE ADIEU.

Composed by Dr. Jacksoo.

*Largo con express.*

One kind kiss be-fore we part, Drop a tear and bid a-dieu, Drop, drop a  
tear, drop, drop a tear, Drop - - a tear and bid a-dieu. Tho' you se-ver,  
my fond heart, Till we meet, shall pant for you; One kind kiss be-fore we  
part! Drop, drop a tear; Drop, drop a tear; Drop a tear and bid a-dieu.

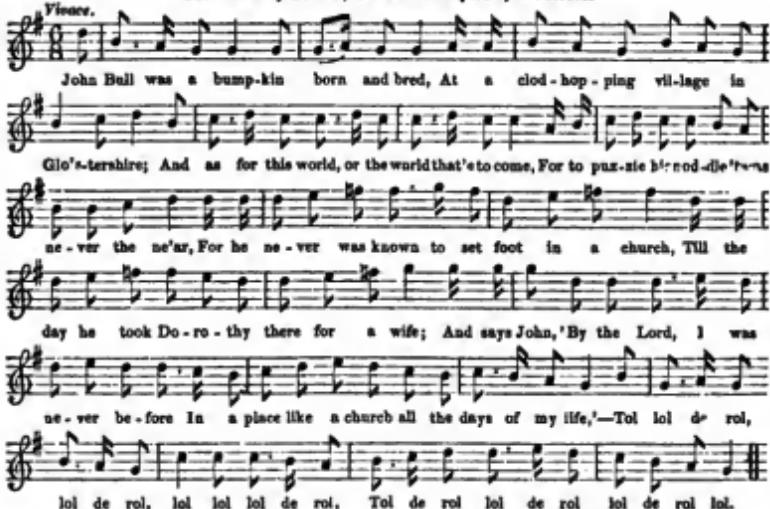
Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;  
Let me kiss that falling tear;  
Though my body must remove,  
All my soul must still be here.  
Yet! yet, weep not so, my love;  
Let me kiss that falling tear.

One kind kiss before we part,—  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu;  
All my soul and all my heart,  
Ev'ry wish, shall pant for you.  
One kind kiss, then, ere we part;  
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.

## THE WEST-COUNTRY BUMPKIN.

The Words by Collins; the Music adapted by W. Reeve.

Violine.



'For there I look'd up, and seed nine or ten fellows,  
A singling as loud as their lungs cou'd clink;  
So, thinking that I was got into an ale-house,  
I look'd up and ax'd, if they'd nothing to drink,  
When up come a man, and he pull'd off my hat,  
And be told me no drink was allow'd in the place;  
I thought that for certain he must be the landlord,  
Or else I'd have fech'd him a punch in the face.

'Howsoe'er, I fancied 'twas never the ne'er  
For to kick up a dust, and to frighten the bride;  
So I went further in for to look at the place,  
And, lord i' what a comical sight I espy'd!  
There was men-folk and women-folk pean'd up to-  
gether,

Like as many wethers and ewes at a fair;  
Beside a long booby-hatch built up for holding  
The whole corporation justases and mayor.

'Then up got a little man into a tub,  
And he look'd just as tho' he'd been roll'd in the dirt,  
For you cou'd not suppose he cou'd be very clean,  
When he'd got nothing on but a long black shirt,  
Excepting a little white slobbering bib,  
Tuck'd under his chin, and slit in two—  
To be perch'd in a tub, and to wear a black shirt,  
I was puax'd to think what a plague he cou'd do.

'For while he did turn up the whites of his eyes,  
And for mercy upon us did heartily pray,  
Anster b-low, that sat in a chest,  
Was mocking of every word he did say;

And when he had fairly tired him out,  
To the very last word, to do unthiing by halves,  
I verily thought he was going to fight,  
For he stood ap and call'd for a couple of staves!  
'But the little man, tho' he had a black shirt on,  
Whipp'd over'u another as white as a clout;  
And then in a twink, with a twist of his fist,  
He set open the tub, and he let himself out:  
Upon which he took hold of a poor little babe,  
And as tho' he had got neither shame nor grace,  
He dip'd his fingers into a trough,  
And splash'd the cold water all over its face!  
'To be sure I thought 'twas a shameful thing  
To serve a poor babe such a wounsty trick;  
For tho' he did squeak like a pig that is stuck,  
They did mind him no more than a goose-munchick.  
Odsbobs! and I thought if the meagret shou'd bite,  
And they wanted to make hot a child of a man,  
Who cou'd tell but in turn, such a baby as I  
Might be sou'd in the trough like a cop in a pan.  
'So I took to my heels, and I scamper'd away,  
Like a lusty fellow, for sure and sure;  
And swore in my throat if they ever catch'd I,  
O' the inside of a church door any more,  
They shou'd plump me up to the sae in the hog-  
trough,  
Just like a toast in a tankard then,  
And souse me and sop me, and sop me and souse me,  
A hundred times over and over again.'

## TAM GLEN.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegretto.*

My heart is a breaking, dear tit-tie! Some coun-cel un-to me come  
len': To an-ger them n' is a pi-ty. But what will I do wi' Tam  
Glen? I'm think-ing, wi' sic a braw fal-low, In pair-tit we nicht mak' a  
fen'; What care I in rich-es to wal-low, If Ima-nna mar-ry Tam Glen:  
There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drumeller,—  
Gude day to you, fool, he comes bea;  
He brags and he braws o' his siller,  
But when will he dance like Tam Gleo?  
My minos does constantly deave me,  
And bids me beware o' young men;  
They fatter, she says, to deceive me—  
But who can think sae o' Tam Glen?  
My daddey says, gin I'll for-sake him,  
He'll gie me guid hunder merks ten;  
But, if it's ordain'd I man tak him,  
O! wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen, at the Valentine's deadlin',  
My heart to my mouth gied a stea  
For thrice I drew aye without failin'  
And thrice it was written—*Tam Glen.*  
The last Hallowe'en I was waukin'  
My drookit sark-sleeve, as ye ken;  
His likeeons cam' up the house stankie',  
And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen.  
Come, counsel, dear titie, don't tarry;  
I'll gie you my bonnie black hen,  
Gif ye will advise me to marry  
The lad I lo'e dearly, Tam Glen.

## MACLAINE.

The Poetry and Music by Miss Ross.

*Slow, with energy.*

Ban-ners are wav-ing o'er Mor-ven's dark heath, Clay-mores are flash-ing from  
ma-oys a sheath; Hark! 'tis the gath'ring,—On, on-ward! they cry; Far flies the  
Chorus.  
sig-nal to con-quer or die. Then, fol-low thee! fol-low! a boat to the seal Thy  
prince, in glen Mel-dart, is wait-ing for thee! Where war-pipes are sound-ing, and  
bau-ners are free, Mac-laine and his chos-men the fore-most you'll see.  
Wildly the war-cry has startled you stag,  
And waken'd the echoes of Gillian's lone crag;  
Up hill and down glen, each brave mountaioeer  
Has wrapt his plaid and mounted his spear.  
Then follow thee! &c.  
The signal is heard from moontalo to shore;  
They rush, like the flood, o'er dark Corry-vohr;

The war-note is sounding, loud, wildy, and high;  
Louder they shout, 'On to conquer or die.'  
Theo follow thee! &c.  
The heath-bell at morn so proudly ye trod,  
Son of the mountain, o'er covert thy soé  
Wrapt in your plaid, mid the bravest ye lie.—  
The words, as ye fell, still conquer or die!  
Then follow thee! &c.

## ADIEU, MY NATIVE LAND, ADIEU.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by Chandler.

*Andante.*

A - dieu, my na - tive land, a - dieu! The ves - sel spreads her swell - ing sails: Per-  
haps I ne - ver more may view Your fer - tile fields, your flow'ry  
Fine.

dales: De - lu - sive hope can charm no more; Far from the faith-less maid I roam, Un-  
friend - ed, seek some fo - reign shore, Un - pi - tied leave my hum - ble home.

Farewell, dear village, O, farewell!  
Left on the gale, the murmur dies;  
I hear thy solemn evening bell,  
Thy spires yet glad my aching eyes.  
Tho' frequent falls the dazzling tear,  
I scorn to shrink from fate's decree;  
And think not, dear maid, that e'er  
I'll breathe another sigh for thee.

In vain, thro' shades of frowning night,  
Mine eyes thy rocky coast explore;  
Deep sinks the fiery orb of night,  
I view thy beacons now no more.  
Rise, billows, rise! blow, hollow wind!  
Nor night, nor storms, nor death I fear;  
Ye friendly, bear me hence, to find  
That peace which Fate denies me here.

## BY A MURMURING BROOK.

Composed by Sir John A. Stevenson.

*Andantino.*

By a mur-mur-ing brook, in a val-ley's deep shade, Where the wood-sor - and  
night-in - gale dwell; Where the harsh eye of en - vy may ne-ver per-vade, O!

grant me some moss - co - ver'd cell, O grant me some moss-co-ver'd cell.

Round the mouth of my cave let the i - vy entwine, With the wood-bine and sweet-scented  
rose; Let the blos-soms of health and con - tent - ment be mine, And no  
*ad lib.*

cares shall dis - turb my re - pose, And no cares shall dis-turb my re - pose.  
But, free from the ills that attend on the great,  
And far from all folly and strife,

With sweet soli-tude's charms, in this humble retreat  
Let me spend the remains of my life.  
Round the mouth of my cave, &c.

## THE POST CAPTAIN.

The Words by Rannie; the Music by W. Shield.

*Cos. Spirto.*

When Steer-well heard me first im-part Our brave Com-man-der's sto-ry,  
 With ar-dent zeal his youth - ful heart Swell'd high for na - val glo-ry,  
 Re-solv'd to gain a valiant name, For bold ad - ven - tures en-ger. When  
 first a lit-tle cab-in boy, on board the Fame, He would hold on the jig-ger, While  
 ten jolly tar-s, with ma - si - cal joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, sing - ing, Yoe, hove  
 yoe! Yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, yoe, hove yoe! Ten jolly tar-s, with ma - si - cal  
 joe, Hove the an-chor a-peak, hove the an-chor a-peak, sing-ing, Yoe, hove yoe!  
 To hand top-ga'nt-sail next he learn'd,  
 With quickness, care, and spirit;  
 Whose generous master then discern'd  
 And pris'd his dawning merit.  
 He taught him soon to reef and steer  
 When storms convul'sd the ocean,  
 Where shoul-s made skilful vet'rans fear,  
 Which mark'd him for promotion;  
 As nuns to the pilot e'er answer'd like he,  
 When he gave the command, Hard-a-port, helma-leel  
 Luff, boys, luff, keep her near,  
 Clear the buoy, make the pier!  
 None to the pilot answer'd like he,  
 When he gave the command in the pool or at sea,  
 Hard-a-port, helma-leel!

For valour, skill, and worth renown'd,  
 The foe he oft defeated;  
 And now, with fame and fortune crown'd,  
 Post Captain he is rated:—  
 Who, should our injur'd country bleed,  
 Still bravely would defend her;  
 Now bless'd with peace, if beauty plead,  
 He'll prove his heart as tender.  
 Unaw'd, yet mild to high and low,  
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe;  
 Wounded tar-shar his wealth,  
 All the fleet drink his health.  
 Priz'd be such hearts, for altho' they will go,  
 And always are ready compassion to show  
 To a brave conquer'd foe.

## HYMN TO SOLITUDE.

The Poetry by David Thomson, arranged to Mozart's 'Suse, heilige Natur.'

*Andante.*

Thou who lov'st the de - sert wild, Far from fol - ly's noi - sy train,  
 Mild thy han-tes se - rene and mild, Let me woo thy gen - tie reign!

Where the bare-bell blooms unknown,  
Through her silent summer days;  
Where the dun deer stalks alone,  
O'er his pathless ferny maze;

Sweet will be my mornin' dreams  
'Mid thy forest's shelter'd glade;  
Bright as are its op'ning glens,  
Peaceful as its holiest shade;

## THE WILD IRISHMAN.

The Words by Charles Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by John Whitaker.

*Allegretto.*

One mooo-shi-ny morn-ing I came from Tra-lee, With a hey pip and sing Drim-in-doo  
whack! Small brains in da hat where my head chanc'd to be, And faint to my coat sure I'd  
on-ly one back! I'd a clum-ay she-la-ly pluck'd up by the root of it, For  
him who was saucy to taste of the fruit of it; And, thus from Tra-lee Trun-died  
o-ver the sea, To Lon-doo so gay, Oi i trot-ted a-way; Where the streets, I was told, had all  
pave-stones of gold, But that was the blar-ney of Pad-dy O'Shan; And when I came  
there, How the peo-ple did stare, And what was it at? but de wild I-rish-man! With a  
to-ra-lee foo-ra-lee drim-indoo whack! Och! sure how they star'd at de wild I-rish-man.

My Cousin Mulrooney he lived in de place,  
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack!  
I ax'd the folks whern, but they iang'b'd in my  
face.—  
'Badmanners,' said I, 'of politeness don't crack.'  
At last wid a rammer I found him a heaving stones,  
And just knockin' dacency into the paving stones.  
'O! Paddy,' says I,  
'Is it you?' when awry  
He cock'd up his phiz,  
Aod said, 'May be it is,—  
And pray what brought yourself?'  
'O!' says I, 'want of pelf!'  
Says he, 'Sarrah the rap, joy, raise for you I can;—  
It's all spent at best,  
So I'll give you the rest!'  
And small comfort was that for de wild Irishman;  
With tooralee fooraloo drimindoo whack!  
O, small comfort was that for de wild Irishman.

I'd oot take to bay-maklog, a mere man of straw,  
Wid a hey pip and a drimindoo whack!  
Nor handle the hod; so a sergeant I saw,  
And 'listed into the horse-infantry pack;  
Wid my figure, and firelock, och, surel want stupid, Oi  
De ladies all call'd me a cavalry Cupid, Oi  
Aod faint I may say  
I'd a botherung way;  
And wheo I was sent  
To the grand continent,  
Half a score, without flaws,  
Broke their hearts, or drask drams;  
And a howl like a wake thro' the pack of 'em ran,  
Aod wheo back I go,  
Made an officer, O!  
Musha grah! how they'll fight for de wild Irishman;  
With tooralee fooraloo drimindoo whack!  
Musha grah! how they'll fight for de wild Irishman!

## WEEP FOR THOSE.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by J. Nathan.

*Largo con Espressione.*

O! weep for those that wept by Ba-bel's stream, Whose shrines are  
deso-late, whose land a dream; Weep for the harp of Ju-dah's bro-ken  
shell; Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the god-less dwell! And where shall Is-rael  
lave her bleed-ing feet? And when shall Zi-on's songs a-gain seem sweet? And Ju-dah's  
me-lo-dy once more re-joice The hearts that leap'd be-fore its heav'n-ly  
voice? Tribes of the wand'-ring foot and weary breast, How shall ye flee away and be at rest?  
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave, Mankind their country, Is-rael but the grave!

## ROSE OF THIS ENCHANTED VALE.

Hindostane Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Vinace.*

Rose of this en-chant-ed vale, Why so lone and mourn-ful? Fair-er than the dawn-star  
pae, Art thou chill and scorn-ful? 'I am not the Rose,' she said, 'Sleep his kiss in  
steep-ing; I am but a cap-tive maid, The Rose's shum-bers keep - - ing. Go! I  
fear that, o'er his ear, Our heed-less tones are creep-ing; Gol nor let one accent fall, His  
charm-ed dreams dis-pol-ling; Gol'tis sa-cred still-ness all, Thro' our mon-y dwel-ling.'

But, though free to roam at will,  
Youthful hopes impelling,  
I would be a captive still,  
To my Rose's dwelling.  
Now, upon his arched brows,  
In breathless bliss, I ponder;

Now the music of his vows  
Makes my sen-ses wan-der;  
No charm for me were liberty,—  
I'm of thral-dom fonder;—  
Gol nor let one accent fall, etc.

## MY OLD AUNT SALLY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

Piano.

A-way down in New Orleans, I gets up-on de lan-din,' And ders I spes my  
old Aunt Sal, up-on de track n stand-in'; I ax her, 'Woat you take a ride wid  
me, dis cot-ton sea-son?'—I nebber spoke a no-der word, a - cos I had no  
rea-son; No reason, no reason, A - cos I had no reason; I nebber spoke an - o - der word, A -  
cos I had no rea-son— Sal-ly!

I hitch de bull afore de cart, like a clever feller—  
Hit him a hit to make him go—de brute began to beller;  
I turn round to look for Sal—I nebber shall forget  
'em—  
Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy  
Bottom, de bottom! upon de sandy bottom!  
Dar I see her kickin' her heels upon de sandy bottom.

Sally, Sally, &amp;c.

Now I'd hab you all to gib de most particlar 'tentation  
To a circumstantial fact dat I'm guine jist to men-  
tic's;  
I want to hab you all to know for phueck I isn't a lackin',  
'Copt when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants  
good backin'.  
Backin', backin', and den I wants good backin',  
'Copt when I'm ask'd to hab a fight—and den I wants  
good backin'.

Sally, Sally, &amp;c.

Ra, ree, ri, ro, round de eor-ner, Sal-ly.

Up de hill, an' down de dale—I didn't seem to mind  
her,  
De ball kept on a-chasin' Sal—she nebber look'd,  
Till he ran slick aginst a stump, and found himself  
mistaken—  
Den Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to saher her  
Bacon, her bacon—in hope to saher her bacon;  
How Sal dodg'd on tudder side, in hope to saher her  
bacon!  
Sally, Sally, &c.  
Sal stuck her back agin de stump—I envied not her  
lodgin'—  
[kept a dogin']  
De ball kept prancin' round de stump, and Sal she  
She jump a rod or two aside—you ought to see her  
bound it,  
And if de ball ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is  
Round it, round it, him still is prancin' round it;  
And if de ball ain't slipp'd him breff, him still is  
prancin' round it!  
Sally, Sally, &c.

## BY THE GAYLY CIRCLING GLASS.

The Poetry from Milton's 'Comus'; the Music by Dr. Arne.

Piano.

By the gay - ly cir - cling glass, We can see how mi - nutes pass; By the hot low  
cask are told How the wa - sing night grows old, How the wan-ing night grows old.  
Soon, too soon the on - ey day Drives on from our sports a - way; What have  
we with day to do? Sons of care, 'twas made for you,—Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

## LOVE'S LIKE A SUMMER'S DAY.

The Poetry by George Macfaren; the Music by J. Blewitt.

*Piace.*

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent-  
*a tempo.* ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light  
 Zephyr's wing, And scent- ed by flow-ers. Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is sure to  
 come, And sprinkle the spot with am-bro-sial showers; Where Love has fix'd its home, Pleasure is  
*ad lib.* sure to come, And sprin-kle the spot with am-bro-sial show'rs. - - - - -  
*ad lib.*

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And  
*a tempo.* scent- ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun- ny ray,  
 Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scent- ed by flow-ers. Sometimes a gloomy cloud, Chilli-blast, or  
 tem-pest loud, Darkens the averse sky, And brights the gay scene; But, where the heart is true,  
*ad lib.*

Soon it regains its hue: Hope spreads a rainbow That makes all se-rene.  
*ad lib.*

Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And  
*a tempo.* scent- ed by flow-ers; Love's like a summer's day, Warm'd by the sun-ny ray, Fann'd by light  
 Zephyr's wing, And scent- ed by flow-ers, Fann'd by light Zephyr's wing, And scented by flow'rs, And  
*Cadenza ad lib.* scented by flow'rs, And scented by flow'rs, And scented by flow'rs, And scented by flow'rs.

## THE STRUGGLE FOR FAME.

The Poetry by Charles Mackay, Esq.; the Music by Henry Russell.—Published in Davidson's Cheap and Uniform Edition of his Compositions.

*Con espressione e anima.*

## HOW FAIR THE HEAVENS.

The Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.; arranged to the air 'Dolce Pensiero,' in Rossini's opera of 'Semiramide.' Published by Davidson.

Published by Davidson.

### Aggregation.

## THOUGH DARK BE THE WOES.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Pleyel.

*Vincent.*

Tho' dark be the woes thou wilt bring me, And days of an exile be mine,— Tho'  
death with its sorrows may sting me, Still, Free-dom, I'll e - ver be thine! With  
thee, to the de-sert I'll wan-der, Or roam on the bil - low - y sea; And  
there I'll but cling to thee fond - er, When I know what it is to be free!  
In the glen of some far-distant mountain,  
Like that where thy image first smil'd,  
I will sing, by the fall of the fountain,  
The songs thou hast taught me so wild:

For there is the place I will find thee,  
Far, far from the courts of the slave;  
And I'll think not of joys left behind me,  
If bles'd with thy light o'er my grave.

## ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

The day is de-parted, and round from the cloud The moon in her beau-ty ap-pears; The voice of the night-in-gale war-bles a-long The mu-sic of love in our ears: Ma-ri-a, appear! now the sea - son so sweet With the beat of the heart is in tune; The time is so ten-der for lov-ers to meet, A - lone by the light of the moon,— A - lone by the light of the moon, A - lone by the light of the moon, A - lone by the light of the moon, A - lone by the light of the moon.

I cannot, when present, un-fold what I feel;  
I sigh—can a lover do more?  
Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,  
Yet I think of her all the day o'er.  
Maria, my love, do you long for the grove?  
Do you sigh for an interview soon?  
Does e'er a kind thought run on me, as you rove  
Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,  
My bosom is all in a glow; [ear,  
Your voice when it vibrates so sweet through mine  
My heart thrills—my eyes overflow.  
Ye pow'rs of the sky, will your bounty divine  
Indulge a fond lover his boon?  
Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,  
Alone by the light of the moon?

## THE BRIDE AND HER LOVE, WHERE ARE THEY?

The Poetry by Neels; the Music by Robert William Dixon.

*Andante Grazioso.*

Did ye see the red rose on its bonny green stem, As it o-pen'd its lips to the  
dew? The new-ly fledg'd birds, did ye look up-on them, Just flitt'-ring their  
wings as they flew? Did ye mark the young light, dawn-ing dim in the east, With the  
clouds cold and si-lent a-bove? Did ye hear the bells ring at the vil-lage-spread  
feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love? Did ye hear the bells  
*Ritard., più lento ad lib.*  
ring at the vil-lage-spread feast? Did ye see the young bride and her love?

O! the rose it has bloom'd—it is wither'd, is dead,  
And the leaves blown away with a breath;  
O! the birds they are grown—they are strong, they  
are fled,  
And the fowler has done them to death:

O! the light brighten'd forth over woodland and  
dell,  
Then it faded and faded away;  
And the bells that were ringing are tolling a knell,  
And the bride and her love, where are they?

## THE SIGH OF HER HEART WAS SINCERE.

*Largo Express.* The Poetry by Peter Pindar; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

The sigh of her heart was sin-cere, When blush-ing she whis-per'd her love,— A  
sound of de-light in my ear, Her voice was the voice of a dove. Ah! who could from  
Phil-li - di fly? Yst I sought o-ther nymphs of the vale,— For-got her sweet blush and her  
sigh— For-got that I told her my tale, For-got that I told her my tale.  
In sorrow I wish'd to return,  
And the tale of my passian renew:—  
'Go, shepherd,' she answer'd with scorn—  
'False shepherd, far ever adieu!'

For thee no more tears will I shed;  
From thee to fair friendship I go:  
The bird by a wound that has bled  
Is happy to fly from its foe.'

## NANCY'S TO THE GREEN-WOOD GANE.

Scottish Melody.—The Words by Ainslie.

*Moderato.*

Nan - cy's to the green-wood gane, To hear the gowd-spink chatt'-ring;  
 And Wil - lie he has fol - low'd her, To gain her love by flatt'-ring:  
 But a' that he could say or do, She geck'd and scoru - ed, at him; And,  
 ays when he be - - - gan to woo, She bade him mind wha gaed him.  
 'What ails ye at my dad?' quoth he,  
 'My minnie or my auntie?  
 Wi' crowdy-mowdy they fed me,  
 Lang-kale, and ranty-tasty:  
 Wi' hankocks o' guid barley-meal,  
 Of thae there was richt plenty,  
 Wi' chappit stocks fu' butter'd weel,  
 And was not that richt dainty?  
 'Although my father was nae laird,  
 'Tis daffie to be wanty,  
 He keppit aye a guid kale-yard,  
 A ha' house, and a pantry:  
 A guid blue bonnet on his head,  
 An overlay 'bon't his craigie;  
 And, aye until the day he dee'd,  
 He rode on guid shank's-naigle.'  
 'Now was and wonder on your snout,  
 Wad ye ha'e bonnie Nancy?  
 Wad ye compare yourself' to me—  
 A docken till a tanzie?  
 I ha' a woer o' my aie,  
 They ca' him Souple Sandy;  
 And weel I wot his bonnie mow,  
 Is sweet like sugar-candy.'

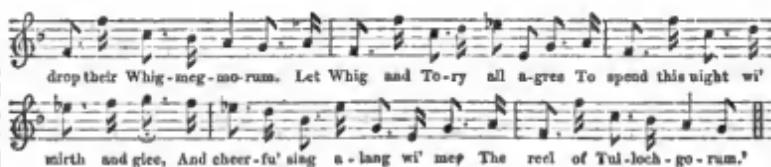
'Now, Nancy, what need a' this din?  
 Do I no ken this Sandy?  
 I'm sure the chief o' a' his kin  
 Was Rab, the beggar-randy:  
 His minny Meg upon her back  
 Bare baith him and his billy;  
 Will ye compare a nasty pack  
 To me, your winsome Willie?  
 'My gutcher left a guid braidsword :  
 Though it be auld and rusty,  
 Yet—ye may tak' it on my word,—  
 It is baith stout and trusty;  
 And if I can but get it drawn,  
 Which will be richt uneasy,  
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,  
 That he shall get a heezy.'  
 Then Nancy turn'd her round about,  
 And said, 'Did Sandy bear ye,  
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout;  
 I ken he disna fear ye :  
 Sac hand your tongue, and say nae mair;  
 Set somewhere else your fancy;  
 For, as lang's Sandy's to the fore,  
 Ye never shall get Nancy.'

## TULLOCHGORUM.

The Poetry by the Rev. John Skinner; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

Come, gie's a sang,' Mont-gome-ry cried, 'And lay your dis-putes all a-side; What  
 sig - ni-fies't for folks to chide For what's been done be-fore 'em? Let Whig and To-ry  
 all a - gree, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry, Whig and To - ry all a - gree, To



'O, Tullochgorum's my delight;  
It gars us a' in aune unite;  
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,  
I conscience I abhor him.  
For blithe and merry we's be a',  
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,  
Blithe and merry we's be a',  
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.  
Blithe and merry we's be a',  
As lang as we ha' breath to draw,  
And dance, tili we be like to fa',  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

'There need na be sae great a phrase,  
Wi' dringling dull Italian lays;  
I wadna gie'e our ain strathspays  
For half a hundred score o' em.  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Wi' a' their variorum.  
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
Their allegros, and a' the rest;  
They canna please a Highland taste,  
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.  
Let worldly minds themselves oppres,  
Wi' fear of want and double cens,  
And sulen sets themselves distress  
Wi' keeping up decorum.  
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,  
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,—

Shall we see sour and sulky sit,  
Like suld Philosopherum?  
Shall we see sour and sulky sit,  
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
And canna rise to shake a fit  
To the reel of Tullochgorum?

'May choicest blessings still attend  
Each honest-hearted open friend;  
May calm and quiet be his end,  
And a' that's good watch o'er him!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
And dainties, a great store o' 'em!  
May peace and plenty be his lot,  
Unstain'd by any vicious blot;  
And may he never want a groat,  
That's fond of Tullochgorum.  
But for the discontented fool,  
Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
And discontent devour him!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow;—  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And nane say, Wae's me for I'm!  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
And a' the lads that come frae France,  
Whae'er he be that wins a dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum!'

### BONNIE CHARLIE.

Jacobite Song, ascribed to Capt. Stuart.—Arranged by Elizabeth Masson.

Moderately.

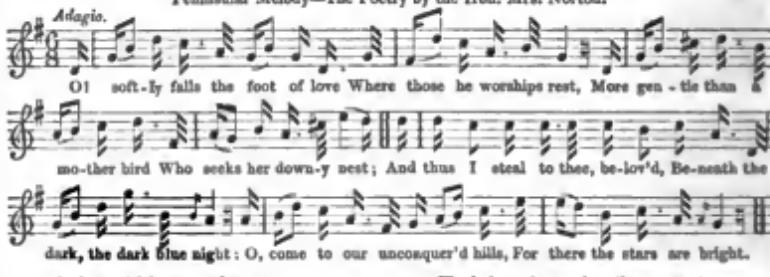
Tho' my fire-side it be but sma', And bare and com-fort-less with a', I'll  
keep a seat, and may be twa, To wel-come bon - nie Char - lie. Al-  
though my num-rie and my shiel Are toom as the glen of Har - man - hyle, I'll  
keep my hind-most hand fu' meal, To give to bon - nie Char - lie.

Although my lands are fair and wide,  
It's there nae longer I maun hide;  
Yet my last hoof, and horn, and hide,  
I'll gie to bonnie Charlie.

Although my heart is unco' sair  
And lies fu' lowly in its lair,  
Yet the last drop o' blide that's thare,  
I'll gie for bonnie Charlie.

## ZORCICO.—THE BISCAYEN TO HIS MISTRESS.

Peninsular Melody—The Poetry by the Hon. Mrs. Norton.



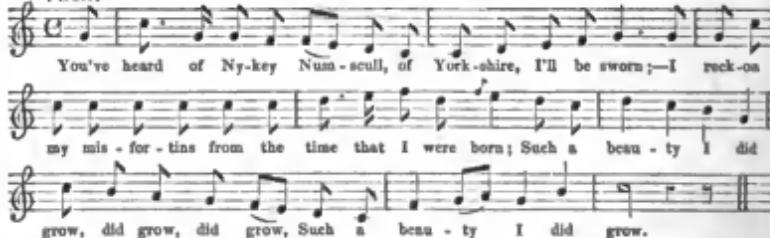
O! pleasant 'tis to wander out,  
When only thou and I  
Are there, to speak one happy thought  
To that far silent sky !  
The valleys down beneath are full  
Of voices and of men ;  
O! come to our untrodden hills ;  
They will not tell again.

The balmy air may breathe as sweet,  
With perfume floating slow ;  
But here, where thou and I may roam,  
The fresh wild breezes blow.  
O! here each little flow'ret seems  
To know that it is free ;  
The winds on our unconquer'd hills—  
Are full of liberty !

## THE YORKSHIRE BEAUTY, OR THE MISFORTUNE OF BEING HANDSOME.

Written by John Major.

Finace.



My Mother, she was frightful as the sun wou'd tan  
my skin, [my very thin,  
So she slouch'd my hat o'er eyes and all, —down to  
Such a beauty I did grow !

Then I were sent to school, in another year or two ;  
But I ne'er cou'd hara my letters, —folks they made  
so much a-do,

Such a beauty I did grow !

But, as for edication, Mother said as that were  
naught ;  
For the lad cou'd make his fortin, ay ! as quick, as  
quick, as thought !

Such a beauty I did grow !

Yet, ere I came to man's estate, my chance were  
a'most gone,  
For among so many lasses, I cou'd never fix on one,  
Such a beauty I did grow !

Then the girls pretend to hate me, lord ! the cause  
were plain to see ; [o' me,  
'Twere such a disadvantage, when they stood beside  
Such a beauty I did grow !

O ! the plague of being handsome there's but very  
few as knows ;  
I cou'dn't walk about, but folks cried, 'Look ! see—  
there he goes !'

Such a beauty I did grow.

Some said it were a shame I wasn't made a prince's  
page ; [stage !

And some said I were fitter to be—show'd up on a  
Such a beauty I did grow !

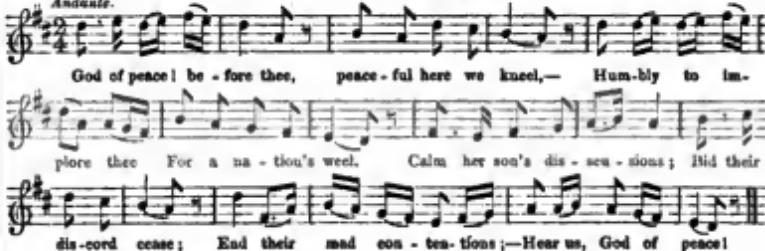
So, tir'd quite wi' being praised (upon my life, it's  
true),

I wish'd myself as ugly—as—any one o' you,  
Such a beauty I did grow !

Thus, ten'd and vex'd on all sides—lord ! what  
cou'd a body do ? [see me now,  
I fretted sick, and made myself—just—what you  
Such a beauty I did grow !

## HYMN TO FREEDOM

Irish Melody, 'Down beside me;' the Poetry by M. J. Barry, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Andante.*

God of love! low bending  
To thy throne we turn—  
Let thy rays descending  
Through our island burn;  
Let no strife divide us,  
But, from Heaven above,  
Look on us and guide us;—  
Hear us, God of love!

God of battles! aid us;  
Let no despot's might  
Trample or degrade us.  
Seeking this our right!  
Arm us for the danger;  
Keep all craven fear  
To our breasts a stranger;—  
God of battles! hear.

God of right! preserve us  
Just—as we are strong;  
Let no passion averter us  
To one act of wrong—  
Let no thought unholly  
Come our cause to blight;—  
Thus we pray thee, lowly—  
Hear us, God of right!

God of vengeance! smite us  
With thy shaft sublime,  
If one bond unite us  
Forg'd in fraud or crime!  
But, if humbly kneeling,  
We implore thine ear,  
For our rights appealing—  
God of nations! hear.

## BOUND 'PRENTICE TO A WATERMAN.

The Words by Cross; the Music by J. Sanderson.

*Allegro.*

Bound pren-tice to a wa - ter-man, I learn'd a bit to row, But, bless your heart! I  
al - ways was so gay, That, to treat a lit - tie wa - ter nymph, who took my heart in  
tow, I run'd myself a bit in debt, and then I run'd a-way. Sing-ing, ri tol fol de ral, yea  
ho, ri tol fol de rid-die di do, ri tol fol de ral, yea ho, ri tol fol de rid-di da.  
Bound man-of-war I enter'd next, and learn'd to  
quaff good flip,  
And far from home we scudded on so gay:  
I ran my rigs, but lik'd so well my captain, crew,  
and ship, [away].  
That, run what will, why—damme if ever I run  
Singing, ri tol, &c.  
With Drake I've sail'd the world around, and  
learn'd a bit to fight,  
But somehow I a prisoner was ta'en;

So, when the Spanish jailor to my dungeon show'd  
a light, [again].  
I blinded both his peepers, and then ran away  
Singing, ri tol, &c.  
I've run a many risks in life, on ocean and on shore,  
But always, like a Briton, got the day;  
And, fighting in old England's cause, will run as  
many more.  
But, let me free ten thousand foes, will never  
run away. Singing, ri tol, &c.

## TIME FLIES.

The Music arranged by T. Cooke.

*Allegretto.*

Old Time, to-day, 'twines flow'r's A - bout his scythe and glass, And all the lit - tie  
hours On light - est tip - toe pass; It is our vil - lage fair, The world as - sem - bles  
there, The world as - sem - bles there. Old Time, to-day, 'twines flow'r's A - bout his  
scythe and glass, And all the lit - tie hours On light - est tiptoe pass. 'Come! catch me, still,' Time  
cries, "Time cries; He smiles, but ah! ah! he flies, he smiles, but ah! ah! he flies.  
The beaux will round me crowd,  
To gare on face so fair;  
They sigh, they whisper lowd,  
And murmur'd raptures swear:

I blush of course,—and smile,—  
But copy Time the while.  
Old Time, to-day, &c.

## IN THE WOODY WILDS WE DWELL.

Hindostane Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

Violins.

In the wood-y wilds we dwell; Arch'er-sports the gloom dis-pel; Branch-ing mo-bly  
o-ver-bead, Groves roof our leaf-y bed; Night-winds bum our ves-per knell; Bu - gles  
blithe the dawn-ing tell; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, That's couch'd in nook or cell.  
Here, no breath of sor - row Taints the gale with fe-ver'd sigh; Harp,—and flask,—and  
bust-ing spear,—they make the mo-ments fly! In the wood-y wilds we dwell;  
Arch'er-sports the gloom dis-pel; Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in nook or cell.  
From man's fitful gory gauze,  
War, which spirits weep to name;  
Dreaming pride, whose antic toll  
Fate views with penitive smile;  
Love, whose hopes and wistful fears  
Draw the Hours' vision-tears;  
Fly from these to our green wood, which Joy's fair  
taper cheets.

Here, no hapless stranger  
Ever sought repose in vain;  
Harp,—and flask,—and hunting-spear,—how swift  
they banish pain!  
In the woody wilds we dwell;  
Archer-sports the gloom dis-pel;  
Scar'd wakes the dun deer up, that's couch'd in  
nook or cell.

## DIE FEEN KONIGINN—THE FAIRY QUEEN.

The Poetry by T. H. Stirling; the Music by C. Walther.

*Allegretto espressivo.*

I am a Fal - ry Queen! my ma - gic pow - er Bound - less ex - tends o'er the  
sea and the land; Thou - sands will hast - en from wood, cave, and bower,  
Should my rais'd scap - tre their pre - sence com - mase; And swift - ly and si - leot - ly,  
hush, hush, hush, hush! On air - y pin - ions, My fair - y min - ions Speed o'er the  
heath, Through the woods and the bush,—Speed o'er the heath, through the woods and the bush.

When in deep midnigh, while mortals would slum -  
ber,  
Silv'ry the full-moon beams over the mound;  
Fairies about me, and countless in number,  
Dancing in nice-fold circlets around;  
With nimble and airy steps, trip, trip, trip, trip!  
Silently gliding,  
Circling and sliding,  
Light o'er the grass, and the flowers they'll skip.

And when the mystical dace is concluded,  
Each of the fairies relates her bestfeat;  
Theo, sent again 'mongst the sleepers detuded,  
Haste! the assembly will make their retreat;  
And in my misious quick, quick, quick, quick,  
Good people pleasing, [quick!]  
But the bad teasing,  
Or they will cherish, or play them some trick.

## I THOUGHT OUR QUARRELS ENDED.

From 'No Soog, no Sopper'; the Music by Gretry.

*Allegretto.*

I thought our quar - rels end - ed, And set my heart at ease; 'Tis strange you've thus of -  
fead - ed! You take de - light to tease; Yes, yes! you take de - light to tease! Dear  
sir, de - cide the strife Be - tween your child and wife; A - las! the grief I feel I  
dare not to re - veal,— I know that you be - lieve For Fred'rick's sake I grieve—Psho, psho, psho,  
psho; ve - ry well, ve - ry— well, as you please; ve - ry well, ve - ry well, think as you please.

To vaio I'm always striving  
To make our diff'rence cease;  
If you're disputes contriving,  
And will not live in peace,—  
No, no!

You will not live in peace:  
I'm vex'd, dear sir, for you,  
But say, what can I do?  
To none I can complain,—  
How crud is my pain!  
I know that you believe, &c.

## IF FOR ME, IF FOR ME.

The Poetry by William Marshall; the Music by Ang. Voigt.

*Allegretto.*

If for me, if for me, o-ther maid thou shouldst leave, And be-tray the young  
 heart thou hast taught to be-lieve, That no sigh for an-o-ther hath poison'd thy  
 lip, Since from her's Love's first dew-drop you ven-tur'd to sip, Since from  
 her's Love's first dew-drop you ven-tur'd to sip, No no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver  
 come to my bow'r; No, no, no! No, no, no! ne-ver come to my bow'r.  
 But, O! if to me, if to me thou canst bring A Up that hath ne'er broke the vow it could frame,  
 A heart that first vibrates to love's dulcet string, A ey that, once fix'd, burns with one steady flame;  
 You, you may come to my bow'r.

## AND THIS I THINK A REASON FAIR.

The Words by Capt. Morris; the Music by Dibdin.

*Vivace.*

I'm of-ten ask'd by plodding souls, And men of so-ber tongue, What joy I take in  
 drain-ing bowls, And tippling all night long; But tho' these cau-tious knaves I scorn, For  
 ance I'll not dis-dain To tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a-gain, To  
 tell them why I sit till morn, And fill my glass a-gain, And fill my glass a-gain.  
 'Tis by the glow my humper gives, For me, there's nothing new nor rare,  
 Life's picture's mellow made; Till wine deceives my brain,  
 The fading light then brightly lives, And that I think's a reason fair—  
 And softly sinks the shade. To fill my glass again.  
 Some happier tint still rises there, There's many a lad I knew is dead,  
 With every drop I drain, And many a lass grown old,  
 And that I think's a reason fair— And as the lesson strikes my head,  
 Then, if each nymph will have her share, My weary heart grows cold:  
 Before she'll bless her swain, But wine awhile drives off despair,—  
 Why, that I think's a reason fair— Nay, bids a hope remain—  
 To fill my glass again. Why, that I think's a reason fair—  
 In life, I've rung all changes through, To fill my glass again.  
 Ran ev'-ry pleasure down, I find, too, when I stiat my glass,  
 'Mid each extreme of folly, too, And sit with sober air,  
 And liv'd with half the town: I'm pros'd by some dull reasoning ass,  
 Who treads the path of care;  
 Or, harder still, am doos'd to bear Some coxcomb's fribbling strain,  
 And that I'm sure's a reason fair— And that I'm sure's a reason fair—  
 To fill my glass again.

Though hipp'd and vex'd at England's fate,  
In these convulsive days,  
I can't endure the rain'd state  
My sober eye surveys;  
But, through the bottle's dazzling glare,  
The gloom is seen less plain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.

But now I'll tell, to end my song,  
At what I most repine:  
This war has been as other wars—  
No friend to good port wine;  
For port, they say, will soon be rare,  
As juice of France and Spain,  
And that I think 's a reason fair—  
To fill my glass again.

### 'NOT WISELY, BUT TOO WELL!'

The Poetry and Music by Miss Louisa H. Sheridan.

*Andante con Express.*

O, Lovel! I dey'd thee this bo-sam to move, And dur'd thee my re-bel pre-  
sump-tion to quell; Now I yield! for I've seen one I could not but love, "Nat  
wise-ly, but too well!" I dare not en-count-ter his eyes, nor re-prove The  
feel-ing their e-lo-quent glan-ces oft tell; But I'm told I  
must shun him, for hope-less I love, "No" wise-ly, but too well!"  
In the dance there is joy,—if together we move;—  
In his voice, when we sing, there's a rapturous  
spell; His presence gives light to this soul; for I love,  
"Not wisely,—but too well!"

Tocay tell me that I shall behold him no more,  
That Time's chilling hand may his image dispel;  
But they know not this heart which was formed  
to adore

"Not wisely,—but too well!"

### REMEMBER ME, WHEN FAR AWAY.

The Poetry by G. Walker; the Music by J. Whitaker.

*Andante con Express.*

Re-mem-ber me when, far a-way, I jour-ney thro' the world's wide waste; Re-  
mem-ber me at ear-ly day, Or when the ev'-ning sha-dows haste, Or  
when the ev'-ning shadows haste. When high the pen-sive moon ap-pears, And night, with  
all her star-ry train, Gives rest to hu-man hopes and fears, Gives rest to hu-man  
hopes and fears, Remem-ber I a lone com-plain, Re-mem-ber I a lone com-plain,  
Remember me, whene'er you sigh, Whene'er you think on those away,  
Be it at mid-night's silent hour; Or when you bend the pious knee,  
Remember me, and think that I Or when your thoughts in pleasure stray,  
Return thy sigh, and feel its pow'r. O then dear maid, remember me.

## O! SWIFT WE GO.

The Poetry by J. T. Fields; the Music by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Allegro spiritoso.*

O! swift we go o'er the see - ey snow, When moon-beams spar - kle round; When  
hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly  
on we bound, As mer - ri - ly on we bound. On a win-ter's night, when  
hearts are light, And health is on the wind, We loose the rein and sweep the plain, And  
leave our cares be - hind, And leave our cares be - hind. O! swift we go o'er the see - ey  
snow, When moon-beams spar - kle round; When hoofs keep time to mu-sic's chime, As  
mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on, as mer - ri - ly on we  
bound, As mer - ri - ly on we bound, As mer - ri - ly on we bound  
With a laugh and song we glide along,  
Across the fleeting snow;  
With friends beside, how swift we ride  
On the beautiful track below!

O! the raging sea has joy for me,  
When gale and tempest roar;  
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,  
And I'll ask for waves no more.  
O! swift we go, &c.

## THE FRIEND OF MY HEART.

The Words by M. P. Andrews; the Music by Miss Abrams.

*Larghetto*

For thee, all the hard-ships of life I could bear, And brave the at-tacks of mis -  
for-tune and care; But care and mis - for-tune my mind would sub-due, If the  
friend of my heart, If the friend of my heart, must par-take of them too.  
Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent  
Enough but to furnish the cot with content,  
The dictates of love in that cot I'd pursue,  
For the friend of my heart would partake of it too.

But Nancy, with naught but her truth to endear,  
With nothing to give to distress but a tear,  
Can ne'er look for comfort, with ruin in view,  
And the friend of her heart to partake of it too.

## WHA WADNA FECHT FOR CHARLIE.

A Jacobite Song.

*Moderato.*

Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword? Wha wad - na  
up and ral - ly At the roy - al prince's word? Think on Sco - tia's an - cient ha - roes; Think on  
fo - reign foes re - pell'd; Think on glo - rious Bruce and Wal - lace, Who the proud u -  
surp - ers quell'd! Wha wad - na fecht for Char - lie? Wha wad - na draw the sword?  
Wha wad - na up and ral - ly At the roy - al prin - ce's word?

Rouse, rouse, ye pitted warriors;  
Rouse, ye serdes of the north;  
Rouse, and join your chieftain's banners,—  
'Tis your prince that leads you forth.  
Shall we basely crouch to tyrants?  
Shall we own a foreign sway?  
Shall a royal Stuart be banish'd,  
While a stranger rules the day?  
Wha wadna, &c.

See the northern clans advancing!  
See Glengarry and Lochiel!  
See the brandish'd broadswords glancing!  
Highland hearts are true as steel!  
Now our prince has rais'd his banner;  
Now triumphant is our cause;  
Now the Scottish lions rally;—  
Let us strike for prince and laws.  
Wha wadna, &c.

## THE DEIL'S AWA WI' TH' EXCISEMAN.

The Poetry by Barnes; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vivace.*

The de'il can fid - dlin' through the toun, And danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man;  
And il - ka wife cries—Auld Ma-houn, I wish you luck o' the prize, man! The  
de'il's a - wa', the de'il's a - wa', The de'il's a - wa', wi' th' ex - cise - man; He's  
danc'd a - wa', he's danc'd a - wa', He's danc'd a - wa' wi' th' ex - cise - man.

We'll mak our manut, we'll brew our drink,  
We'll dance, sing, and rejoice, man!  
And mony braw thanks to the meikle black de'il,  
That danc'd awa' wi' th' exciseman.  
The de'il's awa', &c.

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,  
There's horripipes and strathspeys, man;  
But the ne best dance s'er cam' to the land,  
Was, 'The de'il's awa' wi' th' exciseman.'  
The de'il's awa', &c.

## THE HARDY SAILOR.

Composed by W. Shield.

*Grazioso.*

The har - dy sail - lor braves the o - cean, Fear-less of the roar-ing wind;  
 Yet his heart with soft e - motion Throbs to leave his love behind;—throbs, throbs,  
 throbs, throbs; Yet his heart with soft e - motion throbs to leave his love be - hind, — To  
 leave his love be - hind — — — — — To leave, to leave his love be - hind.  
 To dread of fo-reign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can daunt-less roam, A -  
 larm - ing fears paint ev' - ry dan - ger In a ri - val left at home; A - larm - ing  
 fears paint ev' - ry dan - ger In a ri - val left at home. — — — — — The

## SALLY PELL.

The Music by Charles E. Horn.

*Con Spirito.*

## THE TIRED SOLDIER.

The Music by T. Coombe.

First.

The tired soldier bold and brave, Now rests his wea - ry feet, And to the  
 dim shel-ter of a grave Has made a safe re - treat. To him the trum-pet's  
 pierc-ing breath, Calls forth to arms in vain; Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of  
 death, Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Will ne - ver march, march a - gain, Will  
 die.  
 ne-ver, ne-ver, march a - gain. To him the trum-pet's pierc-ing breath Calls forth to  
 con - express.  
 arms in vain; Ned, quar-ter'd in the arms of death, Ned, quar-ter'd in the  
 arms of death, Will ne - ver march a - gain, Will ne - ver, never, march a - gain.

A boy he left his father's home,  
 The chance or war to try;  
 O'er regions yet untrud - ed to roam—  
 No friend nor brother nigh.  
 Yet still he marched contented on;  
 Met danger, death, and pain:  
 But now he halts—his toll is done,  
 He'll never march again.

The sweets of spring by beauty's hand  
 Lie scattered o'er his bier.  
 His comrades, as they silent stand,  
 Drop honest Ned a tear.  
 And lovely Kate, poor Ned's delight,  
 Chief mourner of the train,  
 Cried, as she viewed the dreadful sight,  
 He'll never march again.

## COME BUY MY BALLADS.

Composed by M. P. King.

*Andante affettuoso.*

Come, buy my bal - lads, in - dies kind; Like you they're  
 ten - der, as you'll find. Here's tales of love, and  
 tales of woe, That sure will melt your hearts to know.

Here's how young William went to sea  
 In search of gold, for none had he;  
 And how, alas, when he came home,  
 He found his true-love—dead and gone.  
 Here's next, how Edward, torn afar  
 From her he lov'd by cruel war,

Said—Weep not, Mary, should we gain  
 The vict'ry, then I—but he was slain.  
 And now, here's how the wretched maid  
 Each hour bewails her Edward's shade.—  
 O ladies sweet! that maid behold,  
 Whose tale is in this ballad told.

## JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

*Adagio.*

Since our country, our God,—O! my sire i De-mand that thy daugh-ter ex - pire;  
Since thy tri-umph was bought by thy vow, Strike the bosom that's bar'd to thee now.

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more;  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow  
And of this, O, my father! be sure,  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge of the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my father and country are free.  
When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

## UNCLE GABRIEL; OR, O COME ALONG, O SANDY BOY.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Allegro.*

When I went down to San-dy Poat, Some pret-ty rigs I run,— I follow'd all de beau-ty gals Like de sha-dw roun'de sun; An' I thought I'd catch'd a han-gel, For I felt so wer-ry quar; But when I tried to touch her, By gosh she was not dar.

*Chorus.*

O come a-long, O San-dy boy,— Now comes a-long, O do; O, what will Un - cis Ga - hiel say? Yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah, yah!

What will Un - cle Ga - hiel say? Why, Jen - ny, can't you come a-long, too?

All night I neber sleep a wink  
Far tinking oh dis ghost,—  
So I wander'd out by moonlight,  
And ran against a post:  
I started werry much at dis,—  
And den I hear a groan;  
And, looking roun', I see dis gal  
A standin' like a stone!  
    O! come along, &c.

And fust, she roll'd her eyes about,  
And den she shook her head:  
Says she, 'Don't stand ders shiverin',  
But go slick back to bed!

I'm Disah Ginger, well you know,  
(At least vot us'd to be,)  
Till you made lib to Julia Crow,—  
Now I'm a cherry-b—'

O! come along, &c.

'But sh'ry night, atwint the hours  
Oh twelve n'clock and vun,  
I'll gib you one of my black looks,—  
O yes, I will, by gum'  
And though I leab her to her fate,  
She's faithful still to me;  
And ev'ry night, when de moon am bright  
Dat horrid sight I see!  
    O! come along, &c.

## O! HAD I JUBAL'S LYRE.

Composed by Haendel.

*Allegro.*

O! had I Ju-bal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, O! had I Ju-bal's  
 lyre, Or Miriam's tune-ful voice, Ta sounds like his I would as-pire, To sounds like  
 his I would as-pire, In songs like her's, In songs like her's re-  
 joice, - - - - -  
 In songs like her's re-joice, - - - - -  
 In songs like her's re-joice. O! had I Ju-bal's lyre, Or  
 Miriam's tune-ful voice, O! had I Jubal's lyre, Or Mi-riam's tune-ful voice, To  
 sounds like his I would as-pire, In songs like her's, In songs like her's re-  
 joice, - - - - -  
 In songs like her's re-joice. My hum-ble strains but  
 faint - ly show, How much to Heav'n and thee I owe; My hum-ble strains but  
 faint - ly show, How much to Heav'n and thee I owe, How much to Heav'n and thee I owe.

## HARVEST-HOME.

The Words by Thomas Dilke; the Music by J. Davy.

*Musica.*

The be-ro who, to live in sto-ry In search of hos-our dares to roam, And  
reaps a crop of fame and glo-ry,— His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home,  
His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home; The be-ro who, to live in sto-ry, In  
search of hon-our dares to roam, And reaps a crop of fame and glo-ry,—  
His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home, His is the sol-dier's har-vest-home.  
The tar who, on the ocean fighting,  
Braves billows while they tow-ring foam,  
And safe returns, his Poll delighting,—  
His is the sailor's harvest-home.

Let soldiers, sailors, farmers, meeting  
In arms, if e'er the foe should come,  
Give 'em a downright English beating,  
While laurels crown our harvest-home.

## IN REMEMBRANCE OF THEE.

Adapted from a Waltz by Strauss, by T. B. Phipps.

*Andante Affettuoso.*

The last chord has fled of the sweet se-ro-nade, The e-choes are  
dead of the birds in the glade; But Love has an e-cho sound-ing  
near, That whis-peres a voice to re-mem-brance so dear! Those last words at  
part-ing! Ev-er thine, Love, to be! And with fond-est e-mo-tion res-pond-ed by  
me, 'Ev-er thine!' Oft e-choes my heart in re-mem-brance of thee, Oft  
e-choes my heart, Oft e-choes my heart in re-mem-brance of thee.  
From splendid's bright crowd Again rove the koona vns,  
Of the thoughtless and gay, Sit beneath the known tree,  
From revelry loud, O'er and o'er then to say,  
I turn me away, (O! what pleasure 't will be)  
To hear a soft echo ever oigh, 'Ev-er thine!  
That whispers 'Again we may bleed the fond sigh.' Oft echoed this heart in remembrance of thee.'

## THE BOLD DRAGOON.

*Vivace.*

There was an ancient fair, O! she lov'd a nate young man, And she could not throw sly  
looks at him, but oo-ly thro' her fan; With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx, her quizzing  
glass, her leer and si-dle, O! she lov'd a bold dra-goon, with his long sword, saddle, bri-dle,  
Whack row di dow dow, tal la la di ral di; Whack row di dow dow, tal de ral de ral de ral.

She had a rolling eye,—its fellow it had none;  
Would you know the reason why? It was, because  
she had bot one.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
She couldn't keep her one eye idle,—  
O! she leerd' at this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridie.

Now, he was tall and slim,—she, squat and short  
was grown;  
He look'd just like a mile in length,—abe, just like  
a mile-stone.

With her winks and blinks, this waddling minx,  
Her quizzing glass, her leer and siidle,—  
O! the sigh'd to this dragoon, 'Bless your long  
sword, saddle, bridie!'

Soohe led unto the church the beauteous Mrs. Fila,  
Who a walnut could have crack'd 'tween her lovely  
nose and chin;

O! then such winks! lo marriage links  
The four-foot bride from church did siidle,  
As the wife of this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridie.

A twelvemont scarce had pass'd, when he laid her  
under ground;

Soon he threw the onion from his eyes and touch'd  
ten thousand pounds;

For her winks and blinks her mone, enisks,  
He does not let her cash lie idle;—  
So long life to this dragoon, with his long sword,  
saddle, bridie

## THOUGH WINTER BLAST THE WEEPING YEAR.

The Poetry by Dr. Wolcot; the Music by Dr. Busby.

*Moderato.*

Though win-ter blast the weep-ing year, Let Cyn-thia's pre-sence glad my soul; No  
howl-log winds a-round I bear, Un-beard the roar-ing tor-rents roll. With  
care-less eye the world I see, For love is blind to all but thee, to  
all but thee, all but thee; For love is blind to all but thee.

Though spring in gandy bues be dress'd,  
And Sol the smiling world illume,  
If far from thee, I rove unbless'd,  
The same the sunshine and the gloom.  
With careless eye, &c.

Though loud, in summer's radiant hour,  
The rival birds in concert vie,  
If absence hide thee from my bow'r,  
Amid the song I heave the sigh!  
With careless eye, &c.

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

Hebrew Melody.—The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by I. Nathan.

*Gracious con moto.*

She walks in beau - ty, like the night Of cloud-less climes and  
star - ry skies; And all that's best of dark and bright Meet in her  
as - pect and her eyes: Thus mel - low'd to that ten - der light, Which  
heav'n to gau - dy day de - ules, - - - She walks in beau - ty  
like the night Of cloud-less climes and star - ry skies. One shade the  
more, one ray the less, had half im - pair'd the name-less grace Which  
waves in ev' - ry ra - ven tress, Or soft - ly light-ens o'er her - -  
face; Where thoughts se - rene - ly sweet ex - press How pure, how dear, their  
dwell - ing - place. - - - - - She walks in beau - ty  
like the night Of cloud-less climes and star - ry skies.

And on that cheek, and n'er that brow, But tell of days in goodness spent,—  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent, A mind at peace with all below,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow, A heart whose love is innocent!

## TO THE MAID I LOVE BEST.

Composed by Hook.

*Andantino.*

In-pid, love-ly charm-ing boy, Gen-tle god, be - friend my pray'r; Turn my  
bo-som's grief to joy.—Love a - lone should tri - umph there. Since thy

vo - t'ry sworn am I, Grant a lo - ver oos re-quest, Grant a lo - ver  
 one re - - quest, Grant a lo - ver one re-quest: Bear a tear, and bear a  
 sigh, To the maid that I love best; Bear a tear, and bear a sigh,  
 To the maid that I love best, To the maid that I love best.  
 Softly whisper to her ear,  
 How for her alone I burn;  
 Tell her, by that sigh and tear,  
 Love like mine should meet return;  
 Then, to certify my blis'd,  
 Then, to make me truly bless'd,  
 ring me back a tender kiss,  
 From the maid that I love best.

Veons then shall thee repay,  
 With a thousand kisses sweet;  
 Then my soooets, night and day,  
 Shall thy victory repeat.  
 Haste theo! haste on wings of speed,—  
 Haste, and calm my ruffed breast;  
 Bear the charge to thee decreed,  
 To the maid that I love best.

## SYMPATHY.

A Canzonet, composed by Haydn.

*Andante.*

In thee I bear so dear a part, By love so firm, so firm am thioe, That  
 each af - fec - tion of thy heart By sym - pa - thy is mioe, That each af -  
 fection, that each af - fec - tion of thy heart, By sym - pa - thy is mine, is  
 mine, is mine. When thou art griev'd, I grieve no less; My joys, my  
 joys, by thine are known, And ev' - ry good thou wou'dst pos - sess Be - comes in  
 wish my own; And ev' - ry good thou wou'dst pos - sess Be - comes, be -  
 comes in wish my own, Be - comes in wish my own, Be - comes in wish my own.

## WAKE, MY LOVE.

Composed by Weber.

Wake, my love! The morn of sum-mer Bright-ly gilds the vault of night; Ev'-ry  
vale and ev'-ry moun-tain Mute-ly glo-ries in the sight. O! the night-wind  
breathes its am'-rous sigh, To each tree it whisp'-ring pass - es by, it whisp'-ring pass - es  
by: Then a - wake, the case-ment raise, Let me on thy beau - - - - ty gaze.  
Who would pass away to slumber  
Such a heavenly night as this,  
When the breeze that curls the waters  
Seems to breathe the soul of bliss;

While the stars that meet to heaven above  
Shed on earth the mellow light of love  
Wake, theo! let thy beauty's light  
Bless thy lover's longing sight.

## THE EQUIVALENT.

Composed by Reeve.

*Allegro Moderato.*

"Tis life, 'tis life, an e - qui - va-lent yields, And pain is lik'd to plea-sure; I thought a  
Na-boh flush with cash, I thought a Na-boh flush with cash, Was hap - py be-yond  
mea-sure; But says he to me, 'You're wrong, my friend,'—Tis true I've mo-ne-y plea-  
ty, But gold won't cure my gon-ty pains, But gold won't cure my gon-ty pains, Or change three-  
score to twen-ty. Ah wheugh! ah wheugh! ah wheugh! Or change three-score to twen-ty,

I once di'd with a rosy Kit,  
Who drank till he was mellow;  
Says I, 'Yoo eat and laugh so much,  
Yoo must be a jolly fellow.'  
Says he to me, 'You're wrong, my friend:  
I've got at home a hride, sir;  
She's always coxing with my clerk,  
And I get henpeck'd beside, sir.  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!  
And I get heopeck'd beside, sir.'  
A lawyer and a doctor too  
I met, bands full of fees;  
I thought professions so divine  
Would insure a headz of ease.  
The lawyer said, 'You're wrong, my friend:

Though poverty o'er dlogs us,  
Yet, somehow, when we go to bed,  
The devil always jogs us.  
Claw! claw!  
The devil always jogs us.'  
I met a sailor wan and pale,  
His two legs shot away;  
I said, 'I grieve to see a tar  
Thus perish and decay.'  
Says he to me, 'Cheer I cheer, my friend:  
The loss of limbs doot sting, sir;  
I still have two supporters left,  
Old England and my king, sir!  
Huzzah! huzzah!  
Old England and my king, sir!'

## AWAY! WE KNOW THAT TEARS ARE VAIN.

The Poetry by Lord Byron; the Music by P. Walsh Porter.  
*Andantino con moto.* *ad lib.*

A-way! we know that tears are - - - vain, That death nor bears nor heds - - - dis-  
 ples.  
 tress: Will this un-teach us to com-plain, Or make one mourn-er weep the  
 less? And thou, who tell'st me to for - - get, Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

## LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

The Poetry from Sir Walter Scott's 'Pirate'; the Music by L. M'Murdie.

*Moderato.*

Love wakes and weeps, While beau-ty sleeps; O! for Mu-sic's soft-est num-bers, To  
 prompt a theme, For beau-ty's dream, Soft as the pil-low of her slum-bers.  
 Through groves of palm,  
 Sigh gales of balm;  
 Fire-flies in the air are wheeling;  
 While through the gloom  
 Comes soft perfume,  
 The distant beds of flow'rs revealing.

O! wake and live!  
 No dream can give  
 A shadow'd bilis the real excelling;  
 No looser sleep,  
 From lattice peep,  
 And list the tale that Love is telling.

## THE WISH.

Composed by G. F. Pinto.

*Adagio con espressione.*

Mine be a cot be-side the hill! A bee-hive's hum shall soothe mine  
 ear; A willowy brook that turns a mill, With ma-ny a fall shall lin-ger  
 near; The swal-low oft be-neath my thatch Shall twit-ter from her clay-built nest;  
 Oft shall the pil-grim lift the latch, And share my meal, a wel-come guest.  
 Around my ivy'd porch shall spring  
 Each fragrant flow'r that drinks the dew;  
 And Lucy at her wheel shall sing,  
 In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, amog the trees,  
 Where first our marriage vows were giv'n,  
 With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
 And point with taper spire to heav'o.

## THE TWO LOVERS.

The Poetry by Bishop Heber; the Music by Joseph Philip Knight.

*Andante.*

A knight and a lady once met in a grove, While each was in quest of a fugitive  
love; A river ran mournful-ly mur-mur-ing by, And they wept in its wa-ters for sym-pa-thy. O! never was knight such sorrow that bore; O! ne-ver was maid so de-sert-ed before! From life and its woes let us instant-ly fly, And jump in to-ge-ther for com-pa-ny.

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed—  
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;—  
'How tiresome it is,' said the fair with a sigh!  
So they sat down to rest them in company.  
They gaz'd on each other, the maid and the knight;  
How fair washer form, and how goodly his height;—  
'Oemourafalebrace,'wobbl'd the youth, 'ere we die!'  
So kissing and crying, kept they company!

'O! had I but lov'd such an angel as you!'  
'O! had but my swain been a quarter as true!'  
'To miss such perfection how blinded was I!'  
Sure now they were very good company!  
At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,  
'The weather is cold for a watery bier;  
When summer returns we may easily die;  
Till then, let us sorrow in company!'

## TO DISTANT CLIMES.

The Poetry by T. Crofton Croker; the Music by Alexander D. Roche.

*Lento con espress.*

To distant climes, far, far a-way, Though I may thought-less roam, Still, still I  
feel a secret sway, That binds my heart to home: For, though I love my  
na-tive isle, And prize her sea-beat shore, Though dear to me that hap-py smile The  
scenes of child-hood ware,— To dis-tant climes, far, far a-way, Though I may thoughtless  
ad lib.

roam, Still, still I feel a secret sway, That binds my heart to home.

Perhaps it yet may be my lot  
Down faul'st stream to glide;  
And former scenes may be forg'd  
On pleasure's waveless tide,

But to the friends I left behind  
Would mem'ry fondly stray,  
And fancy to my musing mind  
Recall them, though away,  
To distant climes, &c.

## BLIND MARY.

Irish Melody, to Moore's 'In the Morning of Life;' the Poetry by Thomas Davis, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

Moderato.

There flows from her spirit such love and delight That the face of Blind Ma-ry is  
ra-diant with light, As the gleam from a home-stead thro' dark-ness will show, Or the  
moon glam-mer soft thro' the fast fall-ing snow. Yet there's a keen sor-row comes o'er her at  
times, As an In-dian might feel in our nor-ther-ly climes; And she talks of the  
sun-set, like part-ing of friends, And the star-light, as love, that nor chang-es nor ends.

Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,  
For the mountains that tow'r, or the rivers that run—  
For beauty, and grandeur, and glory, and light,  
Are seen by the spirit, and not by the sight.

In vain for the thoughtless are sunburst and shade,  
In vain for the heartless flow's blossom and fade,  
While the darkness that seems your sweet being to  
Is one of the guardians, an Eden bound. (bound

## NOBODY KNOWS.

Composed by Alexander D. Roche.

No-bo-dy knows, no-bo-dy knows For whom in thought-ful mood I sigh;  
No-bo-dy knows, no-bo-dy knows, If hush'd my song, the rea-son why, When  
from my mo-ther's fav-rite tree, I steal her fair-est half-blown rose, She ne-ver  
thinks of chid-ing me; Whom it is call'd for, no-bo-dy knows,  
no-bo-dy knows, Whom it is call'd for, no-bo-dy knows.

Nobody knows, nobody knows,  
Why music on the zephyr floats;  
Nobody knows, nobody knows,  
Who breathes those wildly plaintive notes.

And when a bark glides o'er the lake,  
And kerchief white for penson shows,  
If I'd at eve my home forsake,  
Whom would I go to? nobody knows.

## NO FLOWER THAT BLOWS.

Composed by Linley.

*Andante.*

No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose; No flow'r that blows is  
like, is like this rose, Or scat-ters such per-fume, Or scat-ters such per-fume.  
No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose; No flow'r that blows is  
like, is like this rose. Up - on my breast, ah! gent - ly rest, And e - ver,  
e - ver bloom, And e - ver, e - ver bloom. No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose;  
No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose. Dear pledge to prove a parent's  
love, A pleas-ing, pleas-eg gift thou art! Come, sweet - est flow'r, and  
from this hour Live hence-forth in my heart, Live henceforth in my heart. No flow'r that  
blows is like, is like this rose; No flow'r that blows is like, is like this rose.

## WHAT IS IN RICHES?

The Poetry by G. Soane, A.B.; arranged to the air 'Giuro sinum' in Rossini's opera of 'Semiramide.'  
Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

What is in rieb - es? What is in hon - our? Or in lau - reis won by  
glo - ry On the field of bat - tle go - ry? Pomp of  
state, or pride of form, Pomp of state, or pride of form.  
Mine be the valley, mine be the cottage;  
Praise or blame, why should I heed them?  
Wealth or state, I ne'er shall need them—  
Lowly shrubs defy the storm.

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND FOR EVER, HURRAH!

Composed by Alexander D. Roche.

*Moderato.*

The En-glish may boast of their soft-scent-ed ro-ses, But, O! we have that we love  
bet-ter, by far, Than all their gay flow'rs, and their sweet-scent-ed po-sies—The  
this - tie of Scot-land for e-ver, hur-rah! But, O! we have that we love  
bet-ter, by far, But O! we have that we love bet-ter, by far—The this-tie of  
Scot-land for e-ver, hur-rah! The this-tie of Scot-land for e-ver, hur-rah!

The fair blooming roses enchant in their bloom; Though rough and unseemly, yet sturdily rooting,  
We feel it, and yet we love better, by far, To war with the highland blasts fitter, by far,  
The thistle uprear'don the mountain's rough bosom— Than the rose in full glory so tenderly shooting;  
The thistle of Scotland for ever, hurrah! The thistle of Scotland for ever, hurrah!

## PRINCE CHARLIE'S WELCOME TO SKYE.

Old Jacobite Song, as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Vesper.*

There are twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens, Come o'er the moor, and  
come o'er the main, Wi' the wind for their way, and the eorrie for their bane, And  
they are dear-ly wel-come to Skye a-gain. Come a-long, come a-long, wi' your  
bonnie and your song, My ain bonnie maidens, my twa bonnie maidens; For the night it is  
dark, and the red coat is gane, And ye are dear-ly wel-come to Skye a-gain.  
There is Flora, my honey, and dear and sue bonnie, But their bed shall be clean, on the heather sue green,  
And one that is tall, and comely withal; And they are dearly welcome to Skye again.  
Put the one as my king, and the other as my queen, Come along, come along, &c.  
And they are dearly welcome to Skye agen. There's a wind on the tree, and a ship on the sea,  
Come along, come along, &c. My twa bonnie maidens, and three bonnie maidens;  
Her arm it is strang, and her petticoat is lang, On the lea of the rock shall your cradle be rock,  
My ain bonnie maiden, my twa bonnie maidens; And you're welcome unto the Isle of Skye again.  
Come along, come along, &c.

## GRUSS AN DEN BRUDER—DOES MY BROTHER THINK OF ME.

The Poetry translated from the German of Prince Ernest, by W. Ball; the Music by H.R.H. Prince Albert.—Published by Lonsdale.

*Lento.*

Have I then the lyrs for - sa - ken, Whieb so oft my hours would share? All its  
sweet-ness let me wa - ken, All a bro - ther's love de - clare. Though a - far thy lot re -  
move thee, List the winds, from hence that flee: They can tell how well I love thee!  
Does my bro - ther think of me? Does my bro - ther think of  
me? They, a - mid thy path of plea-sures, Still a-round thy heart shall come, Still re -  
call its ear-liest treasures, And thy dear, thy na-tive home, And thy dear, thy native home.

## BOYS, WHEN I PLAY, CRY, O CRIMINI!

Composed by W. Shield.

*Vivace.*

Boys, when I play, cry, 'O cri-mi-ni! Shelly's chaunter squeaker - im-in-i; In love-tunes I'm  
so em-phati-cal, Fin-gers shak-ing quaver-at - i-cal, With a - cil - i - ty, Grace gen-til - i - ty,  
Girls shake heel and toe, Pipes I tic-kle so, My jugs fill a pate, Tit - il - ate, Pretty mate, My hops  
love mirth, Young bloods cir - cu - late, Toodle roo-dle foo-dle roo-dle roo, too-dle roo-dle roo.

O! my chaunter sounds so prettily,  
Sweeter far than pipes from Italy;  
Cross the Tweed I'll bring my tweedidum,  
Striking foreign flute and fiddle dumb.

Modern Rixis so  
Please ma'ma, misses, though;  
Peers can merry strum,  
Act plays very rum;  
I'll puff at square Hanover,  
Can over,  
Man over,

All the puny pipes from Italy.  
Toodle, roodle, &c.

I'm in talk a pendant musical,  
In fine terms I lug intrusical;  
Stop Bravura's alt, the rage about  
Haydn, Mara, Opera stage, about;

Oratorios,  
Cramer's finches,  
Things at jubilee;  
Neither ha nor she  
Die at Syren's note;  
Tiny throat  
Petticoat—

This is amateur high musical.  
Toodle, roodle, &c.

## IF MY SONG CAN FONDLY MOVE THEE.

The Poetry by David Thomson; the Music by Mozart.

*allegro moderato.*

If my song can fond-ly move thee, Mu - sic sure must min-gle there;  
 If it tell how much I love thee, Sweet must be its rap-tur'd air!  
 Mu - sic was the gift of hea-ven, Soft-ly thus the heart to move, to  
 move; All its sooth-ing notes were giv-en, As the gen-tle voice of love, the voice of  
 love! Would you Hope's bright lan-gage bor-row, What can breathe its joys so well?  
 Would you sigh the words of sor - row, sor - - row, What is like its  
 plain - tive swell? Would you sigh the words of sor-row, What is like its  
 plain-tive swell? What is like its plain-tive swell? O! If, then, my song can  
 move thee, can move thee, can move thee, Mu - sic, sure, must  
 min-gle there; must min-gle, must min-gle, must min-gle; Mu - sic, sure, must  
 min-gle there, must min-gle there; If it tell how much I love thee,  
 Sweet must be its rap-tur'd air; its rap-tur'd air, its rap-tur'd air.

## SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

Composed by Hook.

*Allegro.*

O'er bar-ren hills and flow'-ry dales, O'er seas and dis-tant shores, With  
mer-ry song and jo-cund tales, I've pass'd some pleasant hours. Tho' wand'-ring thus, I  
ne'er could find A girl like hilthe-some Sal - ly, Who picks and culs, and cries a-  
loud, Who picks and culs, and cries a-loud, 'Sweet lili-es of the val-ley,' 'Sweet  
lili-es of the val-ley,' Who picks and culs, and cries a-loud, 'Sweet lili-es of the val-ley.'

From whistling o'er the harrow'd turf,  
From nesting from each tree,  
I chose a soldier's life to wed,  
So social, gay, and free ;  
Yet, through the lasses love as well,  
And often try to rally,  
None pleases me like her who cries,  
'Sweet lilies of the valley.'

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,  
To use my native toll,  
From fighting in my country's cause,  
To plough my country's soil.  
I care not which, with either plea's'l,  
So I posse's my Sally,—  
That little merry nymph that cries,  
'Sweet lilies of the valley.'

## YOU ASK ME WHY THESE TEARS ARE FLOWING.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Steibelt.

*Adagio.*

You ask me why these tears are flow-ing, So late re-turn'd to love and joy— Or  
why the flow'r's of hope, just blow-ing, With sor-row's blight I now de-stroy! It  
is not woe that's sad - ly weeping—"Tis joy that drops the tears of grief, Like  
plants that, af-ter night's cold sleeping, Have dew up-on their noon - day leaf!

My life was dark,—was drear and lonely;  
Its brightest hours had faded long ;—  
I had but one sad comfort only,  
Such comfort as the maniac's song :

But peace, with light so new, returning,  
Hilmeins now my darken'd years ;  
And joy but seems more purely burning,  
Reflected on my dropping tears !

## A WOLF WHILE JUTTA SLEPT.

The Words by M. G. Lewis; the Music by Michael Kelly.

*Andantino.*

A wolf, while Jutta slept, had made her fav'-rite lamb his prize; Young Casper flew to give his aid, Who heard the trem-blung cries. He drove the wolf from off the door, But claim'd a kiss for pay, But claim'd a kiss for pay;— Ah! Jutta, bet-ter 'twould have been, had Casper stay'd a-way; Ah! Jutta, bet-ter 'twould have been, Had Casper stay'd a-way, Had Casper stay'd a-way, Had Casper stay'd a-way.

They toy'd till day its light withdrew,  
When night invited sleep;  
Fond Jutta rose, and bade adieu,  
And homeward drove her sheep.

But, ah! her thoughts were chang'd, I ween,  
For thus they heard her say—  
‘Ah! Jutta, bet-ter 'twould have been,  
Had Casper stay'd away.’

## YE GENTLE-FOLKS SO RICH.

Composed by John Davy.

*Allegretto.*

Ye gen-tle-folks so rich, on your la-z-y pil-lows laid, Oh! think up-on the lot of a low-ly serv-ing maid; Ye gen-tle-folks so rich, on your la-z-y pil-lows laid, Oh! think up-on the lot of a low-ly serv-ing maid: My la-bours they are great, and my wa-ges they are small; I hrew and bake, I mend and make, with lit-tle thanks for all; I hrew and bake, I mend and make, with lit-tle thanks for all; I brew and bake, I mend and make, with lit-tle thanks for all, with lit-tle thanks for all.

I've a sweet-heart of my own, and he vows he will be true,  
But seldom can we meet, such a deal I have to do;  
My mistress loves to scold, and the children like to squall;  
I brew and bake, I mend and make, with little

I wish, I wish—I know my wish, but must not tell it here, [be near;  
For heaven help poor Marian, if her mistress should O! then I'd follow my dear lad, whatever might befall, [good bye to all.  
Nor brew, nor bake, nor mend, nor make but bid

## HOPE WITH HER RAINBOW.

The Poetry by J. A. Wade; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

*Allegro.*

Hope with her rain-bow beam-ing bright, Joy with his but-ter - fy wing, And mem'-ry  
 dress'd in fa-ding light, Once met by a moun-tain spring!— Joy laid hold of the  
 near-est bliss, For - get-ful of all that was past. Heed-less of what might be sweet-er than  
 this, Or how he might sor-row at last! Or how he might sor-row at last!

Hope stray'd where the morning dews  
 Were rising o'er the bill,  
 And tipp'd them with her rainbow hues,  
 Then gau'd in rapture still!  
 While Mem'ry sat in pensive mind,  
 Retracing on marble urn  
 The flow'ry vales she left behind,  
 And days that would never return!

Love, in haste, was passing by,  
 To wound some virgin breast,  
 When our three wand'lers caught his eye,  
 And made him pause to rest:—  
 'O! them,' he cried, 'are the friends I've sought:  
 Young Joy to seize bliss when it's near,  
 Hope to smile on my ev'ry thought,  
 And my death to have Mem'ry's tear!'

## CHLOE'S TO BE MY WIFE.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Afemento.*

You must call me when de Ban-tam crows, Be sure you don't for - get,— To - mo-row 'll  
 be de hap-pl-est day Dat ch-ber I lib'd yet, For Chloe vows she will be mine, So  
 long as she hab life,— So call me when de Ban-tam crows, And Chloe shall be my  
 wife. So rouse me when de Ban-tam crows, And Chloe shall be my wife.

I'm sure I shall not sleep a wink  
 For tinkin' abo' de morn,—  
 I nebber fel so cotton afore,  
 Since de night when I was born;  
 So I will rise at broks ob day—  
 I will, upon my life,  
 And make of flow'rs a garland gay,  
 For Chloe's to be my wife.  
 So rouse me, &c.

And Joe shall bring him banjo dere,  
 And Jim shall bring him fife,  
 And I will gib you all tings nice,  
 When Chloe is made my wife.  
 So rouse me, &c.

O! how poor Sam will tear him hair  
 When dey tell him Chloe's mine;  
 But he'd better not east him eyes, I swear,  
 On Chloe, my Venus divine!  
 But if I nebber go to sleep,  
 Why, I can nebber awake,—  
 So call me when de bantam crows,  
 Then Chloe my wif I'll make.  
 So rouse me, &c.

And Nelly she shall go wid us,  
 And so shall Diana Blane,  
 And all de darkie friends I know,  
 And all dere sweethearts too;—

## ROBERTO, DEAREST ROBERTO.

The Poetry by G. Soane, A. B.; arranged to the Cavatina "Roberto, Robert tel que j'aime," in Meyerbeer's Opera "Robert le Diable."—Published in Davidson's "Gems of Foreign Opera."

*Andante.*

Ro - ber-to, dear-est Ro - ber - to, who deem'd me once so fair, so fair, You see  
now my deep des-pair! Mer - ey, mer - ey for thy - self, I pray thee. Ah!  
mer - ey, ah! mer - ey, mer - ey, too, for me; for thee, for thee. De - ny it not;  
mer - - - - - ey for me, mer - - - - - ey for me, for  
me, for me. Can it be, can it be, That you have honour, love, truth, si-  
de-li-ty, All, all - - for-gotten? Ah! once you homage paid me,—Now I to you must  
kneel;— O! could you but i - ma - gine The pangs that now I feel! To you I  
knell, To you I kneel. Mer - ey, mer - ey for thy - self, I pray thee.  
Ah! mer - ey,— ah! mer - ey, mer - ey, too, for me; for thee, for thee. De - ny it  
not; mer - - - - - ey for me, mer - - - - - ey for me, for me, for  
me. Ah! Ro-ber-to, ah! Ro - ber-t. Thou seest my deep des-pair; Thou seest my  
deep despair! Ro-ber-to, thou seest my deep des-pair! Ah! mer - ey, mer - ey  
for thy - self, I im - plore thee! Ro - ber - to, Ro - ber - to, mer - ey, too, for  
me! mer - ey, mer - ey, mer - - - - - ey, mer - - - - - ey, too, for me!

## THE VOICE AND PEN.

Irish Melody, "Is it the Priest you want?" The Poetry by D. F. M'Carthy, published in Duffy's "Spirit of the Nation."

*Allegro Moderato.*

O! the o - ra-tor's voice is a migh - ty pow'r, As it e - choes from shore to  
shore; And the fear - less pen has more sway o'er men Than the mur - der - ous  
can - non's roar. What burst the chain far o'er the main, And bright - ens the  
cap - tive's den? 'Tis the fear - less voice and the pen of pow'r— Hur -  
rah for the voice and pen! Hurrah! Hurrah for the voice and pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,  
And the cowards who blanch with fear,  
Exclaim with glee, 'No arms have ye—  
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!  
Your hills are ours; with our forts and tow'rs  
We are masters of mount and glen—  
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear  
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!  
Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in  
hand,  
And your sentinels walk around—  
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,  
And your brasses trumpets sound;  
O! the orator's tongue shall be heard amoag  
These listening warrior men,  
And they'll quickly say, 'why should we slay  
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?'

Hurrah!

Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

Hurrah!

When the Lord created the earth and sea,  
The stars, and the glorious sun,  
The Godhead spoke, and the universe woke,  
And the mighty work was done!  
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,  
Or a drop from the fearless pen,  
And the chains accors'd asunder burst,  
That fetter'd the minds of men!

Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

O! these are the swords with which we fight,  
The arms in which we trust;  
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,  
Which time cannot dim or rust!  
When these we bore, we triumph'd before,  
With these we'll triumph again—  
And the world will say, 'No power can stay  
The Voice and the fearless Pen!'

Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Voice and Pen!

## SWEET MAID, THEN THINK OF ME.

Portuguese Melody.—The Poetry by G. E. Giffard.

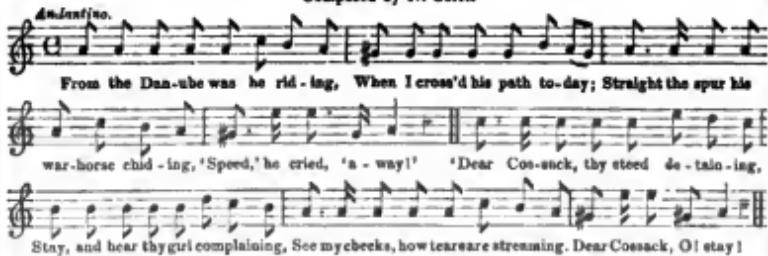
*Andante con espress.*

When eve's dark shadow's clos-ing O'er all that shone so bright, And daylight sweet re -  
posing Throughout the live-long night; If, from with-in, thy bow'r of love, Its la-test  
beams of light you see, O! while they sink amidst clouds above, Sweet maid, then think of me.  
But when thy heart, for roving  
Through life's wild maze so bright,  
Feels fancy warmly moving,  
To kindle up delight,

Thy bow'r, like winter's leafless spray,  
Forgot and banish'd soon will be;—  
No more you'll heed each parting day,  
Or think, sweet maid, of me.

## FROM THE DANUBE WAS HE RIDING.

Composed by N. Corri.



' Well thou know'st, when last we parted,  
 Dearest, what distress was mine;  
 Almost was I broken-hearted,—  
 Now the time is thine.  
 Dear Cossack, no longer grieve me;  
 Must I lose thee? cannot then leave me?  
 Grief will sure of life bereave me,  
 If I thee resign.'  
 'Break not thus your hands with wringing,  
 Hush that sob, and dry that tear;  
 Soon from battle, laurels bringing,  
 Love, expect me here.

Laurels bought with blood alarm me,  
 Glory cannot tempt or charm me;  
 O! there's naught in life could harm me,  
 Wert thou safe, my dear.'  
 Vain were tears, and vain was sorrow;  
 Swiftly from her sight fled he,  
 Crying, 'If I live, to-morrow  
 I'll return to thee.'  
 Then, with folded arms, and sighing,  
 Home I wander'd, almost dying;  
 How I found the way for crying,  
 Still is strange to me.

## WAKE, MAID OF LORN!

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by Sir J. Stevenson.

*Cos Tendrezzza.*

Wake, maid of Lorn!—The mo - ments fly Which yet that maid-en name ul-  
 low;— Wake, maid-en, wake! the hour is nigh When love shall make a  
 plight-ed vow. By fear, thy bosom's flutt'ring guest,—By hope, that  
 soon shall fears re-move, We bid thee break the bonds of rest, And  
 wake thee at the call of love, the call of love. — — — — — Wake, maid of  
 Lorn! Wake, maid of Lorn! Wake, maid of Lorn! the sun - ments fly.

Wake Edith, wake!—In yonder bay  
 Lies many a galley gayly man'd;  
 We hear the merry pibroch play,  
 We see the streamer's silken band.

What chieftain's praise these pibrochs swell?  
 What crest is on thy banners wove?  
 The harp the minstrel dare not tell,  
 The riddle must be read by love.  
 Wake, maid of Lorn! &c.

## POPE JOAN.

Written and Composed by Dibdin.

*Allegro.*

The board is dress'd—come, deal a-way ; The trump's a club—come, who's to play? You're  
el - dest hand, Miss Gris-kin: Stay, I'll play, sir, in a min - ute. The three of hearts, and  
four, and five—And that's a stop, as I'm alive! And now the nine, and then the ten—And  
that, I vow's, a stop again! I cer-tain-ly shall win it, I cer-tain-ly shall win it!

The king of trumps; let's see, what's there? I take up four; And now the knave: Well,  
I de-clare! That's just ten more!—I'll win the church, or lose the stee-pie!

[SPOKEN.] Well now, did you ever see anything like this! Ten upon the knave! Lord, mass, did  
you ever know a knave that was not rich? O! well, if that's the case,—

I'll play the deuce, and that's a stop! I'll play the deuce, and that's a  
stop! The four, and five, and six, and—pop! I'm out, so pay the peo-ple!

Now let me try if I can win :  
The trump's a heart, you're to begin,—  
The four and five, I can't come in,—  
"Tis really now provoking;  
I not a single thing can play,  
I shall have for all my hand to pay;  
Never was anything so hard,  
I have not even a leading card!—  
Nay, 'tis an time for joking.  
Well, I should like to change my place,  
I've not played one;  
Eight cards, and every card an ace!  
Of ill luck what a run!  
I soon shall be a bankrupt, I know.

Well, then, I've not a single card in my hand!  
Lord, ma'am, you have as many cards as anybody else!  
How can you joke so; did you ever see such luck in your life?  
Well, my love, bad luck at cards,  
good luck in a husband. O! now you talk of husbands,  
who did you say, ma'am, was the happiest couple in the nation?

The Queen, and King, and that's a stop;

The ace, and deuce, and tray, and pop.—  
I'm out, so hand the rhino.  
Come, don't despair, but try again;  
The trump's a spade,—the nines and ten,—  
You'll come in soon.—The lord knows when!—  
That venture was a bold one.  
"Tis now my turn,—the two, the three,—  
Well, that's a charming thing for me.  
The four, five, six, and seven, and eight.  
You'll be out quickly, at this rate.  
O! sir deals, sir, with the old one;  
The game, in spite of all I try  
So turns about,  
That I can see, with half an eye,  
That to be out I never shall be able.

Well, I had matrimony last time,—I shall have  
intrigue next, I suppose. The natural consequence,  
ma'am. I beg your pardon, but what unfortunate old gentlewoman were you talking about?  
The Pope, ma'am, and that's a stop;  
And now the two, and three, and pop!  
I'm out, and clear the table.

## HARK THE SONG.

Hindostanee Melody, arranged by C. E. Horn, to the Poetry of W. Reader.

*Andante.*

Hark! the song of the moan-ing ves-per gale, Through the wild-fern wav-ing;  
Billows, ting'd with the moon-beam clear and pale, Scarce the beach are lav-ing.  
But, though hush'd the low'-ring o-cean's swell, Each rude tem-pst sleep-ing,  
To my soul the storm-fields e-ver dwell, Rest from these eye-lids keep-ing.  
Morna! when will the languid winds that blow,  
Waft thee a sigh from me, love?  
Who in absence e'er o'er joy can know,  
Not one woe with thee, love?

Though this heart's no more a home to thee,  
Though life's taper's wan-ing,  
Ev'-ry faithful wish shall roam to thee,  
While one thought's remaining.

## 'TWAS SWEET TO LOOK.

The Poetry by L. E. L. (Miss Landos); the Music by Francis Robinson.

*Andantino.*

'Twas sweet to look up - on thine eyes, As they look'd answ'-ring to mine owo; 'Twas  
sweet to lis - ten to thy sighs, And hear my name in ev' - ry tone.  
'Twas sweet to meet in yoo lone grove,  
While smiles the heart's best sunshine shed;  
'Twas sweet to part and think again  
The gentle things that each had said.  
But all this sweetness was not worth  
The tears that dimm'd its after-light:  
Love is a sweet star at its birth,  
But one that sets in deepest night.

## SWEETLY O'ER THE RURAL SCENE.

The Poetry by W. Ball; the Music by Steibelt.

*Vivace.*

When sweet-ly o'er the ru - ral scene De-cline the smiles of day, And light-ly  
on the vil - lage green The pipes and ta-bors play, To lead the mer-ry dance A -  
mid the fest - tal glee, I know whose watch - ful glance Will fond - ly turn on me.  
Amid the youths anoo who start  
Their rival skill to try,  
O! one there is, whose lightsome heart  
Gives rapture to his eye;  
And sure I am—through fair  
And rich our maidens be,  
'Twould be his pride to share  
The garland crown with me.

I cannot boast of worldly store,  
I can but humbly say  
Affection's care, my only dow'r,  
Still guide my youthful way;  
But he all else foregoes,  
As in the dance you'll see,  
To win the village rose  
For me, for only me.

## THE MARSEILLOIS HYMN AND MARCH.

The National Air of France.

*Andante.*

Ye sons of France, awake to glo - ry! Hark, hark! what my - riads bid you rise!  
 Your chil - dren, wives, and granda - ires hoa - ry, Be - hold their tears, and hear their  
 cries; Be - hold their tears, and hear their cries. Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mischiev -  
 breed - ing, With hire - ling hosts, a ruf - fian band, Af - right and de - so - late the  
 land, While peace and li - ber - ty lie bleed - ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th' -  
 aveng - ing sword un - sheath; March on, march on, all hearts re - solv'd on vic -  
 to - ry or death! March on, march on, all hands re - solv'd on vic - to - ry or death.  
 Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,  
 Which treacherous kings, confederates, raise;  
 The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,  
 And, lo! our fields and cities blaze.  
 And shall we basely view the ruin,  
 While lawless force, with guilty stride,  
 Spreads desolation far and wide,  
 With crimes and blood his hands imbriug?  
 To arms, ye brave, &c.  
 With luxury and pride surrounded,  
 The vile insatiate despots dare,  
 Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,  
 To mete and vend the light and air;

Like beasts of burden would they load us;  
 Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;  
 But man is man,—and whin is more?  
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
 To arms, ye brave, &c.  
 O Liberty! can man resign thee,  
 Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?  
 Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,  
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;  
 But freedom is our sword and shield,  
 And all their arts are unavailing.  
 To arms, ye brave, &c.

## MARCHE DES MARSEILLOIS.

Allons, enfans de la patrie,  
 Le jour de gloire est arrivé;  
 Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
 L'étendard sanglant est levé. (Bis)  
 Extendez vous dans les campagnes,  
 Mugir ces féroces soldats,  
 Il viennent jusques dans vos bras,—  
 Egorguer vos fils, vos campagnes.  
 Aux armes, citoyens!  
 Formez vos bataillons!  
 Marchez, qu'en sang impur! (Bis)  
 Abreuve nos sillans!  
 Que veut cette horde desclaves,  
 De traitres de rois courcés,  
 Pour qui ces ignabiles entraves,  
 Ces ferrés des long tems préparés: (Bis)  
 Français, pour nous, ah, quel outrage!  
 Quels transports il doit exciter!  
 C'est sous qu'on ôte mediter,

De rendre à l'antique esclavage.  
 Aux armes, citoyens, &c.  
 Quoi! des cohortes étrangères,  
 Feraient la loi dans nos foyers;  
 Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires  
 Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers! (Bis)  
 Grand Dieu, par des mains enchainées,  
 Nos fronts sous le jugt se plioiraient;  
 Des vils despotes deviendraient,  
 Les maîtres de nos destinées.  
 Aux armes, citoyens! &c.  
 Tremblez, tyrans, et vous perfides!  
 L'opprobre de tous les partis,  
 Tremblez! vos projets parcidic  
 Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.  
 Tous est soldats pour vous combattre,  
 S'ils tombent nos jeunes héros;  
 La terre en prodroit de nouveaux,  
 Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.  
 Aux armes, citoyens! &c.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,  
Portez ou retenez vos coups ;  
Epargnez ces tristes victimes,  
A regret s'armant contre nous. (Bis)  
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,  
Mais les complices de Bouillifé,  
Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié,  
Déchirent le sein de leur mère.  
Aux armes, citoyens ! &c.

Amour sacré de la patrie  
Coûtois soutiens nos bras vengeurs;  
Liberté, liberté chérie,  
Combats avec tes défenseurs. (Bis)  
Sous nos drapeaux qui la victoire,  
Accourez à tes males accesse ;  
Que tes ennemis expirassent,  
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.  
Aux armes, citoyens ! &c.

## CARLISLE WALL.

The Poetry by Sir Walter Scott; the Music by P. Walsh Porter.

Moderato.

It was an En - glish la - dy bright (The sun shines fair on Car - lisle wall), And  
she would mar - ry a Scot - tish knight, For love will still be lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,  
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though love was still the lord of all.  
Her sire gave brooch and jewel fine,  
Where the sun shines fair on Carlisle wall ;  
Her brother gave but a flask of wine,  
For ire that love was lord of all.

Blithely they saw the rising sun,  
When he shone fair on Carlisle wall ;  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though love was still the lord of all.  
That wine she had not tasted well  
(The sun shines fair on Carlisle wall),  
When dead in her true love's arms she fell ;  
So love was still the lord of all.

## THIS COLD FLINTY HEART.

Composed by Dr. Arne.

This cold fin - ty heart, it is you who have warm'd: You  
wa - ken'd my pas - sions, my sen - ses have charm'd; You  
wa - ken'd my pas - sions, my sen - ses have charm'd! In vain a - gainst  
me - rit and Cy - mon I strove.—What's life with - out pas - sion, sweet  
pas - sion of love, sweet pas - sion, sweet pas - sion, sweet - - - pas - sion of love?

The frost nips the bud, and the rose cannot blow ;  
From youth that is frost-nipp'd no raptures can  
flow;

Elysium to him but a desert will prove ;—  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

The spring should be warm, the young season be gay,  
Her birds and her flow'rets make blithesome sweet  
May ;  
Love bounces the cottage and sings through the  
What's life without passion, sweet passion of love ?

## LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

The Poetry by Thomas Campbell; the Music by G. Thomson.

*ndante con Animæ.*

A chief-tain, to the High-lands bound, Cries, 'Boat-man, do not tar-ry!  
And I'll give thee a sil-ver pound, To row us o'er the fer-ry.'—'Now  
who be ye would cross Loch-gyle, This dark and stor-my wa-ter?' 'O  
I'm the chief of Ul-va's isle, And this Lord Ul-lin's daugh-ter.

'And fast before her father's men  
Three days we've fed together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.  
'His horsemen hard behind us ride;  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?'  
Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
'I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your wisome lady!  
'And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So, though the waves are raging white,  
I'll row you o'er the ferry.  
By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking;  
And, in the scowl of heav'n, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.  
But still, as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men,—  
Their trampling sounded nearer!—

'O! haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,  
Though tempests round us gather:  
I'll meet the raging of the skies;  
But not an angry father.  
The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her;  
When O! too strong for human hand,  
The tempest gather'd n'er her.—  
And still they row'd amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing:  
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—  
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.  
For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover:—  
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,  
And one was round her lover.  
'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,  
Across this stormy water:  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—  
My daughter!—O! my daughter!  
'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing:—  
The waters wild went o'er his child,  
And he was left lamenting.

## THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

As sung by Mr. Wilson; the Poetry by Burns.

*Fine.*

Bon-ny Isa-sle, will ye go, will ye go, will ye go? Bon-ny Isa-sle, will ye go To the  
birks of Ab-er-fel-dy?—Now sum-mer blinks on flow-ry braes, And o'er the crys-tal  
stream-lets plays; Come, let us spend the light-some days, In the birks of Ab-er-fel-dy.

*D. C. al Fine.*

While o'er their heads the hazels hang,  
The little birdies blithely sing,  
Or lightly sit on wanton wing,  
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braves ascend like lofty wa's,  
The foamin' stream deep-roaring fa's,  
Overhung wi' fragrant spreadin' shaws,  
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd w/ flow'rs,  
White over the lin the burnie pours,  
And, risin', weet w/ misty show'rs  
The Birks of Aberfeldy,

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,  
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,  
Supremely bless'd w/ love and thee,  
in the Birks of Aberfeldy.

## ANNIE AND JAMIE.

Scottish Melody : the Music by J. Sanderson.

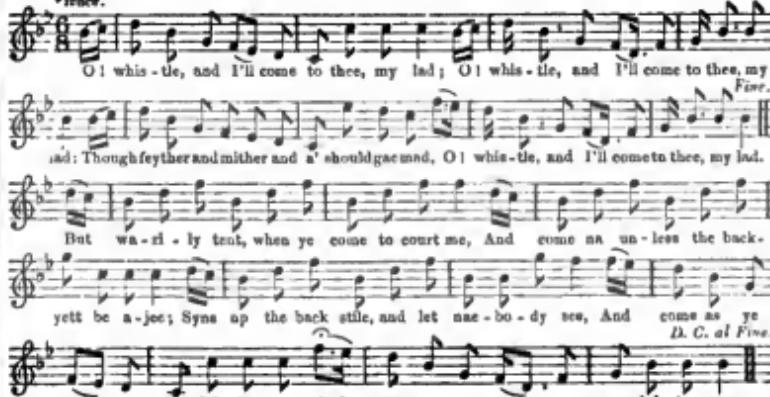
*Moderato.*

O! bless'd be the meadow, so bonny and green,  
Where first the dear shepherd by Annie was seen ;  
And bless'd be the day when his tongue did impart,  
'Tis Anne, fair Annie's the queen of my heart !

Though few are his pastures, and low his degree,  
The youth, the dear youth, is a monarch to me ;  
For, O! gentle shepherd ! 'twas love shot the dart,  
And Annie and Jamie—no, never will part !

## O! WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO THEE, MY LAD.

The Poetry by Burns; the Music as sung by Mr. Wilson.

*Fineze.*

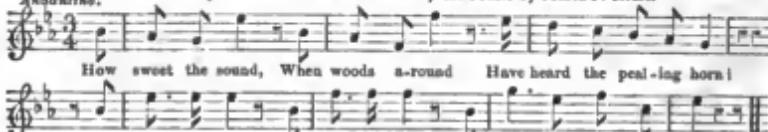
At kirk or at market, when'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as though that ya cauld na a file ;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black ee,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.

O! whistle, &amp;c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whyle ye may lightly my beauty a wee ;  
But court me another, though jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

O! whistle, &amp;c.

## BUGLE SONG.

*Andantino.* The Poetry translated from the German; the Music by Maria J. Kuit.

From bush and brake Glad e-choes wake, And hail the wel-come morn.  
 Each heart beats high, The sparkling rill  
 And gleams each eye Goes, murmur-ing still,  
 To catch the wel-come tone; Through woodlands far a-way.  
 Like mist that flies How sweet the sound,  
 From morning skies, When woods around  
 All sorrow now is gone. Have heard the peal-ing horn!  
 How fresh the breeze! From bush and brake  
 How bright the trees! Glad echoes wake,  
 How golden-bright the day! And hail the wel-come morn!

## THE JUG OF PUNCH.

Sung by Mrs. Fitzwilliam, in Buckstone's Drama of the 'Green Bushes.'—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

As I was sit - ting in my room, One plea-sant ev'-ning in the month of June, I  
 heard a thrush sing - ing in a bush, And the tune he sang was a jug o' punch.  
 Repeat in Chorus.

Too - ra - loo, too - ra - loo, too - ra - loo, too - ra - loo,— A  
 jug o' punch, a jug o' punch; And the tune he sang was a jug o' punch.  
 What more di verschin might a man desire, But I'd give them all, just in a bunch,  
 Than to be sated by a nate turf fire; For a jolly pull at a jug o' punch.  
 And by his side a purty wench, Tooralo, tooralo, &c.  
 And on the table a jug o' punch. The doctor fails, with all his art,  
 Tooralo, tooralo, &c. To cure an impression on the heart;  
 The Muses twelve, and Appollis fam'd, But if life was gone, within an inch,  
 in Castilian pride drink pernicious shrubres; What would bring it back like a jug o' punch?  
 But I would not grudge them ti times as much, Tooralo, tooralo, &c.  
 As long as I had a jug o' punch. But when I'm dead, and in my grave,  
 Tooralo, tooralo, &c. No costly tombstone will I ever crave;  
 Then the mortal gods drink their nectar wine, But I'll dig a grave, both wide and deep,  
 And they tell me claret is very fine; With a jug o' punch at my head and feet.  
 Tooralo, tooralo, &c.

## 'TIS THAT DEAR SONG.

The Poetry by Barry St. Leger; the Music by C. M. Sola.

*Andantino.*

'Tis that dear dear song I've lov'd so long, Which you used to sing for me, love;  
 eres. —  
 My heart is wrung To hear it sung By a-my one but thee, love!

My soul's self drank  
The sounds which sank  
From your lips in tone so sweet, love;  
And that eye of light  
Grew still more bright,  
As the lay caus'd our looks to meet, love!

Those eyes are shut,  
Those lips are mute,  
That voice for ever is flown, love;—  
O! never again  
Let me hear the strain,  
Which I used to call my own, love!

## THE RIGHT ROAD.

Irish Melody, 'Castle Tirowen,' to Moore's 'Remember me;' the Poetry by Thomas Davis, published in Duffy's 'Spirit of the Nation.'

*Moderato.*

Let the fee-ble-heart-ed pine, Let the sick - ly spi-rit whine; But to work and win be  
 thine, While you've life, while you've life. God smiles up - on the bold,— So,  
 when your flag's un - roll'd, Bear it brave-ly till you're cold. In the strife, in the strife!  
 If to rank or fame you soar,  
 Out your spirit frankly pour—  
 Men will serve you and adore,  
 Like a king.  
 Woo your girl with honest pride,  
 Till you've won her for your bride—  
 Then to her, through time and tide,  
 Ever cling.

Never under wrongs despair;  
 Labour long, and everywhere  
 Link your countrymen, prepare,  
 And strike home.  
 Thus have great men ever wrought;  
 Thus must greatness still be sought;  
 Thus labour'd, lov'd, and fought,  
 Greeks and Rome.

## SWEET NORAH OF LIFFY'S SIDE.

The Words by C. Dibdin, the younger; the Music by G. Broad.

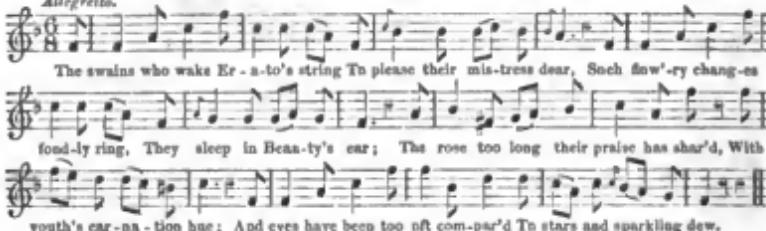
Sweet No-rah liv'd by Lif-fy's side, And Norah vow'd to be my bride; Sweet No-rah  
 liv'd by Lif - fy's side, And No-rah vow'd to be my bride; Sweet - - No-rah,  
 sweet - Norah, sweet - Norah: But eru - el war call'd me a-way, I bade a-dieu, Ah!  
 well-a-day! But - - - - - cruel war call'd me a-way; I bade a-dieu, Ah!  
 well - a - day! Sweet No-rah, sweet No-rah, sweet No - rah!  
 I sought my native cot again,  
 But, ah! I sought for thee in vain,  
 Sweet Norah!

The maid was false, though I was true,  
 And peace for thee I bade adieu,  
 Sweet Norah!

## THE SWAINS WHO WAKE ERATO'S STRING.

The Poetry by David Thomson; the Music to Mozart's Air, 'Komm lieber May und mache.'

*Allegretto.*



The swains who wake Er-a-to's string To please their mis-tress dear, Such flow'-ry chang-ing  
fool-ly ring, They sleep in Bean-ty's ear; The rose too long their praise has shar'd, With  
youth's car-na-tion hue; And eyes have been too oft com-par'd To stars and sparkling dew.  
The planet's mild and silent beam  
Still like thine eye may glow;  
But where's the soul-enchanting gleam  
That melts at joy or woe?  
And roses may be found as fair  
As those on which I gaze;  
But where's the flisk that rises there,  
The smile that round it plays?

And still to close their passive lay,  
They say that, like a flow'r,  
The charms of youth must soon decay,  
And lose their 'witching pow'r':  
O! ne'er let thoughts like these be nigh,  
Thy frolic joys to shade;  
For many a rose shall round thee die,  
Before thy beauties fade.

## OUR YOUTH IS LIKE THE FAIRY TALE.

To the above Music; the Poetry by David Thomson.

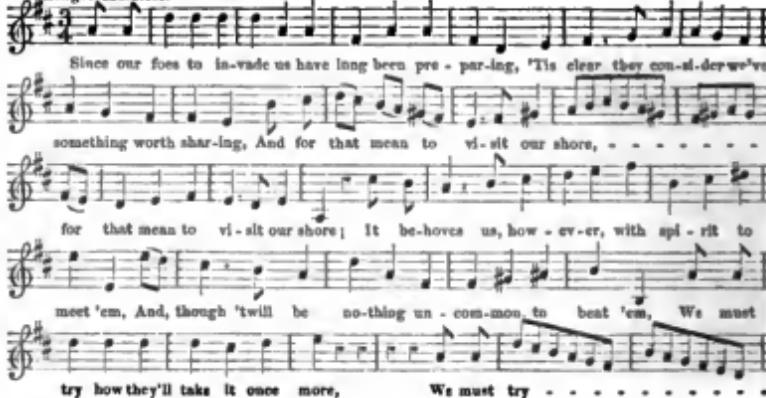
Our youth is like the fairy tale  
Which charm'd the Sultan's ear;  
What blissful visions then we hail,  
What palaces we rear!  
Our splendid halls and lofty tow'rs  
Invite their youthful guest;  
As if the potent lamp were ours,  
The eastern youth posses'd.  
And when, alas! with fond delight,  
We o'er such wonders gaze,  
Like his our palace takes its flight,  
Nor leaves one distant trace!

Yet, though his flatt'ring dream of bliss  
Was soon in grief to close,  
The wondrous lamp again was his,  
Again his tow'r arose.  
But when the dark magician Care  
Has swept our joys away,  
No genius of the ring is there,  
Its master to obey;  
When youth his vanish'd fabric mourns,  
In vain he sheds the tear:  
No lamp of hope again returns  
Its airy halls to rear!

## THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Composed by Reeve.

*Allegro Marcato.*



Since our foes to in-vade us have long been pre-par-ing, 'Tis clear they con-sider we've  
something worth shar-ing, And for that mean to vi-sit our shore, - - - - -  
for that mean to vi-sit our shore; It be-hoves us, how-ev-er, with spi-rit to  
meet 'em, And, though 'twill be no-thing un-com-mon to beat 'em, We must  
try how they'll take it once more, We must try - - - - -

how they'll take it once more. - - - - So fill, fill your  
glasses, be this the toast giv'o: 'Here's England for e-ver the land, boys, we live in! So  
fill, fill your glasses, be this the toast giv'o: 'Here's England for e-ver, huz - za! Here's  
England for e-ver, huz - za! Here's Eng-land for e-ver, the land, boys, we live in!'  
Here's a health to our tars on the wild ocean rang-ing.—  
Perhaps even nowsome broadsides they're exchang-ing.—  
We'll on board, and join in the fight;  
And when with the foe we are firmly engaging,  
Till the fire of our guns hails the sea in its raging,  
On our country we'll think with delight.  
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory was seated,  
Long, long may our queen by her people be greeted;  
O ! to guard her we'll be of one mind :  
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,  
And continue the blessings they first were intended,  
In union the nation to bind.  
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

## BELIEVE ME, THE SPELL IS UNBROKEN.

Composed by Henry J. West, R.A. of Music.

*Moderato.*

Be - lieve me the spell is un - bro - ken, Which thy ma - gi - cal beau - ty has wrought;  
Each scene but pre - sents me some to - ken, Some sweetness with which thou art fraught!  
If I rov'e in the garden of Flo - ra, While charm'd with the beau-ties I see, I  
think I should scarce - ly a - dore her, If her beau-ties re - sem - bled not  
thee. Then be - lieve me the spell is un - broken, Which thy ma - gi - cal beau - ty has  
wrought; Each scene but pre-sents me some token, Some sweetness with which thou art fraught!  
How often, in search of some pleasure,  
On Gallia's banks I have stray'd;  
Have danc'd to the light-bounding measure,  
While the jets-d'ean in sweet murmurs play'd.  
But still there was something seem'd wanting,  
Amidst all the radiance that shone:  
'Twas the sound of thy voice so enchanting,—  
I heard not its musical tone.  
Believe me, &c.

## THE YORKSHIRE CONCERT.

The Words by C. Dibdin, the Younger; the Music by W. Reeve.

*Allegretto.*

I'ze a Yorkshire-man just come to town, And my com-log to town was a gay day; For  
 For-tune has here set me down, Wait-ing - gen-tie-man to a fine la-dy. My  
 In-dy gives ga-las and routs, And her treats of the town are the talk here, Bot nothing I'ze  
 seen here a-bouts, E-quale ooe that was giv-en in York-shire. Ri tol loi de rol  
 loi de rol, Ri tol loi de rol, loi de rol, Ti tol loi de rol loi de rol.  
 Johooy Fig was a green and white grocer,  
 To business as brisk as an eel, sir;  
 None than Joho to the shop could stick closer,  
 Bot his wife thought it quite ungentleman, sir.  
 Her neighbours resolv'd to cut out, sir,  
 And astonish the rustic parishioners,  
 She invited 'em all to a rout, sir,  
 And ax'd all the village musicians.  
 Ri tol loi de rol, &c.  
 The company met, gay as larks, sir,  
 Drawn forth all as hoe as hilwo roses;  
 The concours commone'd with the clerk, sir,  
 Who chanted the 'Viear and Moses.'  
 The barber sang 'Gall'ry of Wigs,' sir;  
 The gem'men all said 'twas the dandy;  
 And the ladies encor'd Johooy Fig, sir,  
 Who volunteer'd 'Drops of Brandy.'  
 Ri tol loi de rol, &c.  
 The baker he sang a good hatch,  
 While the lawyer, for harmooey willing,  
 With the bailiff he join'd in a catch,  
 And the cotes of the hotcher were killing.  
 The wheelwright he pot to his spoke,  
 The schoolmaster Foggy'd on furor;  
 The coalmaster he play'd the 'Black Joke,'  
 And the fashwoman sang a bravura.  
 Ri tol loi de rol, &c.

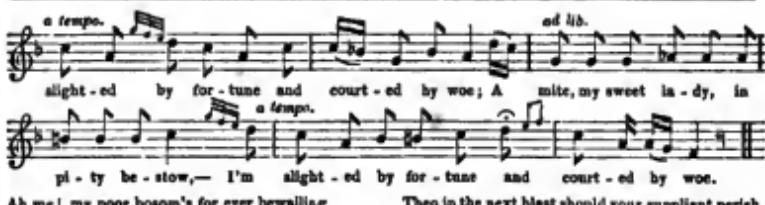
To strike the assembly with wonder,  
 The Miss Screams a quietette loud as Boreas  
 Sang, and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog Thunder,  
 Who, startin' op, jajo'd in the chorus;  
 While a donkey, the melody marking,  
 Chaim'd io too, which made a wag say, 'Sir,  
 Attoc to the Rector or Barking's  
 Doct with the Viear of Bray, sir.'  
 Ri tol loi de rol, &c.  
 A briar-tub half full of beef, salted,  
 Madame Fig had trick'd out for a seat, sir,  
 Where the tailor to sing was exalted,  
 But the cov'ring crack'd under his feet, sir.  
 Soip was sons'd in the brine, but, soon rising,  
 Hawd'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, 'Sir,  
 Is't a matter so monet'rous surprising,  
 To see pickled cabbage with beef, sir.'  
 Ri tol loi de rol, &c.  
 To a ball the concert gave way,  
 And for dancing no souls could be riper;  
 So struck op like 'The Devil to Pay,'  
 While poor Johooy Fig paid the piper.  
 Bot the best thing came after the ball:  
 To finish the whole with perfection,  
 Madame Fig ax'd the geotiefolks all  
 To sop on a nice cold collection.  
 Ri tol loi de rol, &c.

## BEAUTY IN TATTERS.

The Words by F. Bryan; the Music by Augustus Voigt.

*Andante.*

I'm a lit-te for-lorn, and my tale is of sor-row: From vil-lage to vil-lage I  
 stray; The clouds that ob-scure me to-day may to-mor-row En-tire-ly  
 ad lib.  
 dark-en my way. A mite, my sweet la-dy, in pi-ty be-stow,— I'm



Ah me! my poor bosom's for ever bewailing  
The day my dear parents were heard'd;  
For fair on the orphan her frowns are entailing,  
Of days, sure that day was the worst.  
A mite, my sweet lady, in pity bestow,—  
I'm slighted by fortune and court-ed by woe.

Theo in the next blast should your suppliant perish,  
Remorse will not add to your grief;  
Though vain the endeavour to comfort ana cherish,  
A laurel adorns the relief.  
I den-someth-ing, sweet lady, in pity bestow,—  
I'm slighted by fortune and court-ed by woe.

### WHEN THE SPRIGHTLY FIFE AND DRUM.

The Poetry by Fox; the Music by Hook.

*Allegretto.*

When first the sprightly fife and drum Uo-to our vil-lage came, Young Hen-ry seem'd in- elin'd to roam, And felt a thirst for fame. When first the sprightly fife and drum Un- to our vil-lage came, Young Hen-ry seem'd in- elin'd to roam, And felt a thirst for fame. I ev'-ry thing did quick-ly try, To check th'aspir - ing swal; I knelt, and to him oft did sigh, But all, a-las! was vain; For soon the mar-tial band he join'd, And me be bade a - dieu: 'And thou, my love,' he said, 'shalt find, That Heo-ry will be true, That Hen-ry will be true, That Hen-ry will be true. And thou, my love,' he said, 'shalt find That Hen-ry will be true.'

My Henry is a comely youth,  
No one can him excel;  
Good-nature, innocence, and truth,  
Does ever with him dwell;  
Though sylvan maidens sometimes say,  
Because he's far from me,  
That I shall find, some future day,  
He will inconstant be:  
But they'll o'er-marr my peace of mind,  
Though they make much ado;  
For something tells me I shall find  
My Henry will be true.

Ye heav'nly powers! protect my swain,  
Preserves him in the fight!  
O! do not let him now be slain,  
But waft him to my sight;  
Though he has left me three long years,  
Soon as the war be o'er,  
I hope to banish all my fears,  
And from him part no more;  
Then nothing will our peace destroy,  
But pleasure will ensue;  
O! how my heart will leap for joy,  
To find my Henry true.

## DAY AGAIN IS ENDING.

The Poetry by G. Sosae, A.B.; arranged to the Air 'Al Mio Pregar' in Rossini's Opera of 'Semiramide.'

Published in Davidson's 'Gems of Foreign Opera.'

*Andante.*

Day a - gain is end - - - ing, Light with dark-ness blend -  
a piace.  
ing; For all thy good - ness done, For all thy good - - - ness  
doe, We bless thee then, we bless thee then, thou Ho - ly one.  
The earth its fruits have given, For all thy goodness done  
Refresh'd by dews from heaven; We bless thee then, thou Holy One.

## BE A GOOD BOY, AND TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

Composed by J. Whitaker.

*Allegro con Spirito.*

When I was at home with my father and mother, I beat the ould cou-pie and Tha-dy my  
brother—At larn-ing I mean, for I haad-died my spade, And nate-ly I fol-low'd the  
turt-cut-ting trade: But ould Fa-ther Mur-phay, our pa-rish di-rec-tor, He now and then  
gave me a bit of a lec-ture: 'Arrah, Barney,' says he, 'you're a frolic-some  
elf, But be a good boy, and take care of your-self. With your too-rie lol,  
too-rie lol, too-rie lol loo, too-rie lol, too-rie lol, too-rie lol, too - ris lol loo.'

My Judy I lov'd, and oft gave her a kiss,—  
'Fie, Barney,' says she, but ne'er took it amiss;  
One night I took leave,—says I, 'Judy, I'm off,'  
But heard, as I thought, in the closet a cough;  
So I open'd the door, and I star'd like a pig,—  
There stood ould Father Murphy without hat or  
wig:

'Arrah, Father,' says I, 'you're a frolicsome elf,  
But be a good boy, and take care of yourself.  
With your toorie lol,' &c.

I was going, but ould Father Murphy cried, 'Stay,—  
We'll settle this matter, I'll tell you the way:  
I'll marry you straight, and then, Barney, you  
know—  
'Thank'e, Father,' says I, 'but I'd much rather go.'  
So to ould Father Murphy I made a good night,  
And to Judy, I said, what you'll own was quite  
right.—  
'Arrah, Judy' says I, 'you're a frolicsome elf,  
But I'll be a good boy, and take care of myself.  
With my toorie lol,' &c.

## SILLY MAIDS.—' BEATRICE'S SONG.'

The Poetry by George Sonne, A.B.; the Music by Edward J. Loder.—Published by Davidson.  
Allegro Scherzando.

Sil - ly maids, would you grow wan For that thing of bu-mours, man? Sil - ly maids,  
would you grow wan For that thing of hu - mours, man? Wheo they're best, we do oot  
*pie dantz.*

need them! When they're worst, may heav'n speed them! When they're worst, may heav'n  
speed them! Then let them go, with 'No, oo, no!' Then let them go, with  
'No, no, no!' And free as air, And free as air, We'll lead apes in— You know where,  
you know where, you know where! We'll lead apes in— you know where!  
Men were only made to be If you trust meo, near and far,  
Slaves to do us courtesy; O! what angels women are!  
When they come a wooing, try it,— That is till they're won, poor creatures!  
There's out one will dare deny it. Then men change both soog and features!  
Then let them go, &c.

## DE DANDY BROADWAY SWELL.

Published in Davidson's Cheap Edition of the Songs of the Ethiopian Serenaders.

*Con Spirito.*

You've heard ob dan - dy Nig - gers, but you should see dis coon, A strat-tia' down de  
Broadway, some Suiday ar - ternoons!— I steal de hearts ob all de gals, I jealous all de men;— Do  
just observe me when I turn— De pink you'll call me deo. For I'm de flow'r, de pink, de rose, As  
I wears a splendid gold guard chain, dat I bought  
of Mister Peet;  
But my watch I leaves for safety wid my uncle  
down de street;—  
My ruffles and my collar, too, are like de lily white,  
And so dey ought, considerin' I wash 'em ebry  
night! For I'm de flow'r, &c.  
My coat is padded up a bit, to make my chest  
look broad,— [a sword;  
You'd take me for some nobleman if I only wore

Repeat in Chorus.

Moustachios, too, I sometimes wears, but lost 'em  
both one day— [away!  
De gum got wet, it blow'd a gale, and so dey blow'd  
For I'm de flow'r, &c.  
And if about some lady some gemma ask my card,  
He'll bid my name is Julius Caesar Conot Lord  
Marquis Marr'd; [ob nice  
So, Marquis ladies, mind your eyes, for just a glance  
Would teach you what it is to gaze oo meo like  
me dat shine! For I'm de flow'r, &c.

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Poetry by David Thomson, to Mozart's Air 'Qui s'iegno non s'nuende,' in the Opera of 'Il Flauto Magico.'

*Larghetto.*

Can na-tive scenes de - light me While sad I muse a - lone? No wel-comes  
now in - vite me, For all I love are gone! Each ro-sy bow'r, each sil - - van  
shade, The stream-let wind-ing through the glade, A-round me all ap-  
pear un - bang'd, As if by spells for e - ver spread, As if the sum-mer ne'er had  
fled; Nor e'en a way-ing leaf been shed, Since near them last I rang'd!  
O! how those wilds enchanted,  
As there we rov'd along,  
By sweetest echoes haunted,  
That oft return'd our song!  
Methinks its plaintive notes I hear,  
Oft breath'd by lips I lov'd so dear;—  
Alas! its notes I may recall,  
But, ah! will Time my voice obey?  
Or light that evening's vanab'd ray,  
When love inspir'd each tuneful lay,  
And lent a charm to all?  
When flow'rs, their charms resigning,  
Neglected round are cast;  
When nature, all declining,  
Awaits the wint'ry blast;  
The few last days that bram awhile,  
And leave us with a parting smile,

May oft recall the gleam of spring;  
But only show how bright it shone,  
To tell us that the spring is gone,  
That all its op'ning sweets are flown  
On Time's unwear'y'd wing!  
And thus, when grief has shaded  
Our day, that swift declines;  
When all the flow'rs have faded  
Which sing'ring hope entwines  
If e'er by chance we sadly roam  
To half again our native home,  
Its tranquill scenes may please awhile,  
But bring to mind our early day,  
And bloom so sweet, and look so gay,  
To tell that youth has pass'd away,  
Like summer's transient smile!

## TO ME A SMILING INFANT CAME.

The Poetry by Toms; the Music by M. Sharp.

*Larghetto con espressione.*

To me a smil-ing in-fant came, And told me Friend-ship was his name; And  
I, and I, ah! well-a-day! Close press'd the ur-chin to my breast, Where soon be  
robb'd my soul of rest;—'Twas Love, 'twas Love, 'Twas Love, 'twas Love,—Ah! well-a-day!  
Then, should you e'er the traitor meet,  
Ah! ne'er believe his accents sweet,  
For he, ah! well-a-day!

Will fatter only to betray!  
He wounds the heart, then flies away!  
False Love,—ah! well-a-day!

# DAVIDSON'S UNIVERSAL MELODIST.

## MY AIN KIND DEARY, O!

The Poetry by Robert Burns.

*Affetuoso.*

Will ye gang o'er the lee rigg, Mine ain kind deary, O? And ead-dle there sae  
kind-ly wi' me, my kind deary, O? At thor-ny dyke and ber-ken tree, We'll  
daff and ne'er be weary, O! They'll seug ill seen frae you and me, Mine ain kind deary, O!

Nae herds w'l kent nor colly there,  
Shall ever come to feal ye, O!  
But lav-rocks, whistling in the air,  
Shall woo, like me, their deary, O!  
While others herd their lambs and ewes  
And toil for world's gear, my jo,  
Upon the lee, my pleasure grows,  
Wi' you, my kind deary, O!

When lads at c'en, wi' dancing keen,  
Court lasses for their gentry, O!  
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,  
My ain kind deary, O!  
Forethought the night be ne'er so wet,  
And I am ne'er so weary, O!  
I'll go far o'er the ice rigg,  
Wi' thee, my kind deary, O!

## KATHERINE OGIE.

Scottish Melody.

*Andante.*

As walk-ing forth to view the plain, Up - on a morn-ing ear-ly,  
While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain, From flow'r's which grow so  
rare-ly, I chanc'd to meet a pret-ty maid; She shin'd, though it was  
fog-gy; I ask'd her name; sweet sir, she said, My name is Kath-e-nine O-gie.

I stood awhile, and did admire,  
To see a nymph so stately;  
So brisk an air there did appear,  
In a country maid so neatly;  
Such natural sweetness she display'd,  
Like a lillie in a bogie;  
Diana's self was ne'er array'd  
Like this same Katherine Ogie.  
Thou flower of females, beauty's queen,  
Who sees thee, sure, must prize thee;  
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,  
Yet these cannot disguise thee:  
Thy handsome air and graceful look  
Far exceed any clownish rogue;  
Thon art a match for lord or duko,  
My charming Katherine Ogie.  
O, were I but some shepherd swain!  
To feed my flock beside thee,  
At boughing-time to leave the plain,  
In milking to abide thee,

I'd think myself a happier man,  
With Kate, my club, and dogie,  
Than he that hangs his thousands ten,  
Had I but Katherine Ogie.  
Then I'd despise the imperial throne,  
And statesmen's dangerous stations:  
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,  
I'd smile at conquering nations,  
Might I enrage and still possess  
This lass, of whom I'm vorgie;  
For these are toys, and still look less,  
Compar'd with Katherine Ogie.  
But, I fear, the gods have not decreed  
For me so fine a creature,  
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed  
All other works in nature,  
Clouds of despair surround my love,  
That are both dark and fogie;—  
Pity my case, ye powers above,  
Else I die for Katherine Ogie!

## THE WIFE.

The Poetry translated from the German of Stolberg; the Music by Mozart.

*Andante.*

Hap-py he to whom kind Heav-en, Rich in grace, a wife hath giv-en; Virtuous,  
wise, and form'd for love, Gentle, guile-less as a dove,—Gen-tle, guile-less as a dove.

Let him thank his God for this  
Pure o'erflowing cup of bliss;  
Pain may never linger near,  
With such friend to soothe and cheer.  
She, like moonlight, mild and fair,  
Smiles away each gloomy care,  
Kisses dry man's secret tears,  
And with flowers his pathway cheers  
When his boiling heart heaves high,  
Flashing fire from his eye;  
When kind Friendship seeks in vain  
Passion's wild career to rein,—

Then her gentle step is near;  
Softly drops her soothing tear,  
As when evening dew comes down  
On the meadows scorch'd and brown.  
Some have sought their bliss in gold;  
Some for fame their peace have sold;  
Gold and glory in the hand  
Crumble like a ball of sand.  
Heaven sends man the faithful wife;  
Life without her is not life;  
And, when life is o'er, her love  
Gilds a brighter scene above.

## GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The National Anthem; the Music ascribed to Dr. Bell.—Published by Davidson.

*Andante.*

God save our gracious Queen, Long live our no-ble Queen, God save the Queen! Send h . vi-  
to-ri-ous, Hap-py and glo-ri-ous, Long to reign o - ver us,— God save the Queen!

O! Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter our enemies,  
And make them fall:  
Confound their politics;  
Frustrate their knavish tricks;—  
On Thee our hopes we fix;—  
O! save us all!

Thy choicest gifts in store  
On her be pleas'd to pour—  
Long may she reign!  
May she defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To sing, with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen!

END OF VOL I.



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